





Susan Warner
From a Daguerreotype

Susan Warner

(“Elizabeth Wetherell”)

By

Anna B. Warner

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Psalm xc., 1

Illustrated

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ANNA B. WARNER

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PREFACE

IF ever this book is printed and read, at two things, I doubt not some people will wonder. First, at our strange, exceptional life, and then that I should be willing to tell it so freely.

I was *not* willing. I am by nature a terribly secretive person, and it goes hard with me to tell anybody what is nobody's business. Furthermore, our home life was so unendingly precious, that it hurts me to have it gazed at by cold and careless eyes; this also is true.

But a faithful chronicler must not please himself. I could not truly set forth my sister's character, without giving the surroundings among which it took shape and strength.

For the rest, I have no call to be sensitive. New England blood is never ashamed of any work that ought to be done; and no believer has cause to cover his face, in any spot where his dear Lord sees fit to bid him dwell; for work, for service, or for the mere polishing attrition.

A. B. W.

West Point, N. Y., April, 1909.

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My love, they want me to tell about you; and if I can, I must. They write me from England and America that back of such books as yours there must be a faith worth hearing about, a life that should be told. And I, knowing how utterly true that is, know too how hard the work will be, how difficult to do aright. Who can describe my darling as I saw her? But I must try.

If I seem to quote a great deal from the old letters, it is partly because there is no one now living in this world who can answer my questions or tell me anything about those early times at home. And the letters are sure to be correct.

So also, her own journals give far better than any words of mine the growth of the young life, and the atmosphere in which it grew. I have tried to put in nothing irrelevant; but with everything so interesting to me, it was often hard to choose.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SUSAN WARNER

CHAPTER I

PAST GENERATIONS

LONG ago I heard it said (and I know not how truly) that about a stranger, three of our big cities would ask each a different question: Boston saying, "What is she?"; Philadelphia, "Who is she?"; and New York's business mind demanding, "What has she?". The first and the last of these queries will find sufficient answer as my book goes on: the "brotherly love" curiosity may have a few words here.

"We were Puritans but not Pilgrims," said someone in my hearing: but *we* were both. Several "Mayflower" names head the list on my father's side, in his mother's line; and all, except the Huguenot Priscilla Moulins of English birth. His father's family came also from England, a few years later, and settled at Ipswich, Mass.

On my mother's side, Robert Bartlett of Plymouth came over from England in the "Anne," and was the direct ancestor of her father, Isaac Bartlett. Her mother was a Marsh from England, by the way of Salem, I think. Mixed in with all of these is a tangle

of names: Lothrop, Lupton, Morton, Saltonstall, Warren, and I know not how many others, of so much less interest to other people than to me, that the subject may be dropped just here. Though I am happy to say, that two of our Salem forebears publicly protested against the deeds which have made the pretty town so famous. We also claim kindred with one of the first preachers in the old, old church of Roger Williams at Salem; where the rarely beautiful Church covenant of that small band of worshippers may yet be seen.

Then one ancestor fought at Hastings and another at Agincourt: there is a far-off glimpse of Whittington and his cat; while for a collateral ancestor, stands the last Bishop or Abbot of Rievaulx, who showed at least one of the family characteristics, by dying for the truth as he saw it.

So varied a race must have had many a strange tradition: happily, I know too few to let them clog my pages. One, significant and suggestive, touches a far-back ancestor of my great grandmother, Rebecca Lupton.

He sailed with ship and cargo from Boston to Constantinople, and while in the latter city, fell deadly ill. Surrounded by Moslems, they proffered him the best they knew; having plainly a sort of liking for the man. "Embrace Islam," they said, "and the value of ship and cargo shall be sent home to your family and you shall be buried in the earth. But if not, ship and cargo will be confiscated, and you will be put in the sand below high-water mark."

To all which, my many times great grandfather made answer, that first, his family could do without the money; and for his body, it mattered little what

became of that; but he could not afford to lose his soul. And as he decided, so it was done: for dying shortly thereafter, his grave was dug in the sea-swept sand, somewhere along the Turkish coast.

A fine heirloom of faith and practice came down to his descendants, and well did they guard it. My great grandmother, aforesaid, is described as a woman of extreme energy, "faculty," and executive force. As indeed she had need to be, with a family of three girls and nine boys. The nine, when they were grown, averaged six feet in height; nor were the daughters far behind. One of them could knit a pair of men's stockings,— "Long ones, remember, up to the knee,"—in a day. Another would make a fine linen shirt—stitched and ruffled—in the same brief measure of time, and hem a man's big white cravat after it.

As for the boys, they one and all followed their father into the Continental Army; down to the fifteen year old stripling who would not be left behind, and being too young for heavy service, took fife in hand and cheered on the rest. I came upon some of the State archives one day, and found the enlistment roll where the brothers had entered their names,—John, William, Jonathan, Lupton, Daniel, James, Jason.—It gave me a strange stir of heart. Think of the little throng of (almost) boys, crowding in to offer their lives. She gave a good deal for the cause, that mother.

It is told of her, that when a tarring and feathering party came by one day and demanded a pillow for the benefit of some Tory spy, she sent out the best one she had, by the hands of her young son. This was in Columbia Co., N. Y., whither the family had removed from Massachusetts.

Jason Warner was our grandfather; six feet two, and

of such strength that he could take a man by the throat and hold him back against the wall with one hand. At the close of the War (after a still popular custom) he married his Colonel's daughter; and finally established himself at Canaan, N. Y., where the older generations of both families had been pioneers. The two names—Whiting and Warner—filled up the town for many a long day.

There my grandfather cleared his land and tilled his acres; spending sundry winters in the State Legislature at Albany; and in the summer evenings watched from his front porch the last wolves, as they stole down the road in the twilight, to survey their old domain.

In front of his house he had planted two slender slips of American elm; "and they grew, and they grew," like the roses in the ballad. They were enormous trees when I was a very small child; and the great arched roots as they stretched away from the stem made beautiful individual baby houses, where my doll could reign alone, and hardly be called a neighbour to my cousin's doll in the next division. One of the trees was of the more erect type of elms; the other "wept" till its long branches almost swept the ground. There the orioles swung their nests; and there we too had a swing; and flew back and forth through the air at a rate—and to a height—that it almost makes me catch my breath now to think of. The sheep bleated softly on the east hill; the brook tinkled along through the meadow; and

Feelings were young,
And the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden
Unfolding to view.

The stage drivers named the old dwelling: "The house with the trees."

As I remember my grandfather, he had the Washington cut of face and figure; with pink cheeks, and hair white as the snow and thick almost like fur. It was my delight to rub my little hands over and through it; and he would laugh round at me with his wonderful blue eyes. Not the gray-blue which is so common; but like bits of the very sky for colour, and calmness, and strength. I have heard that he had been "strikingly handsome,"—he was always that to me.

Long after youth was past, it was his habit to rise at three o'clock, and go perhaps a quarter of a mile for his shower bath; where among trees and rocks the lovely brook came pitching down a ten feet fall, and then sung itself away into the pasture. Sometimes of course there was ice to break, but that made no difference to my grandfather. Then (at least when working days were over) he went home, lighted his wood fire, and in the dancing light mused and saw visions, till the rest of the world woke up. Visions?—Ah, how many! Of days when strong men wept at the hearing of "Hail Columbia,"—when the alert young Continentals watched the Tory housewife fill her outdoor moveable oven; saw the pork and beans go in, the bread, pies, cake, and biscuits; and then while she watched the clock within doors, they reckoned the time without; and just before the critical minute, swooped down upon the prize, and seizing the oven with its rich freight bore it swiftly away to cover.

Or perhaps he saw again the panther's eyes, glaring at him as he journeyed through Schoharie Co. More often still the faces so long loved and missed on earth, and now awaiting him on the other shore. For among

our happy kindred, doubts of the life to come, of the sure meeting and recognition there, found no place.

A passionate love of home and all at home characterised both my father and grandfather. Away at Albany, amid all the gay doings of the Capital in assembly time; my grandfather's heart turned longingly to the simple Canaan home. The hills, the woods, the dear home names and faces, never take the second place in his letters; the old brown half-sheets of foolscap are sweet with the unseen lavender of faithful love.

"My dear partner and parts of myself,"—so begins one of the Albany letters of 1805: his first year there, apparently, for he says further on: "I shan't attempt to point out any prominent traits of my legislative patriotism or enterprise. I have learned however to say aye and no pretty correctly!"

"How is the health of my to me most dear family? Oh! the little birds, I long to see them. Methinks I hear the little prattler lisping out 'pah-pa-pa-pa.'"

The letter ends with this inscription: "To the united family of Father Jason, in the promised land." Then to the two oldest boys:

"Tommy, if you and Harry can come up next week and stay two or three days, I'll go home with you. Mr. Van Ness says you must bring your violins, or never see him again."

Both of the brothers were very musical. When a *very* small fellow, my father had a way of drumming out tunes from the barn wall with his little fists, which was thought (by the parents) fine! One day, my grandfather bade him prove his skill before some visitors. The child, shy and uncomfortable, said "No," in every way he could. But my grandfather's "Yes" was stronger, and my father obeyed. But he never

forgot how he stood by the old barn, drumming out his tune, with the tears running down his cheeks. And my grandfather promised himself that he would never again force a child of his to "shew off." I wish I were sure about the tune; it seems to me it was "Yankee Doodle."

For the War was but just over, then; and names and tunes were fresh and precious, with the great Commander seated in his chair as "first in peace." It is a token of his place in men's hearts as well, that in later letters, whenever my grandfather speaks of his third son, he always calls him in full,—“George Washington,”—never simply “George.”

“How are all our young brood?—Oh the lovely few yet remaining to our care, how I long to see them: this is the greatest length of time we have ever been separated from each other.

“Tell George Washington to pay strict attention to the barn, calves, &c. Kiss the little fellow over and over again for ‘pa-pa-pa.’”

In these days, when continents are trembling, and the world seems all ablaze, there is something perfectly ludicrous in a teapot tempest like the following:

“Albany, March, 1805.

“I have been well in health, but for three or four days have been perplexed in mind about our mode or manner of doing business in the Legislature; perhaps the greatest fermentation agitates the minds of the members, that was ever discovered on any occasion. What will be the issue, we know not. Three days we have spent on the business of the Merchants' Bank; have not taken the question on the bill yet. This day we renew the business—how far we will proceed I know not. I shall not be disappointed when I hear that

the most serious quarrels are taking place between some of the members out of doors: however hope it will subside without losing life or limb. You need not be frightened about your husband—he stands aloof from the tempest; though to be sure he will not leave his post.”

(The world has moved a little. *Now*, the contending members lock arms and go peacefully off to dinner, instead of ordering coffee and pistols for breakfast.)

“What are you all doing? And how do you do?”—So the exile goes on. “And ’t is long since I heard. I sometimes take up the first letters you wrote me, and read till my eyes sweat. I then lock them up and think about home. How are my little dear girls, and my little dear fellow? I want to kiss them.”

In another letter from Albany:—

“I shall be home once more before I get my discharge—perhaps next week—when I will tell you all things.—Now I tell you, I love you all from the oldest to the youngest, individually and severally, separately and conjunctively, collectively and personally—and confoundedly—and will come to see you as quick as I can.”

He had in all twelve children; but only six grew up to man’s estate.

The mother of this flock of “troublesome comforts” was the daughter of Col. Wm. Bradford Whiting: Abigail Whiting; addressed on these old letters as “Mrs. Nabby Warner”—the old nickname I suppose; and so her own letters are signed. Brought up in the sweetest, soundest atmosphere of faith and practice, her own life was shining with the light before which privations and labours and even sorrow, fall back and know their place. As a boy, as a young man, my father



Mrs. Colonel Whiting, Great-Grandmother of Miss Warner
From an Oil Painting

used to wonder to himself if he could possibly live if his mother were to die. My Aunt Fanny remembered, when she—too young to be any restraint—followed the mother about, from kitchen to dairy, from dairy to garden; how often the eyes were lifted, and the lips moved in silent prayer. And when in 1810, the sorrow came, and the brothers were sent for from College, she—little tender child!—crept under the bed to its furthest corner, that she might not see the boys when they first came home.

Colonel Whiting's household was noted for many fine things; and one fair trait was the adopting of homeless girls: teaching, comforting, fitting them for life work. I wish I knew just how many my great grandmother reared and fostered with her own big handful of sons and daughters; but the name of one is so well known to the Christian world that I may mention it; Phœbe Hinsdale—afterwards Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown of Massachusetts, who wrote:

I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hour of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

CHAPTER II

INHERITANCE OF WORK

It would be hard to tell the difficulties through which my father fought his way to Union College. The resolve to go, came suddenly, when he was a little over fourteen. Thoughts, wishes, longings had been making turmoil in his heart, for I know not how long, but nothing like a plan had taken shape.

“One day” (it is my father’s own record) “as my brother and I were ploughing upon a fallow near a mile distant from home, the weather being very sultry and requiring us frequently to stop in the furrow and give our teams a respite, he upon an occasion of this kind came to me, and we sat down together upon the beam of my plough. The place we occupied was romantic, befitting well the conference which ensued. It was an elevated point of land, facing to the north, and overlooking a wild diversified champaign of many thousand acres, defined on all sides by a mountainous horizon. I shall never forget the spot nor the hour. The sun had gone far down his western way; his beam was the smile of majesty appeased; and it shed at once its beauty and its dignity on all the scene.

“We that beheld were brothers. There was a union of thought and a sympathy of feeling between us. Our minds took up their journey of meditation together. We were unacquainted with the world; but we were sure there was a world which it might be advantageous to

know; and we pined, like the fabulous prince of Abyssinia, under the idea that we were imprisoned by the hills that surrounded us.

“Our conversation was upon the mysterious ways of Providence concerning us, and set in careful contrast what we *were*, and what we *wished* to be. The extent of our opportunities had been an occasional winter school, under the guidance of such instructors as the woods produced and as the woods could adequately pay.

“To read and to write with moderate decency, was all the learning we could boast. It would not do; we sighed over our lot; and looked, I do not know but I may say, through tears, for prospects which as yet we were unable to discern.

“Suddenly, the difficulty ceased. A gleam of light fell, as it were from heaven, upon the vision of the soul. It pleased God to impart to us the secret by which all considerable improvements are achieved—he taught us to resolve. A difficult, an almost awful lesson in our circumstances, but probably the only help for them. We did not hesitate. In spite of a myriad of obstacles and discouragements, *we did resolve*. On what? A total change of purpose and of life. In what direction? From the track of the plough to the more luminous, if not more enviable, path of literature and of reputation. Strange as it may seem, nothing less than this. My brother first suggested the design and then frankly avowed it as his own. The thought surprised and amazed me; and I can now feel the pang, as of lightning, that struck my heart, from the momentary clash of hope and despair. I had never yet presumed nor dared, to look so high. And when for the first time, I lifted my eye along the steep and difficult

acclivity of the project, my spirit involuntarily sunk before it could ascend. It sunk, however, only to rise with a rebound. My brother's purpose was soon mine. We had heard that there were Colleges where literary adventurers convened, and that these were the best places of education in the country. Our first attention fell upon them. Ignorant as we were, and having scarcely a distinct notion of anything involved in the scheme we were plotting, we yet determined each for himself, with one accord, that at least the ordinary course of liberal learning must and should be sooner or later accomplished. Nor did that resolution ever afterwards desert either of us, to my knowledge, for a single moment."

But the fight was sharp and also prolonged. At fourteen, one has not usually great resources, and what small help the home funds could furnish, went first by right to the older boy. My father was placed in a publishing house in Albany, instead of at school, and in patient endurance plodded on there, a very homesick boy indeed. He wrote home:

"*March 30, 1803.* Some strive for sumptuousness, some for riches, some for power, and I for peace of mind. Some strive for knowledge—this is a noble pursuit. I would I was in a situation to follow the chase. By this you will guess my mind in part: one day I hope the sun will shine on me! I have no fears; hope keeps my heart whole yet. I have not much that will be interesting to tell you, for I am surrounded by strangers; but you, my dear parents, have enough to fill our store to tell me, which would gratify my cravings much. When I left you, I felt I can't tell how. I was sick all day.

"When I have been here long enough to know, I will

tell you what I think of my situation. I hope my mind or situation will change before that time."

Then later:—

"Papa, I never shall be pleased unless I can gain in something; unless I can improve in something, I think (now) I shall be unhappy. I know very well I am young, and that my mind is not matured, and that I want advice; and hence I shall surely follow the experienced advice of a Father, rather than my own. You say Tommy will go the 1st of May—if Pa should ever think proper to send me, surely T. is oldest and ought to go first. Now as it respects my situation, I have tried to reconcile myself to it, but to no purpose. I *cannot* get any time to study; and will it do? Shall I gain, or shall I lose?"

"*April 14.* Papa, I am resolved to take your good advice (for it cannot be otherwise) and continue here till I shall know better what to do. Yes! oh! I will follow the voice which has led me from my cradle."

There came in answer loving words from home, bidding the homesick boy follow his longings and come back. How homesick he was comes out in a letter to his brother, from Albany.

"Who supposed," he writes, "two years ago, that you and I would ever while here below be deprived of each other's company as long as we have now?"

"Never before did I think I should weep at the sight of a long absent friend; many times have I laughed at people for sighing on such an occasion; but I think I'll never do it more. Oh my brother, *you* know and *I* know that when you were here, our tears did blend together; the same sentiment actuated both. I am in a wilderness; I see nought but strangers; but the

present pain is, I am far from you all, yea my heart also, for indeed it is among you."

The letter ends:

"Believe me your affectionate brother, who will do all he can for you and all the rest.

HEN."

It was a big promise for a boy of sixteen, but it had a noble life-long redemption.

No hope was held out of much study at home.

"You will no doubt reflect wisely," my grandfather wrote, "perhaps it will not be convenient to send you to school until next fall. Your brother Thomas will probably go the first of next month.

"True enough, Harry, I shall be well pleased to have your assistance this summer, if your health permits; should however have consented to your stay, had you been pleased with your prospects. It may be for the good of the whole for you to assume the attitude of a farmer for the present."

The mother adds:

"My dear child, it is almost breakfast time, shall say but a few words to you at this time, as we expect you will return with your uncle.

"Yes, Henry, come home, if it is most agreeable to you, and be the comfort and support of your parents and friends."

But boys and girls are not the ones that do all the thinking; and before the two sons had made known their plan, father and mother had gone all over the ground, studying, consulting, and only kept silence, because of the exceeding difficulties in the way, which even the boys but faintly knew.

"Now, however, the matter was in open air, beyond their reach, and it was soon resolved and settled that

a general and vigorous effort should be made to prepare one of us (my brother of course, as being the elder) for a learned profession.

"It was in the fall of 1802 that he was sent to the Academy as it was called, a decent grammar school in the town of Lenox, Mass. I remained at home, and at work as usual upon the homestead, till the next autumn, when leave was given me to follow him.

"Thus was my chosen enterprise begun. Nor did I delay a moment to address myself with all diligence to the duties it involved. My father, as I had reason to suppose, had expected that I was to be chiefly conversant while at Lenox, with the usual topics of rustic education; but right or wrong, I disappointed him. My first fortnight was given to the rudiments of Algebra, and during all the remainder of my stay I read nothing but Latin. Unfortunately, that remainder was only six weeks. I ran hastily over Beza's St. John and nearly two books of the Iliad, and then my father came for me, I remember not why, and took me home with him to return no more. And from that time I received no further instruction in my studies, for a day or an hour, until it was afforded me in College."

Two chequered years went by. One summer and fall the brothers spent with an uncle at Wethersfield, to "sequester themselves" for their favourite pursuits. But boys were boys, then as now, and the ease of living and the many "social attractions," drew them aside from study: It was "a season which while it abounded with flowers passed off without any substantial fruitage."

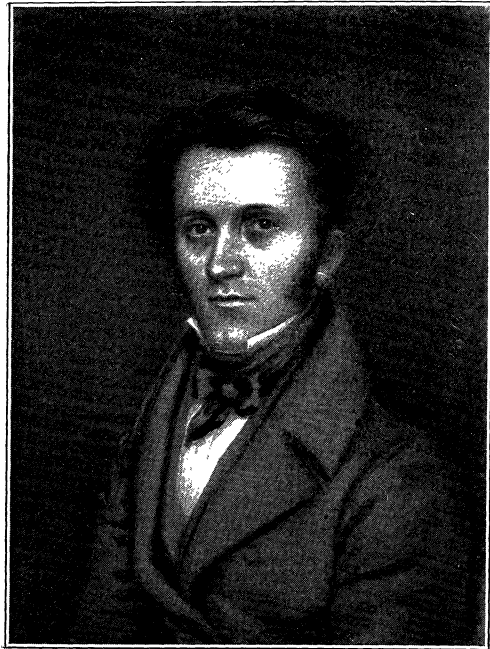
Then my father came home to make himself a recluse; "and the winter left behind it some consoling traces."

For the next year he taught school—to his great disgust, but the spring of 1806 brought him back to the old hopeless work upon the farm. “Necessity gave the law, and there was no alternative. My studies were now almost suspended.”

“The noonspell and such an evening as in the short nights of summer, a weary farm-faring man could prudently deny to sleep,”—with here and there “a few stolen moments,” were all the leisure he had.

“The time of course went heavily; I became silent and melancholy; my hopes were too dear to be resigned with composure; tears often gushed upon the furrows I turned up; my prospects appeared to be fading; the cloud thickened upon my eye; ‘nox incubat atra.’

“Strange to tell, it was in the fall of this year of darkness and gloom that I went to College. How it came to pass I know not. Wonder suffuses my recollection of the fact, when I consider that it must have been a thing of mere conjecture, how I was to be supported there. I, it is certain, was intent upon going, and thought of nothing else. My dear father and mother, as I believe, commended me to Heaven, and hoped that I should be taken care of by Him who is abundant in goodness; and He, the Benefactor of the poor who are content to honour Him, was pleased to recognise the trust. So it must have been and to His name shall be the glory.”



Henry W. Warner
From a Miniature

CHAPTER III

THE FATHER

AND so the end was gained and the dauntless younger boy entered college with his brother, not only where but when.

The old account, after a very unflattered picture of Schenectady as it was in those early days, goes on:

“The College certainly afforded a decided contrast to the state and character of surrounding objects. It stood quite in the southeasterly suburbs of the city, where its foundations had been then recently redeemed from mud and mire. I approached the spot for the first time, not without emotion. It was a scene I had often sighed to behold. The main edifice was a fine new building of freestone, and there was another of brick, which was truly respectable. The grounds, too, though small in extent, were neatly laid out and pleasant, and the whole establishment looked like a place of refuge from the nameless disgusts that swarmed in its vicinity.

“It was in the evening of the day that I made good my arrival at this retreat. My father and my brother Thomas were with me. All of us fatigued with the dust of an irksome journey over a bad road in an execrable wagon. I believe it was in September. Dr. Nott was then two or three years old in the presidency. My father had seen him before; and as our

first business lay with him, we proceeded by the help of a guide directly to his hall."

In these days, snap shots are a lawless nuisance,—but O if there had been one taken then!

"The work was soon done. He received us very well; heard our story with attention, asked a few simple questions which were answered with like simplicity, and in the end accorded all our desire. I became at once a probationary Sophomore for the current session, with leave to await an examination for standing at the end of term. My brother was admitted Junior on the same footing. Subsequent trial brought us no reverse, but on the contrary confirmed alike our standing and our hopes."

One more extract I must give, for it shews my father's deep thoroughness of thought and purpose.

"Colleges, especially in our country, are little more than starting places of education. Scholars may be born but cannot hope to be fully bred there. The time allotted is too short, and the preparation previously required of the pupil too small. It were a work beyond the power of angels. Let us be reasonable. The mind must achieve its own acquisitions in this world, and achieve them, too, under the burden of the general curse, with labour and with pain. And if, during the lapse of an ordinary abode at the University, it can be made to compass the great first object of *learning how to learn*, and be rendered at the same time habitually sensitive to those generous motives which alone have virtue to sustain it in the long and difficult and agonizing toil of improvement; nothing further ought to be demanded; tuition has fulfilled its office; discipline has attained its end, and every rational expectation has been realised."

In his Junior year, my father was put in charge of the Greek class, and (with his own study hours cut down one third) carried it further than any tutor had ever done, in the same length of time.

"Have you any more sons?" wrote President Nott to my grandfather. "If you have, send them on!"—

Thinking of it, I wonder if this early experience gave a certain sweet touch to my father's life-long delight in Greek. Look in his coat pocket when he was going to steamboat or train, and you would commonly find some little old leather-bound Greek volume, bestowed there for light reading on the way.

He was a student through and through; with always piles of notebooks, and shorthand jottings in every book he read. In the busiest years of his law practice, his chief recreation was to handle these.

The old College letters, so rough and brown, must have brought wonderful cheer to the hearts at home. In one of the first he says:

"I suppose you would be glad to know something about our situation. It is, my dear parents, as pleasant as we could rationally expect it to be, while you are among the hills of Canaan and we on the banks of the Mohawk. We have, indeed, to use the language of poetry—

——'Strict statutes and most biting laws.'

"But although, as the poet adds, 'They are the needful bits and curbs of headstrong steeds,' yet those that are not headstrong feel no disagreeable constraint from them. We are obliged to rise as early as six o'clock in the morning and to be in bed by eleven in the evening. Our recitations (which are three in a day), the times of attending prayers and of eating our vic-

tuals, and, I had almost said, our diet itself, are about as uniform as the annual revolutions of the earth. Our President, professors and tutors are all young men, but eminently capable to teach, and full of ambition. In a word, everything is much as it should be, both for the health and the progress of the students. The water has lost its nauseous taste; we have an excellent room, good health, many friends, and but for home, we should be—miserable. O home! to see thee were manna to my hungry soul. What! such an exclamation in four weeks time? Hush, hush, my frantic imagination! But spite of all, imagination rejoins, ‘Methinks I’d journey through an Israelitish wilderness to visit the land of my forefathers, even the promised Canaan.’

“My dear parents, God be for you, and none shall prevail against you. I hope he will yet bring us together again in this world. To George and the little—the dear little ones—what shall I say? I will commend them to the Friend and Keeper of good children.

“Let us hear from you often; your cares and your joys, tell us all.”

“*Nov. 27.*” (In excuse for not writing.) “One third of my study hours is devoted to the instruction of others, my class are pressing rapidly forward, some spurred on by ambition, the rest by the bayonet of authority; and as it happens, I myself have a spirit in me that likes not the humiliation of disadvantageous comparison. Think of these things, and then judge ye, where are my intervals of leisure? I am in perpetual engagements. I have not time for exercise of body. I sit up late and rise early. Thanks to ‘the sweet Heaven,’ my health is spared, my sleep is sound; my blood still runs warm, copious and brisk; my constitution is

strong, my limbs are not broken by casualties; my arm is full of bone and muscle. Thanks to the 'sweet Heaven,' that I have not forgotten the land that gave me birth!"

"Friday, the 15th day of Jan. next will close the present College term. 'Flow on, lovely Dec.,' said I, in spite of my reason. And pray, how could I help it? For already, through the telescope of my imagination, I thought I could discern just round the snowy promontory of December, the green meadows of love."

Work went on rather fiercely. In March 1808, he writes:

"I have scarcely straightened my enormous length since I left you. Alas, alas! what pity if I should grow double!" [He stood 6 feet 2½ inches in his stockings.]

But work was always more genial to him than play.

"*April 10, 1808.*" (from Albany) "Great folks and little folks are gabbling about me while I write. Sweet solitude, I love thee. Whether it be for better or for worse I know not; but so it is, my nature is at war with these city throngs. Whatever be their composition, the Doctors and Generals are ingredients. I like them not.—We were last night at the Patroon's; heard his wife sing and play on the harpsichord. She performed exceeding well, and sings better. They have as beautiful a seat as Adam and Eve had in Paradise. What of that? Nothing, only they have it. A day or two, and it is another's. Well, every dog has his day. I would have been glad to enjoy the hours I spent there, in the *stupendous edifice which is my home.*"

"*Union College, May 1809.*

"I have lost some flesh by necessary and excessive assiduity in writing, but am in very good health. It

would be no small disappointment to the Faculty and to many of the students, if I should not continue so till Commencement. So that you may well imagine I have prayers not a few for my welfare, whether they are put up by righteous men or not. The exercises of Commencement Eve and of the day following will be at least two thirds of them from my pen. I have a most painful responsibility. How I shall satisfy it, Heaven knows. I shall finish the tragedy next week. Cumberland, the most illustrious of modern dramatic writers, was three months composing a comedy, and judges that time to be little enough. I shall have executed a tragedy in five weeks. Perhaps it will be executed in a different sense, at its exhibition. I am content. My labours have so many branches and all so considerable, I am afraid I shall be unable to do justice to myself in any of them, and lose the little reputation I have already gained. I leave the event."

I have heard, I think, that this effort was a great success. But the old paper-bound MS. time-stained and faded, lies silent before me, and gives no hint.



Mrs. H. W. Warner
From a Miniature

CHAPTER IV

THE MOTHER

A YOUNG bachelor, native of Great Britain, told it of himself that he "prayed for his wife every day"; for (logically) if he was to have one at all, she must even then be in the world, and "it would do no harm to pray for her."

But I wonder how he pictured to himself her life and circumstances, so as to pray with any sense of reality, and not simply into space. Lives are often so very far apart, until they touch.

Certainly nothing could have been more unlike my father's life in those early days, with its toil, its hardships, and its privations, than that other young life which was soon to be one with his. For the sweet girl, nature opened out in the world's full sunshine, knowing no care.

She was some half dozen years younger than my father; went to school, I believe, but I know not where nor for how long; and seems then to have passed her girl-life and early womanhood between summer visits to Newport and Providence (her mother's native town) and the family home at Jamaica or in New York.

Her father had died when she was very young, and her mother had married again. Means were abundant, society came in a flood; and she herself had a limited amount of pocket money of her own. From this, apparently, she was to supply herself with certain things,

leaving the more humdrum needs to some other provider. At least, only certain things are noted in the old girlish account book: shoes, hats, gloves, stockings, dresses, and books figure chiefly.

It is no dainty note-book bound in Russia leather, lettered in gold, but a small homemade affair of rather rough paper, homemade and homeruled. Yet the exactness of the lines and the neatness of the entries are a pattern for anyone, or anyone's book. The dates cover the years from February 1808 to December 1814, but a sort of midway entry marks the fly leaf:

"*Monday, July 25, 1810.* I weighed 110 lbs." (Yet she was tall.)

Then the notes run on, giving token of gay doings and a very easy life. Generally the prices compare very favourably with those of our own time.

"A pair of Morrocco shoes	\$2.
A pair of silk stockings	2.50
A scissors case	6
A pair of long gloves50
A pair of short gloves30
<i>Rasselas Prince of Abyssynia</i>50
2 pieces Nankeen	4.25
2 pair shoes	2.73
<i>The Lay of an Irish Fop</i>	1.
A hat	6.
A shawl	7.
A lace scarf	12.
A hat for spring	4.
A tortoise shell comb	2.
A set of pearl	
A comb	7
A pair of silk stockings	4.

A muslin mantle.....	\$2.50
3 Sonatas.....	
A pair of white kid shoes.....	
<i>Lay of the Last Minstrel</i>	
A paint box.....	
A marble slab.....	
Green silk hat.....	5.
1 yd. gauze.....	1.39
Letter paper.....	
Music stand.....	
3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. muslin.....	8.93 ¹
Floss Cotton.....	.37 $\frac{1}{2}$
White kid gloves.....	
Hat.....	
<i>Marmion</i>	
Silver clasp.....	
Assembly dress.....	25.
Sacred Music.....	
Piano tuned and mended.....	.87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Blue kid shoes.....	
Green Morrocco shoes.....	
Carnelian earrings.....	
9 yds. Canton Crape.....	
A white hat.....	
Gilt buttons.....	
Letter paper and quills.....	
3 yds. pelisse cloth.....	9.
Voltaire's <i>Charles Twelfth</i>	
Umbrella.....	

And so it runs on. The old books are some of them here now, as are the red scissors case, and some

¹ So stands the entry. The reference may possibly be to a piece of embroidered India muslin.

of the stockings, and other things. But what strikes one most is the number of shoes. In those less than seven years the girl bought fifty pair: green, red, black Morrocco, with kid of all colours,—white, pink, blue, green, red, yellow. Truly there must have been paper soles in those days; for I do not think she was a dancer.

So much for the setting of the picture; the likeness itself is harder to give. A thoughtful, earnest character; a girl who would speedily don her own assembly dress and pink shoes, and then go down stairs and read till the other girls were ready; a vivid sparkling nature,—so I fancy her; for the comment upon her miniature, by people who have known her has been: “Yes, that is her face—but why didn’t he put the life in?” And a self-forgetful, winning presence that made her loved by all—so the old letters tell.

“Everyone is inquiring when I shall hear from Miss Anna,” writes my grandmother to her in New York. “Ann says she no longer wishes to come into the parlour, since Miss Anna is gone.”

“You would, I am sure, be quite pleased to know the joy your letters diffuse throughout the whole house. When I told Nancy that I had a letter from you, she exclaimed: ‘O the dear soul, how does she do? The dear creature, I do miss her so *wonderfully*, she don’t think.’ And the children are wild with ‘What did Aunt Anna say about me?’, and ‘O give my love to her,’ ‘and Mine,’ ‘and Mine,’ ‘and Mine.’”

“There is a general rejoicing through the house when I get a letter. Nancy says, ‘O the dear little creature, I do want to see her so.’”

“The children cry out half a dozen times a day that they miss Aunt Anna so they don’t know what to do—

and as for Ann, she says it seems as if every one was out of the house. What do you think of that?"

There is a good deal of kindly gossip in the old letters, now and then; hardly that, either, as it was written to her daughter: but one sees the sameness of human nature at all times. "Sovereigns die, and sovereignties"—but humanity holds its own. The admirers have their soubriquets, and are laughed at, gently, as now.

"Who do you think is here at this present moment? No less a personage than Stockey. He came this morning while we were at breakfast, loaded with sugar plumbs, a welcome visitor to Charles and the children."

"Mr. Aspinwall's family have moved up. I forget whether I mentioned to you that they had hired *rapid Jack's* place for two years."

This is to my mother in Providence. Then from her in turn:

"I should have my hands full, dear mother, if I were to tell you what everybody says. Were I able to comply with your request, my memory would deserve to be classed among subjects which deserve wonder and admiration. In one thing, however, they all join, and that is in affectionate inquiries about you.—'Only think'—*Slow-go* has not been to see me yet. *How mortifying! What a shock to my vanity! What a lesson for me never again to calculate upon the certainty of any sublunary events! I thought* that the first person I should see in Providence would be *Slow-go*, but *alack and alas* he has never honoured me with a call!!!!—

"Have you seen or heard of the Delafields or any of my beaux?

"I ask you dear mother to send me some of my music,

—the book which James King has, the one which contains ‘Sigh not for Love,’ and the rest I leave to your judgment to select.”

“The book that James King had, the one with ‘Sigh not for Love,’ the one with ‘O the hawthorn was blowing,’ the one with the music of the Lady of the Lake, the Fantasie, the Symphony, and one other book and a song.” So runs my grandmother’s endorsement on the outside of the letter, naming the music sent. I wonder if the songs were much the same as the modern “O promise me”? The “Hawthorn” *sounds* a little better.

“*Aug. 8, 1812.*

“My dear child.

“I have this moment received yours of the 4th by the stage.

“And now dear Anna, let me thank you for giving me something of a detail; for really I have been as ignorant of what you were about as I should have been had you lived in the Moon. How stands your heart with this same fine gentleman?—but you are not very susceptible, that is the greatest security you can have.

“You would be delighted with Jamaica this summer, since I have had the Drawing Room open only three times; once for Mrs. Weeks Newman, &c, and once for Mrs. David Codwise, &c, and for Jack’s folks—I had like to have forgotten Mrs. Mottley Brown and the girls. But that’s all.”

“*Aug. 17th.* My dear Child.

“I do not know but I ought to say, my dear Rhoda, too, for it seems that she had some agency in both your last letters, which I am sorry it is not in my power to notice as fully as I wish, it being now ten o’clock, and I want to send this by the morning stage. I will,

however, just observe, that I was a little puzzled to understand all those *notes of admiration*, nor am I quite sure that I do understand them; but you have promised to explain, and with that assurance I must rest satisfied. There seems to be more meant than meets the ear. I will not say that 'my son Tom' has made love to both of you, but that something like it has happened is very evident.

"I went to Rockaway on Saturday and returned yesterday. Little Jackey Rogers is there.

"But to return to my 'son Tom,' I fear Rhoda has lost her influence over you, or that she does not exert it to correct your faults as formerly, or she could not let you be so rude as not to pay due deference to the young gentleman in question. And I am sure it is not *polite*, to say no more of it, to look another way when so fine a young man is speaking to one. I hope therefore you will mend your *manners* before I come, or I shall be shocked to a degree. But joking apart, I hope you do not indulge any *likes* or *dislikes* to the injury of any one's feelings. Dear Anna, be a good girl and let mother love her dearly."

So girls were girls (I have heard that this was eminently true of "Rhoda") in those old days, though the mothers were (no doubt)! a trifle antiquated in their notions. I cannot find the letter which answers this; another gives bits of description.

"I have made a most delightful acquaintance, since I have been here, with a young man of the name of Tillinghast; he is considered the finest young man in Providence. He is a Poet, and an Orator, and a charming companion; he converses extremely well, everything he says has meaning" (rare!) "and is elegantly expressed; he has not visited me, and I have met him

only three or four times, but he is one of the most agreeable young men I have *come across* this great while. Next to him in point of talents stands Dr. Machie; he is as agreeable as ever. Young Goddard is quite an admirer of ladies' society and is a fine young man. He wants a little polishing, but that is a trifle. John Francis has been to see me about two or three times, but I have always been so unfortunate as to be out. Now all this is in compliance with T's request that I would write something about the young men."

So the young life grew. Books of drawings and paintings tell that the \$2 paint box was put to use: an old daintily wrought "sampler" marks the time in which she lived. There are piles of music—I had well nigh said of all sorts; there are long poems and prose extracts carefully written out. And a certain filmy skirt, with deep, deep floss embroidery which I have, may, I think, be that very muslin next to the note of which is written "White floss."

My Aunt Fanny said, that when she first saw my mother, she thought her "the most beautiful creature she had ever set eyes on." My father and mother met first in the house of Mr. John R. Murray, the fine old house in Hudson Square. A house always softly haunted for me, in later years. And I think Mrs. David Codwise claimed that she introduced them to each other. And one other lovely thing I want to tell. Will it hurt her memory, with this fast, independent, irreverent generation? I cannot give the date, nor say how long the friendship had run on, nor whether the words were drawn from her by some comment; but the day came when the girl said:

"Mother, if you have any objection to him, tell me now."

CHAPTER V

BABY DAYS

IN 1810 my father went to New York, with as few earthly friends before him as silver pieces close at hand. Among the travellers on that long, rough winter journey, was Mr. David Codwise, a young lawyer of New York, who had been up to Red Hook (spoiled now into Barrytown) to see Miss Livingston, his betrothed. So began a dear and life-long friendship.

My father entered the office of Mr. Robert Emmet, as a law student; and at last, with the "prentice time" all over, toiled steadily on to those heights of standing and achievement towards which he had looked so long. But it was not quick work; perhaps it rarely is. Even after his marriage, in one of my mother's early letters, she dwells a moment on "how pleasant it will be when we are rich enough to have a little home in the country, of our own."

In the War of 1812, he held a commission in the army, but was never, I think, ordered out of New York. He wrote to my grandfather:

"I want the loan of your white-footed horse for a couple of months, to ride upon parade and in the field. I am allowed pay (i. e. forage) for two horses; but not even for one, unless I keep one. Besides, a horse I must have.—And what do you think I must pay for one by the month here? 45 dollars, forsooth! and can't get one of any sort for less."

"27th Feb. 1815. This is the first letter since the Peace! How much I have thought of you; how eagerly have I wished to stretch my hand to yours, and give visible expression to our sympathy and joy. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace!' I would have given more than I am worth to be the first to communicate the tidings; to fling the blessed sound upon your ear."

My Aunt Fanny was in New York at school that year; and I have heard her tell how one evening a strange cry was heard in the street (in those pre- "extra" days) and how every one rushed to the front door. And there, speeding along as best he could, came a small boy; and as he came, he cried:

"Peace! Peace! I wish my voice was bigger!"

In 1817, my father and mother were married, and established themselves in the little old city, when State Street was the West End, and there was not a house on the north side of Walker Street. In those days of very slow transit, when wind-bound sloops were a week in reaching Albany, and when the winter sleigh-ride over bad roads and through the hills was yet harder to bear, my father's frequent going to Court was a serious matter. Delayed mails, no telegraph, and weather at least no gentler than we have it now, made the 150 miles to Albany a big separation. We call it four hours, but then, four days or more. And often the Court met yet further away; and my father was a passionate home-lover, always on the stretch to get back from wherever the Session might be; homesick as a girl sometimes, if the Hotel band at dinner struck up, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home!" Yet with it all, well nigh as undemonstrative as the proverbial New Englander.

In these absences almost daily letters passed between the two; letters, not notes. Telling, as no description could, the exquisite bond of love and trust. But there are no honeyed phrases.

Sometimes my mother spent the lonely weeks at Jamaica, her mother's country home. She was there with my first little sister, when in May, 1818, my father wrote:

"Take care of the little blessing, with a kiss into the bargain, and a heartful of benedictions."

In July—

"As I go not up the river till Wednesday, you will see me again tomorrow. I must take another look at my little cherub before I go."

And a week later, and then far away:

"How is the dear, dear babe? Oh the dear, dear babe!"

Ah, what are the earthly distances of which we make so much! Before the summer days of the next year had dawned, the fair little daughter—"just able to walk a little and talk a little"—flew quite away, from earth to heaven; and one small lock of shining hair is all of her I know. And so it was, that in the very high tide of the year, July 11, 1819, *my* darling came, to sorrowing hearts and to a childless house. Next day this word was sent my grandfather:

"It will give you pleasure, I am sure, to know that God has again exhibited his bounty, in giving us a daughter,—a fine fat babe."

And the next message is to my mother, on Aug. 9.

"Take care of yourself, my Anna, and of our dear little Sue."

So came healing and joy once more, by the soft baby hands. Perhaps for that very reason "the queen

could do no wrong"; and the parents found it hard to say her nay, to thwart her, or control her. And *this* child, with a strong temper, an imperious will, a masterful love of power that very ill brooked curbing, and a relish for the right of way that might have served a boy, had no doubt of her royalty in feoff. So say the traditions; so she always told of her self.

"My will was never broken," I have heard her say, "until the Lord took it into his own hands to do."

She was named for her grandmother, who, of course, became thenceforth the most zealous of devotees; and the earliest glimpses I have of her are in the old letters that passed between Jamaica and New York. But oh for a photograph to fill out the brief, faded sketches in pen and ink!

They are not in envelopes, these old grandmother-letters that lie beside me, but written on small square sheets of roughish paper, yellow with time, and were folded in old-fashioned letter form. Now, all are filed in neat oblong slips, with broad blue card board on either side the bundle, lest the string should cut; and all carefully endorsed in my mother's beautiful hand.

Within are counsels, hopes, fears, advice, news (!) and pictures. Very few of them were sent by mail, if such service was then between New York and her "coasts." They were sent by the stage, by conveyance, in somebody's coat pocket,—more reliable then, perhaps, than such depositories are now.

24th Oct. My father wrote to his youngest brother:

"The baby is much indebted to you for your kind inquiries about her. And as for kissing, she has her share, I can tell you, from day to day; and you may set as much of it to your account as you like: it is all

one, I believe, to her. You will hardly know her when you return, she has grown so much!"

The wonderful baby had well nigh reached the mature age of four months, when my grandmother wrote:

"I would give a good deal to see my sweet little babe, and hear her crow."

Three days later:

"How is my dear little Susan? I quite long to see her bright eyes and eager looks."

"Eager,"—ah yes, I make no doubt. When was she anything but "eager"?

"As to the little baby, I cannot tell you how I long to see her. Mr. B. is lavish in her praises. The moment he opens the door on his return, the first thing is the creature: how much she has grown, and how sweet she is."

This was in the winter of 1819-20; and another letter of about the same date, sends "a kiss to the little one," and has this bit of an old time picture of the mother.

"Mr. B. says you are running about streets all in *white*, and look as gay as a bird."

White cambric dresses in New York's winter winds!—plainly, people were not the furnace-dried, hot house plants they are now. But imagine that pretty Battery end of Broadway (when Fourth Street was out of town) sprinkled with women in white gowns and slippers, with short red cloaks flying open from the throat. They say you could study one butterfly as she came towards you, watch her out of sight, and be ready for the next. Perhaps the fashion of dress was not really more disastrous than some of our own, but it sounds worse.

On June 10, 1820, my mother sent this word to my father, then away at Court.

"Our precious little daughter is very well this morning, and looks like a rosebud."

Then later my grandmother writes:

"You have drawn a sweet interesting picture of little Susan, with four teeth, playing "tarouches," shaking hand for dada, and now and then getting a *bump*: but I do not like that part of the exhibition. You had better put some pillows round her, so as to protect her head, when she falls."

Plainly, the little lady lost no time in making acquaintance with the strange world on which she had entered: the "eager" nature, mental and physical, went promptly to work.

After the fashion of some in those days (as too often in our own,) many of the letters have no date but of the month and day. This one however gives a glimpse so real and familiar, that it suits 1900, as well as 1820.

"Since I have begun with admonitions," says my grandmother, "allow me to beg that you will not have the baby at table any more. It is such an aggravation to the poor little thing. She wants to eat, and cannot be expected to exercise much self-denial at her age. I think it injures her temper to be fretted so much. I also think that she is scolded too much: scolding, to have effect, should be resorted to very rarely. Indeed I do not like it at any time, for so young a child."

All of which goes to show how very dear the little hazel-eyed girl was to my grandmother, so that everything not praise, she counted blame. But "scolding"!—there was never even a traditional sound of it, in our house.

Here is another picture, quite touching up to the last.

"You do not know, nor did I myself feel sensible of the anxiety which I should experience on Susan's account, until I got home. But now that I can sit down and reflect, I am frightened at the risk which I think there is in her holding her breath so long. I am very much afraid that it will throw her into convulsions. I hope you will endeavor to govern her some other way than by whipping."

That way, I think, was never tried: was she not a queen in her own right?

Still 1820.

"I long to see my dear little babe. Mr. B. says she has got a new and very pretty trick of turning her head on one side and looking very sweet at you."

Again.

"I do so long to see her sweet face and hear her sing; that is quite a new trait in her character."

1821. "Dear little Susan, how I long to see her sweet face, even with her little tongue run out. I bear her no malice for not lamenting my absence. Indeed I should be sorry to grieve her in any way. I did expect to hear that she had another tooth before this, but that pleasure is yet to come."

There's a South Sea Island effect about the description here, which is misleading. The "little tongue" was not thrust out in anger or defiance, but rather in full content; just far enough to shew between the lips. And this "sucking the tongue" was such a very "comfortable enjoyment," that the baby grew to be a big girl, before she could bring herself to quite give it up.

"My dear child.

"I feel very uneasy about your being exposed to the

effects of the paint. I hope you will be very careful of yourself, and not only of yourself but of all; and little Sue in particular; dear little thing. I shall not soon forget her sweet little *love pats* while we were at dinner."

And in June my father writes from Albany:

"Kiss the little one for papa—and I have a big tear or two to divide between you."

The next short extract from a New York letter, written when she was nineteen months old, shows a very wide awake little girl, amid very old time surroundings. I suppose we have all *heard* of such wall paper as my mother refers to.

"The little one is very well, and talks a great deal about Sam and Grandpa and Grandma. Yesterday she pointed to one of the coaches on the paper and said: 'Sam,'—that was to tell me Sam was driving; and she then added: 'Grandpa in dere. Tuny in dere'; as in her imagination she had placed herself and Grandpa in the carriage, with Sam to drive. She reads your letters with almost as much interest as I do."

"*May 2nd, 1821.* We arrived here" (at Jamaica) "in very good season yesterday afternoon, and 'in good safety,' as you once said," writes my mother. "Susan is highly delighted: she galloped from one room to another like a young colt in a pasturage; she could not take one step in so moderate a way as walking."

The next recorded activity is less pleasant, and later in the year.

"And poor little Susan has had a fall. It seems strange," commented my grandmother, "that she should fall down stairs at this time of day."

N. B. She was not near three years old. What was expected of children, in those times?

CHAPTER VI

WORLDS TO CONQUER

PERHAPS, as a change from the baby talk, some other bits of the old letters may be given. One smiles to think how well grown was human patience in those days; and also how human *impatience* found much to stir it up.

“Albany, June, 1821.

“So here I am, my dear Anna, on the pinnacle of Capitol Hill and within a door or two of the capitol itself, that place of debate and folly, a place which raises no sentiment of awe, nor even of respect, as I behold it, but rather excites associations of disgust, contempt and shame. Such is the character of our Legislature!

“We reached Hudson this morning at about eight o'clock, and Albany before 12. It is now 11 o'clock at night. I must conclude the day with a word to my far off dear ones. And oh how my heart leaps forth to you, my wife and my children! How often and how tenderly have I remembered you by the way; and now as I sit in my solitary chamber, the voice of affection is echoing through all the regions of my spirit.”

Then comes a bit from my “schoolgirl” Aunt Fanny.

Hudson, June, 16, '21.

"My dear Brother and Sister.

"The fair wind on Saturday, which seemed to promise me a speedy passage up the river, did not continue any longer than to separate me, in the space of two or three hours, from almost all the friends I have on earth. My time was so much occupied with thoughts of those I was leaving and those I was about to visit, that the violent thunder storm which succeeded, passed almost unnoticed. Sunday was rather a fatiguing day to me, for it was so calm that we did not proceed more than three or four miles until late in the evening. Monday morning we found ourselves within forty-five miles of Hudson; and the Captain said we should not probably reach there that night; he was however mistaken, for at eight a fine breeze sprang up from the south, and by one o'clock we were safely landed. The passengers on board the sloop were very polite to me.

"You cannot know nor even imagine, how much I want to see Susan and little *Henrietta*, pretty girl! I did not know till I left them how much my happiness depended upon them. When I was on the river and saw anything worth noticing, I fancied I heard Susan's sweet little voice saying, '*See there, Fanny*'; and it would be some time before I could believe myself absent from her. *Don't let her forget me.*"

But about little Susan there was soon a strange, new tale to tell.

There had come to the household in that same year 1821 (I think, I cannot yet find the record) another daughter. One of those child angels that seem sent here for a time, to shew the world what the world might be. I do not know that she was an especially pretty

child: the little bit of brown hair gives no such token. It is not so shining as the first little girl's. But she was tender, loving, wistful, with that sort of pathos which those children wear, who have not come to stay. And everyone spoke of her "sweet eyes."

It was against this little creature, that the displeasure of the small child-mortal blazed forth. Apparently she resented the teaching of those "sweet" heavenly eyes. And perhaps, some mischief-making nurse sowed seeds of jealousy, with her foolish talk.

"She's got your place." "Nobody 'll love you now," and so forth.

And little Susan had been queen of the house for almost two years: and to abdicate willingly was never her strong point. What right had this new baby in *her* kingdom?

From New York, Nov. 1821, the troubled mother wrote:

"Susan and Henrietta have both had colds, but are now better. Susan grows more unmanageable every day; this morning she stuck a pin in Henrietta's neck so that the ('pin' or 'point,' letter torn) remained hanging in, and she knocks her over and slaps her and throws things at her, so that I have my hands full."

To this came a most grandmotherly reply.

"You have no idea of the sensation your note created. To hear that our dear little favourite was deservedly in disgrace, was a heart-rending circumstance. Tell little Susan that grandma will not love her if she is not kind to her little sister; tell her that all good children love their sisters, and that Mr. B. says that he will not bring her any more apples if she is not good."

O the identity of the world in all ages!—the same

mixture of apples and threats and high principles!—making up what we venture to call “moral suasion”! The letter goes on:

“I am afraid she is not managed right. I know you wish to pursue the right method, but with such a child it is difficult to ascertain what that method is.”

I do not know how long this state of things lasted; the later accounts tell a very different story: but my sister remembered this about herself, as hardly anything else of that early date.

“How hateful I used to be to little Henrietta!” so she would say; and I think it troubled her all her life. And late, late in her life, when once “in dreams and visions of the night” she saw what seemed like a visitor from the other world; the angel wore Henrietta’s face.

But after this the picture of the two children is very lovely.

Feb. 21, 1822. My mother wrote:

“Little Henrietta is asleep in a basket near me and little Susan sits on the nurse’s lap, looking at pictures.”

There follow on the third page, various large cuneiform dashes and scrawls; and my mother adds:

“You will be able to read and interpret Susan’s letter, I presume. She says I must tell some stories about little insects.”

To which my father made answer (the letter was four days in reaching him):

“Do not forget to thank my dear little Susan, too, for her two postscripts. The marks, though illegible, are full of meaning in my eyes; and if she knew how they search all the secret places of my heart, she might wonder at the extent of her tender sway. Dear, dear babe!

“And not less dear is that other little one that sleeps so sweetly in the ‘big chair.’ Oh if a husband’s and father’s blessing could bring down all the mercy that it would fain bestow, how happy should my wife and children be.”

The letter goes on with a touch or two upon public affairs, which one hopes may be true now, as well as then.

“As for the Whitesborough folks and their silly resolutions, whatever they may seem to *portend*, they are not likely to *achieve* any present mischief. Their extravagance is an antidote to their venom. Our democrats of the old school here, as well as our high minded gentlemen of the new, bestow their ridicule upon the whole subject without much reserve. And the burning of the postmaster’s house, tho’ a bad evidence concerning the virtues of the mob, must yet recoil in its influence, with considerable disadvantage, upon the guilty party from whose revolutionary principles the outrage has proceeded. Indeed, the entire proceedings of the Albany bucktails, in regard to Mr. Van Renselaer’s postmastership, are a tissue of most palpable folly, as well as of wickedness. And upon the whole, I am inclined to think the immediate effect of these things upon the public mind may be not unwholesome.”

The mother and children were then at Jamaica; and Feb. 21, tells this story.

“Yesterday was quite a mild and pleasant day, and we took Susan up to the barn, where she had the pleasure of seeing the pigs, feeding the chickens, &c. she was delighted.”

Further on—“Susan is in the kitchen helping her grandmother make doughnuts; and Henrietta lies

asleep in the big chair. I must let Susan write on the other page." This letter crossed one from Albany.

"How are our little daughters? Does my little Susan ever remember her poor father? Poor, indeed, I am, without my family around me. You must tell me all Susan says of me, and let me see some of the marks however unmeaning and uncouth, of her sweet little fingers. And as for Henrietta—alas she can neither speak nor mark. I am afraid she will even cease to remember me."

"*Albany, Feby. 1822.* After two days and nights miserably dragged out, I am here in safety at Crutten-den's, having arrived in town at seven o'clock this evening. We had about an average of 12 passengers in the stage all the way; and from N. Y. to Pokeepsie, the road for the most part, is more tremendously hilly and precipitous than I had ever before remarked it to be."

A queer picture of the times and the people comes next.

"*Alb., Feby. 1822.*

"Your letter of the 20th came to my hands this morning, full of kindness and good tidings. And let me assure you that nothing could have been more truly welcome. For you must know that my time begins to move heavily here. Days are already turning to months. Missing that severe employment in which I expected to engage, I find I cannot well supply its place by merely voluntary occupations. Nor am I without some considerable positive evils in the immediate circumstances of my exile. The house is full of boarders; all of my own sex; and such a lot of fellows I never saw before; good-natured people certainly, but of vulgar and disagreeable manners. They are noisy as

if every empty head of them were of bell metal with an iron tongue in it. The din is really shocking: I will try to give you some idea of their obstreperous abilities.

“Perhaps you have never heard of a game or play called ‘The Synagogue.’ It was performed here, in Cruttenden’s long parlour, night before last, with great *éclat*. Some twenty or thirty of our most distinguished noise mongers being seated around a long table, one of them took a pack of cards, and began to hand them out one by one, in rapid succession to his next neighbour, on the right, expressing to him every time, in very audible terms, the name of the card delivered. The receiver instantly passed them on as fast as he got hold of them, to the person sitting next in the circle, repeating their names to him a little more loudly, to make sure of being heard. This third person in his turn did the like exactly, taking care to give the due increase of volume to his tones of utterance, that none of them might be lost. And so the cards went round, as fast as hands could give them passage, until in a moment, the whole company were fully engaged soul and body (if indeed they were not of the—World without Souls¹) in the inexpressible delights of ‘The Synagogue.’ Delights too ecstatic to last forever. But they continued without interval or abatement, for about a quarter of an hour! Only think of it. Such a collection of human beings thus employed! Their voices all in full blast at once; and every mother’s son of them striving and straining, at each successive effort of his stentor lungs to make himself triumphantly audible, above the general tumult and in spite of it, to

¹ A very old and odd little book.

his dextral companion in the joyous circle.—O Bedlam! the confusion of Babel and ten thousand times more noise! Blessed were the deaf ears.

“In short, my dearest wife, the thing was beyond all description. And who will deny that it afforded a *reasonable and fit* amusement for lawyers and legislators, for persons such as I. O. Hoffman, Jas. Talmadge, I. J. Oakley, and a host of others. I had not the grace to partake with them, tho’ they tried to force me into the pleasing recreation.

“What a contrast to the pleasures of our peaceful and happy home! And what a preparation for the incomparable solace of your letters!”

“*Albany, 1822.*”

“This is rather a dull day with me, because Sunday having interrupted the course of the mails, I have lost a mail, and of course a letter from you.

“I have this moment returned from the Senate chamber, where I left E. Williams (of Hudson) in the midst of a speech before the Court of Errors. It is a long time since I have before heard him, and from the general admiration he has commanded of later years, my desire to hear him was quite eager. Yet you see I am satisfied before he has finished. And I feel disposed to say, with the gravedigger in Hamlet, ‘pugh’! He has good native parts, undoubtedly; and he occasionally displays some truly brilliant sallies. But he is spoiled by his impudence. He declaims, and rants, and raves; his action outruns his argument; his ingenuity gets the better of his judgment; his wit, with all its sparkles, never emits a blaze. And though his merits were as great as they have been sometimes represented, his inordinate pretension and assurance must needs suffocate our respect. In short, I have n’t taken such a

dose of disgust in an age, as this gentleman has in a few minutes administered to me.

"So much for Mr. Counsellor Williams.

"I drank tea last night with *her* excellency—(Don't be alarmed)—and she inquired particularly about you. To shock you more, *his* excellency is to be my host at dinner today. So we go.

"‘Alas, that my husband,’ say you, ‘should after all become a Clintonian!’” ’T is a woful thing, I admit. Pray try to make some propitiation for me with Mr. B. before I see home. Who can tell, however, that I may not yet come out of the fire unharmed? Hope for the best.

"How are my ownny-dony babies? You must kiss them and love them doubly for my sake, until I return to divide with you the pure beatitude. The thought of another hour here is a sword to my heart."

"I long to see my dear little Susan," says another grandmother letter; "but as that cannot be, I wish you would now and then tell me something about her. And you may, too, while you are about it, say a word or two about Henrietta: her blue eyes are often in my thoughts."

Again: "I am sorry to hear that our little Susan is not well. I fear she took cold on the Battery; though the air was not cold, yet the ground was damp."

But far better than Madison Square at a venture. Happy old-time children, with such a playground as the Battery.

One very human picture is given of little Henrietta: a little baby girl sick, and crying for what she could not have.

"Poor little Etta!" writes my grandmother, "she quite disgraced herself yesterday. I told Mr. B. the

scene we had passed through, and what was the burden of her song. He was quite amused, and huzzaed for Susan."

Ah what did "Susan" do, I wonder: how did she show off, to merit such plaudits? Did she lecture the baby? Or coax her? Or put her own cake away out of sight? For cake made all the trouble. The letter adds: "We love our dear little cry-baby, notwithstanding. Oh! how that incessant 'Cake,' rings in my ears."

For a long time, the next fall, my father was away at Court; and letters went back and forth, his with this sort of refrain:

"Adieu, then, my wife, my little Susan, my precious Henrietta, my all—And may God in infinite mercy keep you."

From Albany, Sep. 1.

"I arrived here at a little after 11, this morning, and am safely lodged with my old friend Cruttenden, on the hill. The house is overflowing with company. Secy Thompson, his wife and Mr. Slosson, with his *beautiful* wife and a daughter; and the old common law squad (Williams, Oakley, Talmadge, Hoffman, &c., &c.) is complete. Not even Fenno, the baboon, is wanting, to play fool for the amusement of the party. 'Odi profanum vulgus' is more than I may venture to say, in application to the state of things around me, considering the *quality* of some of these personages. But I am not and never shall be, a lover of the society of mere men of the world. And after being worried for an hour with their senseless babble, it is an unspeakable relief to retire to my chamber and converse with you. I met Mr. Saul on board the boat. He has gone on to Saratoga. His wife, he tells me, is yet in the hospital,

and no better. I did n't perceive that the subject distressed him at all. He is as cold as the polar ice, or it would; nevertheless I think him rather a sensible man. He was very civil to me, and begged me to call at his house whenever I may go to Philadelphia. His daughter is there. He inquired particularly about you.

"By the civility of Mr. Saul I was made acquainted with Com're Patterson, who, you may remember, was somewhat distinguished in the part he had in the defence of New Orleans, in the last war. He is a sensible and gentlemanly man.

"It is needless, I know, to tell you, my dear wife, that you must continue to love me more than I deserve. Your name is in the very centre of my heart, with those of the little ones entwined, like a wreath, about it. The Lord keep you and them, and give you the choicest of his blessings. To his grace and good providence I commend you. Write me every mail if possible."

Sep. 1, 1822. From Jamaica. "My little Susan has just come up stairs to shew me a little ginger cake that she has been making for her Aunt Fanny. Her little hands were all dough, and she is as much delighted as if she had accomplished some great thing. She improves wonderfully in spelling."

"*Sep. 2.* Yesterday morning as soon as Susan got into my bed, she said: 'Mother, I am thinking of my dear father.' 'What are you thinking of him my dear?' 'I am thinking that he wants to see his little Susan.' I took Susan to church, both morning and afternoon yesterday: she behaved very well."

That same day my father wrote from Albany:

"How are our dear jewels? I long exceedingly to hear from you. Do they appear to remember me? I

dare say, not. But fond fathers will ask fond questions. O how my life is bound up in those babies!"

"*Sept. 3.* It seems an age since I arrived, and I look for your first letter as a weary traveller does for rest. I shall see my faithful wife's hand, and hear her voice speak: and she will tell me of my little daughters, and perhaps interpret some of their sweet prattle.

"I have as yet paid no visit to anybody—even his excellency. I begin to be better satisfied with my companions here. We have had some pleasant conversation today. There is a Mr. Storrs here, who has been several years in Congress. He is from the western part of our State, and is a sensible man, of very considerable talents; Peter A. Jay is also one of our inmates.

"It is a grievous thing that just at this time, the arrangement of the steamboats should have been altered so as to give us only three arrivals a week. We shall however have a daily mail, and that, although the land mail runs but half as fast as that by water, must satisfy us."

"*Sept. 4.* You cannot tell how much I am delighted with the remembrance of my dear little Susan, and the improvement of sweet little Henrietta. The good Lord continue to bless and keep you all."

Then from Jamaica.

"*Sept. 4.* Susan is very happy and appears to enjoy her visit very much. She says that all Mr. B.'s things are hers. She does not feel at all inclined to spell, now, nor do I urge it; her mind is so much engrossed with other objects."

The spelling mania came of its own accord, if I remember the story; and I think was two-fold: spelling for other people, and making them spell for her. And

the assumption of a right to other people's goods was also at one time much in favour. They told of her as out with my mother, and suddenly smitten with the charms of a basket that some whistling boy brought by. When she cried:

"Tune hab boy's backs! Tune hab boy's backs!"—till the alarmed boy, to protect his property, took to his heels and ran.

Another time when my father was in deep political talk with some gentleman and the name "bucktail" came up pretty often, the small child proclaimed her rights with a vehement—

"Tune hab bucktail!"—which probably turned the conversation.

She had dubbed herself "Tune" and "Tuny"; and "Tune hab moon!" was no unheard of demand; nor an unreasonable one, from her point of view: for self confidence came early to the front. As the letters proved, she was very fond of drawing pictures. One day, presenting her slate for public admiration, she remarked:

"Tune draw a doose. Fine a doose dat! Why she knows everything!"—

I think my father's later word, that if he told her to move the barn she must not say she could not do it, but go and try, fell upon ready ears.

Another time, coming in from a walk with the nurse in city streets, she told this of herself.

"I cried, and screamed, and wanted to go in Fulton Street." Just why, has not transpired, but what she wanted, she must have.

"*Albany, Sep. 5.* I have just returned from a visit to Oliver Kane's, where were also Elias Kane, his wife and daughter Elizabeth. We had some very good

singing from the young ladies, accompanied with the piano. It would have given me pleasure indeed if you had been the performer, or been present only.

"The Kanes profess a very great respect and regard for you. Elias, particularly, says you are his favourite.

"By the by, I am more than half sorry I didn't bring you and the children with me. It is so common a thing, I find, for gentlemen to do this, that on another occasion I shall not hesitate. If, however, you were not *infinitely* different from (I do not say superior to—for that would be needlessly blunt) all the other wives that have been lately brought hither, my pride would not be so much gratified as my affection might, by your presence here. I was thinking of you in this contrast today, while I sat at dinner.

"Nor would I have you imagine that we have not some *very considerable* personages of your sex, at our table, from day to day.

"Apropo—(Don't be startled)—Mrs. Col.—and suite, arrived among us yesterday. Think of that—as rosy as a very rose. She is travelling westward—on a route of her own sovereign choice—and the story goes, that her kind attentive husband attends her *perforce*—Think of that too.

"The Court is travelling on slowly. The second cause will be finished to-morrow.

"O how are my dear wife and children? and when shall I see them? To him whose blessing is life and happiness I commend them."

From Jamaica, Sept. 7. "I wash and dress the children myself and mother puts Susan to bed, and generally Henrietta. Susan affords us a great deal of entertainment. She is so much pleased here, that whenever we go to ride she seems afraid that I am going

to take her away; and asks me if I will bring her back again. Henrietta is my bedfellow. If she wakes in the night, she says 'Ma', and puts out her little hand to feel if I am there, and when I take hold of it, she goes asleep again. The other morning after she woke, she lay caressing me some time. I suppose she kissed me above twenty times. Susan also is very tender in her manner towards me and towards Henrietta. Yesterday morning she got into bed with her, and began talking to her in the most endearing manner; and said to me. 'What sweet eyes she has got!'— Susan was then three years old.

Albany, Sep. 7th.

"Although I did not write you last night as usual, yet I lose no mail by it. A word this morning will reach you by the earliest conveyance after my last date.

"You can't imagine how much I have regretted that I didn't bring you with me. The present prospect is, that I shall be detained here all next week, for Mr. Jones and I were informed last night that our cause will not be brought on at the first calling.

"I am glad to hear that Mrs. Johnson is a professor of Christianity. Profession indeed is a thing which must be permitted to stand low upon the scale of *evidences*; but the absence of this is an almost infallible indication that everything else is wanting. If a person has not faith enough to make him think it necessary, even in this respect, 'to come out from the world and be separate,' what degree of faith can we justly ascribe to him? If he have not sufficient love to the Lord Jesus Christ to create *some* desire for the distinctions of his house, *some* feeling of the duty of keeping the sacraments he has appointed, *some* aspiration for the honour of a visible station in his train and service, *some*

sense of obligation to do 'in remembrance of him,' that which he has commanded; charity, indeed, which 'hopeth all things,' may hope even in such a case, but reason, judging from all that appears, must pronounce the case desperate.

"And now, farewell again my dearest wife. Tell my little ones how much their father loves them. I thank my dearest Susan for her sweet love. There is nothing sweeter on this side of heaven."

"Albany, Sept. 8th.

"My dearest wife,

"I have just returned from Mr. Weed's church where I heard one of his sermons in exactly the old style. He is a man of feeble powers but of truly evangelical doctrine and piety, and the only Presbyterian clergyman of that description, I fear, in this city. I was very glad to see the chancellor and all the judges sitting under his ministry.

"You may perhaps be surprised to hear me speak thus of Mr. Weed, without excepting *Mr. Chester* from the class of those whom I do not consider truly evangelical. Mr. C. is probably a good man but he is not of the school of St. Paul. I have often heard him preach, but never, as the phrase is, with edification. He is one of your 'moral society' men, whose labours are devoted *to the suppression of vice by ordinary means*. He preaches—I cannot say, like a philosopher,—but with too much desire and parade of philosophical reasons. He talks a great deal, indeed, about the Bible, and Christianity; but not so much in the character of one who seeks to bring perishing men to heaven, as of one who is endeavoring to build up a beautiful system of morals, and thus to improve the present condition of

the world. And he seems hardly to be aware, that the basis of sound and abiding morality is to be laid in vital Christianity alone.

“Upon the whole how meagre does the present state of the Gospel ministry; almost everywhere, appear! Deo sic visum est.

“I presume my little Susan has been at church with you this morning; and now, perhaps, she is telling you how the preacher talked and the people sang. Methinks I hear her angel voice. And dear little Etta too—Her accents fall at times upon my ear—and with what sweet emphasis I will not undertake to describe. Blessed be the Lord for his great bounty, displayed toward us in our children. Let it be the office of our lives to train them in his nurture.”

(The same date, but at night.)

“I have this moment received your letter of the 5th, which came by the Richmond as I expected. I had previously put into the mail for you a little line written this morning; but a sense of your kindness provokes me to add another to bear it company, especially as you set so high a value on my poor despatches.

“Nothing can be more just than your view of the folly of marrying for money. It is a good remark of a man not remarkable for wisdom, that ‘no person ever married a fool without repenting it.’ And I daresay Barclay will be convinced of this, if he is not already. Nothing upon earth can compensate for the want of personal worth, in a life-companion. His own wits are not however very distinguished in my estimation, and he will therefore feel his misfortune less acutely.

“While on this subject, I cannot but mention that Mrs. Col.— came to dinner today *beastly drunk*. As

soon as she had attained her seat, near one end of the table, she called out to Mr. Jay, who was near the other, and begged him to change his place and take one by her. Poor Mr. Jay (who, you know, is equally bashful and civil) complied. Upon which the old hag began a conversation with him in very loud tones, to the great divertisement of the company. She distinguished him as much as she did herself. He blushed, the whole company was set upon a smothered laugh, and the scene was ludicrous enough for some time. At length Hoffman got up, and asked Mr. Jay to go and take a walk with him, and thus delivered him from his embarrassing predicament. The Col. sat *mum* all the while. Miserable man."

"*Albany Sept. 9th.* It seems *forever* since I saw the faces of my wife and children. Nothing more is permitted me at present, than to think of them—and love them—and pray for them.

"I have met with no man in Albany who treats me with more marked and agreeable politeness than the Chief Justice. Judge Platt is very civil, and I must say kind; but he is so exceedingly phlegmatic, and has so little of the generous elements of a great man in him, that I take no pleasure in his company. Judge Woodworth, with still less ability, has more suavity of manners; but he is a very Frenchman, he can smile without being pleased, and has indeed no heart at all. But Judge Spencer, though stern and even cynical in his public appearance when he is sitting in his judicial office—yet see him in his family, or anywhere out of the ermine, and you find him frank, affable, warm-hearted, the man to be loved as much as respected. I have been with him today at his house. He inquired about you, and seemed to wish you had come with me, that he

might shew you also the civilities due to a stranger and a fine woman. And in all this he is perfectly simple and unaffected.

"But it is time to bid you goodnight. Remember me in your devotions. I pray God to watch over you and the dear babes. His care and his blessing are better than everything else."

"Albany, 11th Sepr."

"From what I learned of the course of the mail, I concluded it was in vain to write to you yesterday. Nor am I quite sure there will be a mail tomorrow; as the steamboat, due this morning from New York, has not yet arrived, although it is past ten at night. There is a rumour that she burst her boiler on her last trip.

"I will not however, neglect you another day, be the chances of the mail what they may; for I assure you I *feel* how painful it is to wait for expected and desired letters, having received none from you since that brought by last Saturday's boat."

It sounds almost like the middle ages. Think of talking of "*the* steamboat" and "her boiler,"—when now the fair waters of our river are never at rest, and one train is hardly out of hearing before another rushes up. Inconvenient times, those, but very lovely: I could not truthfully liken them to ages called "*dark*." I wonder if what follows is more near our own times?

"My cause has been called and *passed*, the appellant's counsel not choosing to bring it to a hearing. The consequence is one I can hardly think of with patience; it is nothing less than that I must stay here another week. The thing has been managed entirely by J. H.—and his object is apparent enough. He is not without hope, I believe, that the Court may get tired and adjourn before they come round again to

Mumford and Murray on the Calendar; but what he particularly aims at, is, to give time for J. B. to mature his *out-door* operations, and to try what secret and undue influence can do in aid of a bad cause.

"As to the probable success of this young gentleman's machinations, I have at present no fear." (I think I have heard my father speak of this case as one in which he recovered largely for his clients.)

"The report from N. York today (bro't by a sloop,) represents the fever as extending its dominion considerably."

This must have been that last outbreak of yellow fever in New York, when certain streets and districts were roped off, and people went to the old house so lately torn down, corner of Nineteenth St. and Broadway, as an out-of-town refuge!

"I trust our dear children continue well. It is matter of regret that they cannot know how their dear father loves them. They never will know, unless they are destined to become parents themselves. If they do not *forget* me altogether, during my absence, I must be satisfied."

From Jamaica, Sept. 12. "I cannot tell you how ardently I long for your return, and how anxious your little Susan is to see you. She said to me today: 'Mother, I want to see my dear Father! won't you take me home *this mediate*ly when he comes back from Albany?' Dear little thing, I believe she is really very desirous to have you return; for she tells everybody, that as soon as you come back she is going home *this minute*. She says she loves her dear father."

Sep. 13th. "O no, my dear; your children will not forget you. Susan, in particular speaks of you almost every day. She came to me today and told me she

meant to make her own sweetmeats. She had got a very small jar that she was endeavouring to cover with paper, which she wished me to tie with twine, and which she said was for her dear father."

Poughkeepsie, 22nd Jan. '23.

"My dearest wife,

"We arrived here a quarter before eight o'clock, after a tedious ride: having come to Peekskill on wheels, and then on runners, with but poor sleighing. The sun has thawed the snow exceedingly these two days. From this to Albany we go all the way on runners; and I am told the sleighing will be found very good. We may therefore expect to finish our journey by sundown tomorrow.

"Except a little headache I am perfectly well. It is a great comfort to me in my absence from you, to reflect that you and my dearest babes are with our kind and constant friends at the old mansion. I pray God to requite their kindness an hundred fold. And Oh may he keep you and our little precious charge, and bring to you again in due season his most unworthy servant, but whose unworthiness does not consist at all in any deficiency of affection for his family."

From Jamaica, Feb. 25. '23.

"The little dear Susan is well, and as entertaining as ever."

"The first thing Henrietta spoke of this morning was 'dear Faver.' I believe she thought you were in the cot."

March 6. "This morning there was a very bright streak in the sky. Henrietta saw it and said: 'O pretty sky on mantel piece!' Susan laughed and said:

‘Dear little thing! She does not know anything about it. The sky is not on the mantel piece, dear.’”

It is the last entry about the two. The little one had been saying that winter:

“Summer days come bimeby. Then Etta go Aunt Fanny’s house, and walk on the pepazza.”

And the summer days came. But the “sweet-eyed” child was borne away to a fairer home, and after days of inexpressible suffering entered safely in, where “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.”

Patient little darling! Aunt Fanny said, how in the extremity of her suffering, one little hand would be lifted and laid down again, with untold expression, but with not a word or cry.

Long years after, when my Aunt witnessed the gentler ways of homeopathic practice (and when indeed all methods were so much toned down) she used to remember keenly what little Etta went through, in those dark days of medical skill.

And so the letters came back to their old wording, and “kiss my dear little girl for me,” was all that could be said. But it almost broke my father’s heart.

The following is all the written record I have, and needs one word of explanation. With my father, deeply stirred feeling—especially of grief—was apt to work itself out in verse and measure.

“N. York, 16th, July 1823.

“The written verses my dear Brother T. were copied last night by my poor wife, to send to you! And she would have written a word to go with them,—but her pen dropped from her hand and she was unable to go on.

“The verses, you perceive, addressed themselves to

my little departed Henrietta. They have no merit but in a parent's eyes. But it will give them some value in yours, that my wife, in the midst of her affliction, copied them for you."

H.

Gone? and forever? Fare thee well!
 Thy spirit could no longer dwell
 Beneath thy native skies.
 Too gentle for a world like this,
 Too kind, too pure, too ripe for bliss,
 'T was time for thee to rise.

And yet how can I lose thee so?
 Stay, matchless babe! thou must not go.
 Thy father bids thee stay.
 A little space, my child, and I,
 Thy wretched father, too may die,
 And join thy heavenward way.

Gone, and forever!—and she hears
 No cry of mine—nor can my tears
 Wake that sweet eye of love.
 Then fare thee well, dear little one!
 And when my toil, like thine, is done,
 I 'll come to thee above.

CHAPTER VII

THE LITTLE QUEEN

WHEN the first little Anna died, my Aunt Fanny wrote:

"Henry and Sister Anna are determined to be resigned to the will of a better Power than any on earth": there had been no questionings then; there were none now. The old letters—with no black borders—are as sweet and tender, as peaceful, as they were before; no lamentations, no murmurings. Indeed the sorrow is not named (perhaps the black and white words could not be written nor read): and an allusion to "what we have been through together," covered all. The burden of life was taken up again bravely; and the sweet things that were left, stood at their full value.

The little four-year-old girl was much engaged about this time, with pencil and paper; drawing creatures that certainly never went into the ark with Noah, nor even could have been "evolved" from those that did; and some of the letters are largely illustrated in this pre-historic style. Evidently not judged by its merits.

"Mr. B. and I both long to hear something about our dear little Sue," writes my grandmother; "and to see some more of her drawings, and hear some more of her riddles, she is so expert at composing them."

But of these last, unfortunately, I have found no trace.

In September of that year, mother and child seem to have gone with my father to Albany at Court time; touching at Hudson by the way. My mother writes to my grandmother:

"*Albany, Sep. 1, 1823.* I saw all the Thurston family yesterday. Thurston Bedell was so unwilling to part with Susan, and she with him, that I left her to dine with him. How she behaved, I do not know."

I wonder if, when my sister and the Bishop met in later years, either one remembered that dinner? Then in the same letter:

"Little Susan is very well, and bears the fatigue better than I expected. She lies fast asleep upon the floor."

And must have waked up before the letter went off, for the last page is adorned with a most extraordinary bandit-looking individual with one leg.

But the delights of Albany seem to have been soon exhausted.

"I am sorry," writes my grandmother, "that my dear little Susan finds so little amusement at Albany. It is quite a pity that the elephant and monkeys are not there now. You must walk out with her, frequently, and return all your calls; that will amuse her as much as anything."—From another letter:

"Her doll is ready dressed, and only waits a proper escort to be conveyed to the city. I only hope she may be as well pleased with her now, as she was before she had her clothes on. I have made very loose sleeves to her dress, in order that she may move her joints.

New York, Dec. 1823. From my mother. "Little Sue is very busily engaged playing with a little boy who boards in the house with us. He is two years and eight months old, and he affords her a great deal of

amusement." She herself having reached the mature age of four and a half. "I talk of taking Susan to see the Lion. Do you think it would frighten her?"

"I could hardly pacify Susan after you went away. She said it was so 'hard after you get intimate with some one to be obliged to part with them.' She is very well, but laments her Grandma's absence greatly."

No hint there of the faultless grammarian of later years.

I am not sure, but I think it may have been the same year that Henrietta died, that a little boy was born into the household; but not to tarry long. Within the twelve-month, I believe, he too was taken away, and my sister was again the only child. And still there are no murmurings: only patient words of faith and hope; and the one darling left is at a premium in all her words and ways.

"*March 22nd.* Our little Sue is very well. As lively as a bird, and as intelligent as such a little thing can well be."

"*March 24.* Your letters were received last evening with more delight than you can well imagine. Little Sue was all attention while I read hers aloud to her, but when I got through she fairly sobbed from emotion; she could hardly get asleep; she said it made her so unhappy that her father wanted her 'dear little arms about his neck.' She said she squeezed herself as if she was hugging Father. Dear creature! I never witnessed a more touching scene in my life. She has more tenderness for you than I thought."

"*March 26.* I hope to hear from you again tonight, but that little Sue may send you some drawings, I must begin my letter before receiving yours. Our dear little daughter has made me read over your letters a

great many times, she takes great delight in them ; and often in the course of the day the tears come in her eyes, when she thinks of your wanting her *dear little arms* about your neck."

There follow, on the rest of the page, various pencil sketches, evidently done "at will" by the small draughtsman, and carefully labelled in greatest print letters:

HOUSE, COW, OSTRICH.

The second page has her letter.

"My dear Father.

"I pray morning and night every day to God. My dear Father, I love you very much and I want to see you very much ; please to come in time. I'll hug you in time. I love you very much, and I have no doubt you love me very much. Have you got the book to Sarah Hopkins? Farewell my dear own Father.

"S. B. Warner."

My mother goes on :

"Here you have a letter from little Sue. She cannot speak of you or think of you without tears. She makes me read your letters over and over to her, and then she says, 'Poor Father!'"

From the Albany letter answering this—

"I could not have dreamed that my precious little babe thought so much of me. What a treasure is such a child ! It makes me almost shudder to think of her in connection with the vicissitudes of human things. But I leave the future to him who has the just control of it, committing her most tenderly to his care.

"Catherine Sedgwick has received a letter from Miss Edgeworth. Think of that.

"I have called yesterday and today on the Chief Justice, Gov'r Clinton, the Chancellor, Mrs. Backus, and Mrs. E. Kane—and Mrs. Watson. The ladies all inquired very particularly about you, and Frances, and little Sue. I drank tea tonight with Mrs. Watson, and had a learned discussion with Abstract Eben. The tea and the discussion together were a wonderful refreshment—to say nothing of the light which they both equally shed upon the subject.

"Give my best regards to Mr. Bogert and Mrs. Thurston, and the rest of the kind family—and as to little Sue, tell her she has made her poor father almost sob in turn."

"Albany, March, 1824.

"My dear wife.

"You and little Susan together afforded me immeasurable comfort yesterday, by the sweet conserve you sent me of letters and pictures combined. My appetite for such things—for anything that comes from that quarter—has become exceeding quick and keen. Give my love and blessing to the dear incomparable child."—The letter ends:

"Farewell, my dear faithful wife. I pray the Good Lord to keep you and our precious babe. I cannot but trust that her little prayers are heard of him. Surely the prayers of such innocent lips could not pass unnoticed in heaven. What a perfect picture of moral beauty is before my mind when I am told of her sweet orisons ascending to the King of kings. Blessed babe!"

From Jamaica. "I thought that dear little Sue's letter would please you. It was all her own, as is very evident from the language. She loves you as tenderly as ever child loved parent. She has too much sensi-

bility for her own comfort, and it appears to increase. She is very anxious that you should return, I am very sorry that we cannot expect that return until Saturday. But it will come 'in time,' as little Sue says."

Aug. 23. "Little Sue is very well. She made me get out your letter as soon as you were gone. She wants to know how soon again you mean to write to your dear little daughter, and if you remember those dear little arms about your neck."

A remarkably tall house with very conventional pine tree supporters takes up the next page; and a flock of flamingo-billed geese of different ages march calmly pass the door.

Aug. 24. "Little Sue lies asleep in the trundle bed. She is very anxious to get a letter from you, and loves you as much as such a little thing can love a father."

Next morning, but on the same page:

"How do you do Father? Will you have time to write to me? Have you money enough to buy me that little wagon to ride my dolls in? Are you going to write to me? 'Farewell my dear blessed baby; I don't know how much I would give to have those dear little arms around my neck. It will come in time. Farewell.' Don't you want to see your dear little Sue? O how I do want to see my dear sweet Father."

"S. B. Warner."

Pine trees and geese adorn the last page.

In all the letters of that time, of those years when loss followed loss, there is scarce even an allusion to the sorrows. It is only when, later on, my father went through a long deadly illness, away from home, that my mother's grief and rejoicing break forth together.

"O that we may praise the Lord for his goodness and

for his wonderful kindness to us! for he has supported us under great trials and has delivered us out of great dangers. He only knows what our trials have been, and he only knows what they might have been. But blessed be his name! he has saved us from still greater trials than any we have yet experienced.

"O my dear Henry, language has no power to tell you what I have felt and still feel. I must refer you to your own heart.

"The dread of what might be was beyond anything I have yet undergone; for nothing on earth is so dear to me as my husband."

The illness had lasted several months, and my mother was unable to go to him. My father went to Albany to attend Court, was taken sick almost immediately, and lay there at Cruttenden's, between life and death, from I think some time in August, until late in October. Now at last our mother wrote to her mother:

"He is beginning to talk about us, and to send messages."

"Of my dear little Susan," dictated my father from his sick bed, "I know not what to say, unless to add her to the list of blessings not to be described. Tell her how I love her, and how I want to see her, and to enjoy all her sweet affection, which I hope soon to do."

The messages were all sent by the hand of the faithfulest nurse man ever had: his youngest sister, my dear Aunt Fanny. She wrote of him every day; and they say that her brave, cheery letters were God's agent to keep my mother alive, through all that dreadful time.

She was young; alone in that crowded Hotel; but nothing could exceed the kindness of my father's fellow lawyers. My eyes "cloud up" as I remember

what she has told. How they lifted, and watched, and did every possible thing to comfort him and to help her. No blessing of mine can reach them now; but it goes to their descendants.

Seemingly, my mother's heart had not been the only anxious one at home. Midway in one of her letters comes this delightful effusion.

"O my dear Father, I wish much that you should get well the day after tomorrow. I hope that Aunt Fanny will say in one of Mother's letters that you are to set off today. Dear Father, I wish you were here. You do not say anything about my little sister. She is a beautiful little creature. She is as pretty as a little dog spotted with every colour: blue and purple and yellow."

"S. B. Warner."

My mother adds:

"I think little Sue's comparison will amuse you. She and I are both very anxious to shew the little one to you. When you were so ill I could not look at the baby without a pang; the idea that you had never seen her and the *perhaps* that followed it, was like a dagger piercing my heart. But now it is all pleasure. God has spared us yet a little while for each other. I trust we shall not abuse his mercies."

A set of wonderful pencilled men and women foot the page. On the next one, my mother goes on with a few lines to my Aunt Fanny, and then comes in another short epistle.

"My dear Aunt Fanny, how much I see you! How much I wish to see you! My little sister is a dear little creature, you never saw anything prettier in all your life."

"S. B. W."

(Four days later.)

"Little Sue remembers you with great interest. The babe whom you have never seen is really a lovely infant; at least *I* think so. You must find out a name for her, that I may know what to call her when I introduce her to you. These little creatures are not the less precious for all our past experience; indeed it seems that that experience endears them more to us. I hope not to love her inordinately, but with due reference to the Giver of her and every other good."

"Dear, dear Father, will you if you can, come to your dear island Guanias?¹ My dear Father as soon as you get well, I want you to come here. I shall almost devour you. As soon as I hear Aunt Fanny and you have come, I shall run down stairs as fast as if I was riding on a sled on the ice, down a steep hill, as steep as the ice house."

Yet when he came, the shock must have been great to those at home. My father was a very tall man, but Cruttenden carried him in his arms to the carriage; and in like manner my grandfather lifted him out, and bore him into the house, when he reached home. Seeming health came back to the household after a time, and the usual business routine, but I doubt if my mother was ever really well again. Her "for a little while," was prophetic: and it seems as if the coming shadow brought up new thoughts of the sorrows that had been. Some months later she wrote:

"Dearest Henry, help me by your example, your counsel, your prayers, to live more to God and less to the world. Let us not be anxious about 'the meat that perisheth'; and may we profit by our past afflictions.

¹ Guanias,—on Long Island.

We have been sorely afflicted, and if we are not the better, we shall be the worse for our past experience.

“Little Sue was not only pleased but delighted with her tea set. It far surpassed her expectations, sanguine as they were. She was made very happy by it. I wish I could hit upon some scheme of rewards and punishments which would have the effect of these red marks, without holding out a specified reward as (apparently) her ultimate aim. She seems to consider the red marks not so much as proofs of her good conduct as pledges for the attainment of her reward. So think about it and devise some better plan.”

The next day went this letter to Albany.

“My dear Father.

“I see very well that my mother has written a pretty short letter to you. I do not intend to have so short a letter myself, though I may have one yet I do not intend it. Do not think that I will trouble you for any more things, I had rather send letters to you than do anything else. I believe that is not quite true; I like my tea party and my cups and saucers better than writing letters, but I love you better than my cups and saucers. Do not say any more about those little arms about your neck; but you may if you like. My dear mother I think has not much to say to you, though she likes you so much. Let me say that I must earn the account of those four Russian sailors who were cast away upon a desert shore. I pray for you now morning and evening. Write to me whether my letter is longer than Mother’s. Tell me is little Sarah Hopkins well, or is she sick, or has she got a cough, or is anything the matter with her. Tell me how my good friends there are. Write to me the first day you are able.

Do not get any of those sicknesses, you know you have often had a sickness, and I should be very, very, very sorry if you should have any of them again. I am much obliged to you for those cups and saucers. I thought certainly they would be yellow. Aunt Fanny said they would be blue and white, and so they are. Did you buy them, dear Father? God bless you. God grant that you may never more have any of those bilious sicknesses. God bless you again and again.

“Susan B. Warner.”

My mother adds:

“I think you cannot but be pleased with little Sue’s letter. It is entirely her own: indeed I could not write as fast as she dictated. I neither added nor altered, nor took away. You must write to her immediately.”

March 30. “Susan is very well. She says that I must tell you that she likes her cups and saucers so much that she does n’t know what to do.”

So far the old letters go, with their beautiful clear writing; what though now the ink is faded, and the paper time-stained and worn. And perhaps after this my mother went always with my father on his journeys to Court; but for whatever reason, the letters cease, and the last part of her life left no record, but in the memories of those who have long since joined her on the eternal shore. My father’s illness and slow recovery; the suspense, the fear, the nursing him back to strength, all did their work.

Two letters of hers to my sister remain: written when the little lady was queening it at Jamaica, in her grandmother’s house. They are both undated; but the mention of me puts this one very near the end.

"My dear little Sue.

"I hope you arrived safe at Jamaica last evening, and that you experience as much pleasure as you anticipated. I miss you exceedingly my darling, and I shall be very glad when I am again permitted to fold my arms around you, and imprint your cheek with kisses. ('It will come in time.') Father was quite astonished not to find his little Sue last evening, but as he had given his consent he had not a word to say against it. He will be very glad to see you again. Ann says that little Anna is trying to tell your Aunt Fanny where you have gone to, but that she cannot make out. I have not seen any of your family except Fenella, since you went away. I do not know where they have gone.

"Farewell my dear child, may God bless you and keep you from all ill.

"Farewell,

"A. M. Warner."

It might have been during that same visit that my father wrote.

"My dear Susan.

"I have just returned home, and read Grandma's letter, in which she says a good deal about our little Susy. It gives me very great pleasure to hear that you are a good child and are happy. If you are good, you may be pretty sure to be happy, always. But remember, my child, who it is that makes you so. I hope you say your prayers every morning and evening, and that you bring your little heart to feel how much you owe to your heavenly Father for his kind care of you. He is the best of all friends, and he loves little

children, when they remember him, and pray to him, and keep his commandments.

“Remember also, how kind your dear grandma and grandpa are to you ; and never disobey nor grieve them. We have but a little while to live in this world ; and while here, we are very dependent creatures. Always love and honour those who are kind to you. Be careful also not to give anybody any unnecessary trouble.

“I am glad to hear that you are improving in drawing. I hope you also read some good books every day, for a part of your employment.

“You talk, I understand, of staying from us a month—a long month. I am afraid we shall not know how to spare you so long. How do you think your poor sick mother can spare her little daughter such a length of time? And how do you think I can bear to come home day after day, and see nothing of you? I find it quite hard already. And sometimes, even now, when I look around for you, and listen to hear your merry songs, and can neither see nor hear you any more, it seems as if I could not bear my disappointment.

“Alas my dear babe, you know very little how much your dear parents love you. But after all, the best thing you can do for them is to be a good and dutiful child and keep all God’s commandments. By so doing, you will best promote your own happiness. And that is what they most desire.

“Your dear mother and Auntie send their love to you. And little sister would do the same if she could.

“Farewell, my sweet babe.

“H. W. Warner.”

Between the later years and those where my own recollections come in, there is a misty middle-distance

which I cannot handle with any distinctness of outline or sequence of detail. Events were few; and the child growth and change passed on from day to day, with probably far less notice than the baby years had won. For she was a little girl now; and "bumps" had ceased, and the dainty "four teeth" had long since become a set; and all her early characteristics were well known and established facts. But our mother had gone to be with her other children, and my dear Aunt Fanny had taken the baby to her heart, pushed aside her own life plans and interests, and gathered all the little household under her most tender care.

"The children are well. Frances is now everything to them and to me,"—wrote my father to his father, when at last he could write at all. And again, in another letter:

"Our dear Fanny is well. She is my all in all. What should I have done without her? I bless God for such a sister."

No words could be too strong. She was a very young woman then; extremely handsome; and with a wonderful strength of constitution: mind and body were in rare perfection. Quick, deft, energetic; keen-eyed as few people are; high-spirited, fearless, and self-contained; devoted as anyone could be. With an exquisite high-mindedness; and for unselfishness and humility, like no one else. Her step was quick, her eyes bright and clear, her teeth wonderful,—her hair could not be held with one hand.

Certainly she needed both hands—and all her skill—for her new charge. I was but a small affair, indeed, but very delicate; and my sister had all her old vivid identity well grown and developed. Love of power was born with her, and a great relish for the right of

way. And respect of persons was unknown. As all her life, indeed.

Once when our barouche was rolling along through country roads, the pursuit of knowledge seemed desirable. Aunt Fanny had a friend with her that day; and to her the young persecutor began:

"Mrs. Ledyard—would you rather be the fence, or that big tree?"

"Mrs. Ledyard—would you rather be the wheel of the carriage, or an umbrella?"—

And so on, with variations. I have heard Aunt Fanny describe her own silent sensations; and also Mrs. Ledyard's, as at last made known. But she was an old friend, and so it mattered less. Slowly among the traditionary pictures I find myself come in; one of the first, being of a day when my sister drew me about in a wicker wagon, and overturned the load.

The winter I was three years old, we were boarding in New York. One morning when Aunt Fanny stood before the glass, doffing her cap and arranging her hair (people wore night caps then), my sister, from one corner of the dressing table, remarked that the said cap was not so becoming as the one she wore last. Whereupon, the small mite at the other corner put in her word.

"You must n't expect Aunty to look very well now, sister; she's getting to be quite an old lady."

This was told at the breakfast table, amid shouts of mirth; and one of the young men said to me:

"Why Anna, *you* are forty."

"Beg your pardon, sir," retorted I. "I'm threety."

The first letter I find in my sister's own handwriting, bears no date. Paper, carefully ruled with pencil lines, the writing round and clear.

"My dear Father.

"How do you do? I am very well and so is sister. I don't know how it is, I am strangely altered in my conduct towards the little sister. I am a great deal better in that respect. We are all well. I hope you will write a letter in return. Sunday I read some tracts, one of which was beautiful. I went to Church in the morning, and made fine April Fools at home. I must end my letter.

"Your affectionate daughter,
"Susan B. Warner."

Aunt Fanny says—

"Although you have been gone but three days, I am sure you are beginning to be very anxious to hear how your dear little children are. Susan seems to miss her school a good deal"—(she went but six months in all) "or at least the exercise of mind and body which it gave her. She appears to be perfectly well and is very good and obedient. You will be delighted with her letter which is all of her own composing."

"*Jamaica, June 4.*"

"My dear Father.

"I have spent the time very pleasantly since I have been at Jamaica. How have you spent your time? I hope you will write me a letter in return. I hope to hear from you Saturday. If there is any word or sentence in my letter that is spelt wrong or anything of that kind tell me in your letter that I may correct it the next time. Margaret has got a musical snuff box; she lets me hear it every day and I dare say she will let you see it too when you come up here. Your very affectionate daughter,

"Susan Bogert Warner."

Mr. Bogert adds:

"My little Sue is a dear girl and a very interesting guest. She is very proud of her sister, and unexceptionable in her conduct to her."

From her very early days, my sister was often at Jamaica; carried off by my grandmother, a willing captive: and this was the fashion of her going.

The old family coach, with sleek horses and coloured coachman; my grandmother on the back seat; and on the whole of the front seat the little Queen. Feet against one side of the coach, head against the other; perhaps a paper of candied orange peel or ginger—or gingercakes—on her lap for light refreshment; and in her hand a volume of Plutarch's Lives, in which she read steadily all the nine miles to Jamaica.

But *I* never grew up to such delectable outings: Aunt Fanny's apron string was the axis of my world: and though I was once coaxed to go for a day and two nights: and though I would not turn back, with my word once given: the silent tears that coursed down my cheeks as we drove along, made my grandmother quite sure she would never try *that* thing again. Next day my sister sent me this letter.

"Dear Anna.

"How are you all? Was grandpa very much surprised to see you? I suppose you play with shells a good deal. Do you want to come home? Don't you want to see Aunty and all of us very much? We manage some way or other to go on very pleasantly without you, but I have not played with dolls once since you left us. Yesterday I brought up Cupid, and warmed a cushion for her and she was here the greatest part of the day. I sucked one of those oranges that Grandma

gave us and then played with the skin. I made some maple sugar fine and then partly dried it. Aunt Fanny was going to write to you, but she is sewing hard to be able to come up to Jamaica tomorrow evening or Wednesday morning. Cupid is this moment lying on the green cloth. I am breaking myself of sucking my tongue but you must not go to begging for me. Give my love and a kiss to all, not forgetting yourself. Aunt Fanny says she does not know what to do without you.

"Your affectionate sister,
"S. B. Warner."

"Cupid," was I think my kitten—"Bess" being hers; and the "cushion" sounds like a delicate attention to the little sister, whom yet she "got along very pleasantly without." But does anyone understand the "green cloth"?—It all comes back to me as I read the letter: the cloth, and the custom.

When the waiter came to set the table for dinner, he brought a large square of heavy green baize: and rolling back the table, spread this smoothly on the floor. I remember, well, jumping up to pull out the corners, and also how (in another mood) Cupid and Bess were encouraged to play hide and seek under the pretty green folds. Then after dinner the table was rolled off again; and cloth and crumbs folded in and borne carefully away. I wonder if green baize is used for anything in these days? *Then*, our waiter always had a long, high working apron of baize, in which he cleaned brasses and did such like work.

A pleasant old house the Jamaica mansion was: with great evergreens around the sweep, and all sorts of spring flowers in the borders: bluebells, iris, periwinkle,

and daffodils. Honeysuckles over the porch (the old sweetest kind), and within, rooms full of sunshine, and of newer things that looked yet older. The round mirror between the windows, the beau-pots on the mantel piece, the dark mahogany chairs.

At one side of the breakfast room fire place stood my grandmother's carved work table and footstool, and her straight backed chair. Under the table was a small leather-covered trunk resplendent with brass nails, in which she kept her reserve force of threads and needles, tapes, buttons and pins. An old time foot stove was its near neighbour.

The top drawer of the table was shallow and partitioned off for spools etc. but the lower one was very deep and full of wonders. Here was a black silk bag of shining keys, the "Open Sesame" to many treasures. Here were kept also the smooth sticks upon which my grandmother crimped her cap ruffles, when they came from the wash; running the flat bit of wood carefully into each broad hem, crumpling the sheer muslin back upon it. What clear-starching there was in those days! —a lost art.

Stored away in that same deep drawer with the bag of keys was a great bundle of almanacs, carefully stitched together in (I suppose) regular order. I have no idea of the number, but the years represented were many. And the collector's instinct must already have been strong in me; for small as I was, I never tired of the old almanacs. There on the floor by my grandmother's footstool, I would sit, turning over page after page; absorbed in the queer pictures, the poetry, the fact and fiction, like a little old Chronicle myself. For I could read at four years old.

But I doubt if my sister ever touched them; she was

a bookworm of quite another sort ; caring nothing for curiosities, even of literature, in those days ; little (then) for poetry ; and never in her life turned collector, except of dried flowers.

So when the bag of keys came out, and we climbed the stairs after my grandmother to what was called "father's room," the opening of the old inlaid bureau was watched with very different kinds of interest. *She* liked to get out the ivory balls and have some kind of a game with them ; to sort and arrange the shells, and to choose out certain of these which were at once personified into the heroes and heroines of an improvised story : *I*, to wonder over the sea horse, the strange-looking acorns and sea beans, the old spangled fans, the strings of garnet, the great paste pin. Just so we always divided off : unlike each other as we well could be. But to go back to her early letters.

"*July 8.* My dear Father.

"Your letter gave me great pleasure, it seems like a month since I came to Jamaica. What makes you call Grandpa's house a mansion? I shall be very glad to see you when you come back. I have not so much to say in this letter as in the last but Aunt will make up for that, I hope, as she is going to write you a letter. How will you like to hear Margaret's musical box?

"Your affectionate daughter,
"Susan Bogert Warner."

Aunt Fanny adds:

"Anna ran about the other day saying to everyone she met, 'Father sends me bessin' !' She is the sweetest child that ever was, I believe. Susan was very much overcome the day you left us, and gave herself a severe

headache by grieving about you. No children can love a parent more than she loves you. We sat at the hall window, if you remember, looking after you, when Anna asked Susan what she cried for? And then turning to me observed that I looked troubled too. She put her dear little arm around my neck and patting me said, 'Dear Aunty, I 'll take care of you.'"

"*July 10.* My Dear Father.

"I have painted a little picture and sent it to you because I thought you would like it. Margaret found a bird's nest with one egg in it; the cat had got the bird. Aunt is going down tomorrow to put up the raspberry sweetmeats. I have wrote you two letters and you have wrote me but one.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"Susan Bogert Warner."

The picture is still there, folded in the letter by my father's loving hands; a little but remarkable basket of flowers, having a big tulip at one end, a scarlet something at the other.

With the intense, absorbing love for my father, which was part of her very life, came in now by degrees another master passion, that for books. Stories first, of course; but always books, books. They say a good preacher often enjoys a bad sermon, because he transforms it as he listens; putting in what it lacks,—and I think she may have done that with many a sober volume; idealising all the people. The next little old letter is undated, but must have followed pretty close upon the last, and was written from Hudson.

"My dear father.

"Do not forget to bring me something to read when

you come up, if you can find anything that suits you. I am now finishing Captain Cook's voyages. I have yet a good many pages to read before I come to his death but do not let that prevent your bringing me a book when you come up."

"My dear Father.

"I am in very good spirits indeed. How are you? I never felt better in my life before. All the rest of us are well too. Aunt Fanny is in haste to send the letter.

"Your very affectionate daughter,
"Susan B. Warner."

"My dear Father.

"We had tea on Sunday evening before the sun was down, so I took it for granted you would let me read, and Aunt Fanny did not think it was wrong. I am very anxious to know how you are and to have you come back.

"Your very affectionate daughter,
"S. B. Warner."

I am not sure what this means, unless my father, guarding her eyes, had bidden her not read after tea; but it shews her sense of honour, that she states the case to him. A later letter from Aunt Fanny gives this message.

"Susan says I must tell you she is learning Latin like a fine fellow."

"*April, 1829.*

"My dear Father.

"O how I want to have you come back. When do you think you can come back? How are you? I

want a letter from you. You must write to me soon. Tomorrow I am going to take something that Dr. Hosack says will put roses in my cheeks. It is called rust of Iron. Miss Robinson says that she has taken it, and that in two weeks she had a brilliant colour. You know how pale she is now. Last Friday I went to Miss Stevens' party. I never saw anything more splendid than it was, nor grandma either, for she said so. In the middle of the table was an orange tree in a glass dish. Everything was of the best.

"Your affectionate daughter,
"Susan B. Warner."

It is such a comical little old woman's letter—only for the hint about pale cheeks. She must have begun already to outgrow her strength; shooting up tall and slender, unable to eat, and fed upon raw eggs. So it was at one time. I have seen—and have yet in possession—bits of the dress she wore on that "splendid" occasion. A clear yellow barége, over a yellow silk petticoat and yellow silk waist, and with a binding of the silk on the barége ruffles and flounces. And now in the letters regular punctuation begins; the earlier ones were guiltless of any such thing.

"Dearest Father.

"Do not I beg my dear Father think that we do not love you very much; nor do not let what I said hurt your feelings in the least. I can say for myself that I do not know anybody that I love as well as I do you: you may be assured that we shall all be very glad to see you home again. I cannot write such letters as you do but I think I shall write a rather longer one than I did last time. I believe that it was Saturday or Tuesday

that I brought home from Mr. Metz's a little piece called the Fall of Paris to practise, not for my own, you understand me. Last Wednesday we eat dinner and drank tea at Cousin Cornelia's, and Thursday they came here and did the same. How are you, my dearest Father? We are all very well. One night since you left us Aunt Fanny and I played two games of Chess. What do you think I did yesterday? What but read some in the third volume of Prideaux's connexion of the old and new Testaments? I do not come on with Vertot very fast. How many pieces should you like me to do in the Solfège Tuesdays and Saturdays, when I take another lesson as well as my music lesson? I wrote the best part of my letter yesterday so that I can tell you that I have finished the first volume of Vertot.

“Your most affectionate daughter,
“ S. B. Warner.”

Then come the eleven year old views and plans.

“Dearest Father.

“Monday, the 5th of July, was a beautiful day here, and the evening could not have been more pretty. The moon shone, and it was delightful. Very high rockets went up from the Military Garden; I have never seen higher. We went up to Jamaica Thursday, and I had a very pleasant visit. Today I am eleven years old. Don't you think it would be a good way for me to set down all the faults which I commit in the day, and to try not to do them again? Uncle Thomas preached today in Brooklyn. Grandma has been down this week, and when she was here, she taught me to net.

“Your affectionate daughter,
“S. B. Warner.”

“My dearest and most dear Father.

“I hope you had a pleasant sail, though I suspect it was rather uncomfortably hot. It was very warm here; and I daresay it was more so on board the steamboat. Perhaps you are surprised at not seeing this in French, and it certainly would be, if it were not that I have no dictionary which gives the English words and then the French of them. I can do hardly anything with Dufief, and as for Charles XII, it would not furnish me with near all the words I want.

“I daresay you have your hands full of business; I only hope that you may succeed in all of it. I shall go to town today. I hope you are well. We should be quite lonesome if Grandma were not with us.

“Your most affectionate daughter,

“Susan B. Warner.”



A Child Portrait of Anna B. Warner
From a Miniature

CHAPTER VIII

THE TALL GIRL

THIS age of photographs does not know its riches: I have not even a sketch of her in those early days. But I seem to remember her dimly, as she drove off for her music lessons, sitting up straight as an arrow in the barouche; and three dresses I remember well.

One was worn when I must have been three or four years old, and she was going in fancy dress to some assemblage of young people. I had watched with jealous distrust the hairdresser as he arranged her hair; in curls, I think, with all the old machinery of tongs and twisted paper. And now, dressed and ready, she went down the stairs, and I danced along before her to the front door, waving my small hands, and crying out:

“My sister! my sister! my sister!”

I have not the least recollection of her face, but the dress was kept until later years. A scarlet satin bodice laced with scarlet cord; a clear white muslin skirt with rows of inch-wide scarlet satin ribband, spacing it off round the bottom: scarlet satin slippers, white silk stockings, and I believe a wreath of green leaves and scarlet flowers.

The next picture is of a tall, slim girl at the home dinner table, clad in a sort of diaphanous India muslin; white, but just toned with bluish lavender, and spotted over with small pale lavender daisies. Short sleeves,

and the neck with its long throat, bare. It seems to me they were calling her "Miss-in-her-teens."

One other dress I remember her in; a soft Quaker brown Silk: she standing with a quiet, dignified poise that I can see now. But she must have been almost grown up then, for the brown skirt just cleared her instep, leaving the white stockings and pretty bronze slippers in full view.

Those slippers won my deepest admiration. But when Aunt Fanny bought me also a little pair, my sister strongly disapproved: in those days she never wished me to have anything like her things; always liking best to stand apart and unapproachable. Once she confessed that there was nothing she desired so much, as to be "odd." Happily for her, our dear Aunt Fanny was not only loving, but wise; and a little clear-sighted counsel, a touch of wholesome ridicule now and then, kept all these youthful airs within becoming limits.

She was a bit of a Sybarite by nature; liking ease and warmth and bright colours (especially red, which she was fond of wearing) and dainty fare; though she was a very small eater. Quite ready always to use Mr. Hale's prescription for a long life, and do nothing herself that she could get some one else to do for her. Not that she might sit in idleness, however; but to read, and muse, and tend her imagination.

Her particular delight was to have a low seat at the corner of the hearth and read by firelight; but all her life long she liked to have some one else keep up the fire. In the morning she wanted to wait in bed till the maid called her; and would fain have had this functionary put on her shoes and stockings, but our wise Aunt Fanny negatived that.

Christmas morning, with both of us awake in the gray dawn, she always lay still and sent me to fetch the stockings, (in later years the bags) from where they hung. Nothing so prosaic as the blaze of gas-light over a Christmas tree, ever came into our young lives. And as to choosing our own presents!—Christmas would have ceased to be Christmas.

So in the darkness, with the biggest and fullest stocking laid upon her bed, she would fumble and feel and guess; spinning out the delightful mystery. What could these sharp corners be?—And was this solid package all books? Searching further as the daylight came on; trying to read titles, imagining colours. Lying back then again in bed to muse and wonder. Once when a work of Mrs. Sherwood's was in the bag, three rather thick small volumes, she spelled out the strange name, and then lay still, saying over and over to herself:

“Roxobel—Roxobel—Roxobel.”

Another year, when I found the bag very heavy, it held the Novels and Tales of Maria Edgeworth: the old edition in nine light blue volumes; looking brown in the dusky morning, and coming out blue as a glad surprise. I have heard her say that she put her head down then with a sense of unbelievable riches. Nine volumes of unknown stories!

For other gifts, at Christmas, she had a supreme contempt. Once when some costly lace ventured in, my sister scarcely gave it a glance. Only books were worthy to appear on such a day.

She was passionately fond of stories: identifying herself with the characters in a way that must have been often more pain than pleasure, and taking much to heart the least seeming blemish in some favourite

personage. If the thought once sprung up, that So and So should have done (or not have done) this or that, she would brood over the question for hours and days: thinking, thinking, perfectly absorbed; and glad or distressed, according to the final decision.

"Well, who is it now?" Aunt Fanny would say to her, invading one of these brown studies. I forget how long it took her to decide whether Henry Morton (in *Old Mortality*) did, or did not, on one occasion clip the truth. What would have become of her among the novels of to-day, where the chief claim of heroes and heroines seems to be, that they are such charming types of evil; such free exponents thereof? "So delightfully unregenerate," as someone has said.

Naturally my father was unwilling to have her read many stories: such dreaming was not good: and it was perhaps to make up for much restriction, as well as to furnish safe fuel for the imagination fires, that he began the evening readings which for years were our delight. I was a small child then; so small that I remember going to sleep on the hearth rug while the reading was in progress; but of course I soon grew up to it; and the pleasure ran on through many years.

Some of Scott's novels were the first books read, I think, but a great variety followed. Shakespeare and Dickens, Scott's poems, *Paradise Lost*, Miss Edgeworth, Boswell's *Johnson*, and many another volume, we knew first with the added charm of my dear Father's voice and comments.

Between readings, we were not to touch the work then in hand; but it tells of my sister's high honour, that one day—on fire still from last night's chapters—she asked my father if she might just "open"

"Waverly," to see with her own eyes the name of Flora McIvor.

How my father must have triumphed over the trust he had in her! Once, years after that, a friend brought to our house a copy of the *Wandering Jew*, and coaxed my father to read it; he had an inborn distaste for all French novels. But finding in this one some marvelously fine descriptions, historical and other, he wished my sister to read them, but not the whole book. Marking with his pencil certain chapters and pages, he simply bade her keep within those limits; and then put the volume in her hands, absolutely sure of her loyalty and truth. Small threads seem to have been left out from the web of her character; and the stuff ran clear and even from end to end. With life and heavenly grace working fine embroidery as the years went by.

She was a very tall girl, with long neck and sloping shoulders; much too tall and slender for her age and strength, and with always a book in her hand: reading, musing, with a perfectly absorbed face, and ears regardless of calls, demands, and questions. Whatever the book might be, she was never ready to lay it down. The carriage waited for her, breakfast began without her. But no such trifles disturbed her mind, or indeed I think found their way far into her thoughts; the latest page of her beloved book held her fast in dreamland. A happy dreamland, I was going to say; but truly that was only when the characters behaved themselves as she thought they ought to do.

The earliest journals I have found, begin when she was twelve years old; and some of the small entries tell a good deal. They shew her very much at-will life; her estimate of herself; with an intelligent, easy

use of English, and a choice of good words, that speak for the atmosphere in which she lived.

"New York, April 13th. I have had chills and fever and feel quite weak today, though better than I have been. Aunt and Grandma wanting me to lie down, I did so, but did not get asleep. It is very seldom that I can get asleep in the daytime. Afterwards we took a ride round Washington Square, and in the upper part of the city, and then home. It is a delightful day, and very warm. I feel better than I did early this morning, and have eaten quite a hearty dinner of mutton and currant jelly, such as it is. I shall not be able to go to my lesson tomorrow, but I must begin again on Monday."

"April 14th. I have not been on my peregrinations today, as I was not quite strong enough, so I have lost three lessons. Indeed I have only taken one lesson this week. I shall not get through in a year at this rate. We have taken another ride today up as far as the old State prison, and then through Bond street into the Bowery, down which we came home. I have read today in *Entertaining Knowledge*" (the charming English Library of E. K.) "and in that only, as yet, I believe. I have played today a reasonable, or rather unreasonable quantity with the Ark, and so forth. I am none the better for it, though I hope not much the worse."

"April 18th. Yesterday I spent pretty idly, for I occupied some time in making a doll's cape, and did very little which was useful. I did not play on the piano an hour, nor did I do any of my lessons. Today I have not been much better than yesterday, though I have exercised and sewed some on my muslin, and read a little in *Entertaining Knowledge*. Father and Aunt

would be glad if I would give up playing sedentary plays altogether; he has prohibited my playing them for these two or three days past; it is not improbable that I am the better for it."

Twelve years old, could concede at least possible wisdom to forty-five, in those days.

"*21st.* Must I say again that I did nothing worth mentioning yesterday? I am afraid the fact is so; at least I cannot call to mind anything very useful. I did just what I have done for several days past. I played on the piano, played nonsense some, read some, played battledore and shuttlecock, and after dinner had begun to tell stories, when Grandma came home, and by telling about the transactions at Jamaica put the story out of my head. I went to Mr. Metz's this morning, but not to Mme. Jumel's. This afternoon I have been reading aloud a little in Hume."

The story of the next Sunday ends with reflections.

"Afterwards I glanced a little at Memoirs of Leigh Richmond. After dinner I looked at Entertaining Knowledge a little while, and then cut some little sofas and chairs out of card. Then I read three chapters in the Bible. I find that I have spent a most unprofitable week, and as unprofitable a Sunday. The more shame for me. I am now old enough to do better."

"*April 26th.* Yesterday I had no lesson to go to in the morning, so I had plenty of time to study, but instead of that, lazy thing that I was, I put it off till to-day, and as the books are all packed up, and as I have not learnt any lessons, I cannot go to Mme. Jumel's this afternoon. I went to Mr. Metz's this morning. When I got home I sewed and painted till dinner, after which I painted a little more, and then told stories, I don't know how long."

"I played psalm tunes on my new piano, read some in the 'Lady of the Manor,' but did not spend the Sunday as well as it might have been."

Out of town. "What a lazy girl I am. I have neglected to write ever since Wednesday."

"I have neglected to write ever since Friday. Why is this? When I was in town I used to feel pleasure in writing my journal, instead of putting it off from day to day. Yesterday morning I read the 'Lady of the Manor' till I cried over it. Then I went to Aunty's room and read some of Father's poetry, and had quite a long talk.

"I went out with Father and Annie. In our way we got some flowers, and when we came in, we dressed our heads with them. Anna's flowers stuck out on all sides of her head."

"I have played on the piano a little today, and have told stories a great deal. I have sewed also, and have drawn a little figure much to my liking. Some of my occupations are very insignificant, and I have told stories and sewed such a large portion of this day, that the history of the other part takes up very little space."

If I remember right, these stories were sometimes fairy tales retold for my benefit, and probably sometimes original, told for the first time,—but I am not sure of that.

"*Sunday.* Today I have read in Pilgrim's Progress, and in Q. Q., and in 'The Lady of the Manor,' I have also since dinner taken a nap. It now wants a quarter of six, and yet I have not read one word in my Bible today. It is a shame, and yet last Sunday was not much better, but I will not do so next Sunday if I live."

"*Tuesday.* This morning I washed and wiped the tea things, sewed, and began to make a pincushion for

Aunt Fanny, practised some, and read part of my 20 pages of Rollin. I have painted some also. Father has not come home. What would I not give if he were here to read Rob Roy to us."

"*Friday*. I have been for these one or two days past occupied almost constantly by making pincushions, except when I was reading Rollin or playing on the piano, and even those two things have been somewhat neglected."

"*Tuesday*. After breakfast I made my bed, then from 42 minutes after 8, to half past 9, sewed. Watched the little bird on her nest till 25 minutes past 10. From half past 10 till 25 minutes past 11, played on the piano. Did nothing very particular till 8 minutes past 1, at which time I sat down to read Rollin, but I do not know when I left off. From 4 to 10 minutes past 5, I painted."

"*Saturday*. This morning I lay so long in bed that I had to eat breakfast alone, they having finished."

"Yesterday I wrote two notes, one to Miss Julia Ward, and the other to Miss Mary Stephens, inviting them to spend my birthday with me. Little Anna was not quite well last evening."

"*July 10th*. Tomorrow is the long expected day; and perhaps no one will be here. It is not good weather today, and that may prevent Sarah from coming. However if I am disappointed I must bear it as well as I can."

"*July 14th*. My birthday came and went, but brought no visitors with it. Mary Stephens wrote me a note to say she could not come as they were going out of town. Miss Ward sent me no answer at all, and so my birthday passed like any other day, except that I had four pretty presents. Father's was a very use-

ful and pleasing book, Aunt Fanny presented me with a very pretty pair of blue bead bracelets, with very neat clasps; Grandma gave me a pair of scissors, a pair of compasses, and a pretty little half foot ivory rule, which articles used to belong to my Grandfather Bartlett. And Annie gave me a straw colored belt. Father brought home two books, and gave me the choice of them. One was Guy's Pocket Cyclopedia, the other, Sports & Pastimes of the People of England. At first I thought the latter the most amusing, and chose it, but before evening I found out that it was of no use, and that after I had read it once, it would not be good for much except amusing visitors. Aunt Fanny found out that I did not much like it, so she spoke to Father, and I changed it for the other, which I like very much. But to crown all, I gave Aunt Fanny a beautiful locket, which is entirely my own present to her: she means it to contain the hair of Uncle George and Uncle Jason."

"*July 21st.* A few days ago my dear Father was quite sick, and Aunt Fanny was very much troubled about him. He is now however pretty well, and I hope he will continue so. Yesterday afternoon we went to drink tea at Mr. Lot's. We spent perhaps, as pleasant an afternoon as could have been expected."

"*July 30.* I occupied the greater part of the morning in pounding and grinding corn for my chickens. I have not practised any today nor read Rollin, but I have written some translation."

"*August 2nd.* I have been sewing more than usual today. I am going to finish a patchwork counterpane which my mother began many years ago. There is a great deal to be done to it, but I do not despair of finishing it in a year at least, unless my liking for it cools very much."

"*Sept. 1.* Yesterday was Anna's birthday, and a happy one it was. She had expected nothing, and in consequence, was both surprised and pleased by her presents. Grandma first gave her the box that Cousin Lewis bought for her, and she would I daresay have been perfectly contented, had she received nothing else. After breakfast Grandma presented her with the doll, and she was delighted; but when I brought down the bedstead, the child was nearly overcome, and she almost cried. I was somewhat excited myself."

A little high post bedstead, painted green, and made by my father's own hands. Curtains of yellow barège, white dimity valence; bolster and pillows, sheets, pillow cases, and quilt, with a little "cat-tail" bed; all of which were my sister's gift. How she had worked to make them!—And each thing was perfectly well made.

"*Sep. 7th.* A few days ago Father went down to Brooklyn and got a nice plank, for which he had made supports, and put it up in the garret, and it is a nice horse. The garret is quite a playroom. We have now got there, a swing, horse, and hook and ring, all of his making. There is also a jumping rope which hangs up there. Anna goes down to the barn for eggs every day, and sometimes twice a day, and she gets a good many. Father has finished Boswell's Life of Johnson, and is now reading aloud "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties."

A three months' gap follows. Under Dec. 26th she writes.

"It has been a very insignificant day. Really, my journal is a collection of nothings. I go out or I come in, one day is fair and another foul; it is a great cry and little wool; as at the shearing of pigs."

Very dear to me are the here and there notices of me, the bits of special intercourse.

"*Dec. 30th.* All of us staid at home today. Father did not like to walk so far, with his lame knee, and Anna was hardly well enough, so Aunt Fanny staid with her, and would have done so even if Father and I had gone. I read 2 chapters in my Bible today. I went up-stairs into Aunty's room after dinner, where Anna was lying on the foot of the bed, for she did not come down to dinner. Then I brought my little keepsakes, and she got hers. I fixed and gave her some tea and toast, which Kitty brought up after dinner, and when she got up I dressed her."

It is such a "shadow of coming events." Ah, my love, how many headaches marked the years that followed!—how many cups of tea from your dear hands were to play their part! And I know those early ones were perfect, as well as if I could remember them. She did nothing half way.

The day ends with a novelty.

"I learnt some catechism this evening."—I did not know she had ever done that. The next day's description suits any day, and I might well say any people.

"*Dec. 31.* Miss Eliza Bogert drank tea with us. The conversation ran part of the time upon braces to keep the shoulders back, moccasins, plumb cake, the sayings of little Augusta Lawrence, and those of Anna, and so forth."

"*Jan 1.* We have had a nice time to-day. This morning we found in the basket, two black fur mufflers, one for Anna, and the other for me, from Grandma; Goldsmith's England for me and Evening Entertainments for Anna from father; and a nice little basket

for me and 'Compliments of the Season' " (an annual) " for Anna, from Aunt Fanny. After breakfast we gave Aunty her presents. Father first gave her the work-table, Anna then, the cards, card case, and plate, and lastly I presented her with the cloth. After a while I dressed and went into the parlour. I took my little tablet and put down the names of all the gentlemen that called; but there were very few, for it has been a rainy day."

"*Jan. 2nd.* My cold is not very much better. However I dressed and went into the parlour. Miss Wickham from Jamaica called to see Grandma, and Miss Ward with Miss Julia Ward and Miss Louisa, her younger sister. Miss Julia and I seated ourselves on the couch, and talked away in fine style. Our subjects were practising, drawing, my invitation of last summer, and other things. I believe I will put down some part of our conversation, as well as I can remember it, though I may not get the very words that were used.

Miss Julia. 'Is yours a fine piano?'

S. 'Not particularly fine, but I like it very well.'

Miss J. 'Are you fond of music?'

S. 'I don't love to practise.'

Miss J. 'I have a grand piano and that makes practising somewhat pleasanter. How long have you taken lessons?'

S. 'It is three years this last fall, since I began to learn, but I have lost a good many lessons, and all last summer I took but one lesson.'

Miss J. 'You must play quite well.'

S. 'O no I don't. How long have you learned?'

Miss J. 'Five or six years.'

S. 'O you must be quite a grand performer.'

Miss J. 'No I am not. Mr. Metz is your teacher?'

S. 'Yes, old Mr. Metz. Raymond Metz, not Julius Metz. Who teaches you?'

Miss J. 'Mr. B.— Do you draw?'

S. 'I have never learned.'

Miss J. 'But you draw?'

S. 'Yes, some little things just to please myself, but I have never learned.'

Miss J. 'O well let me see some of them. Anna, shew me some of your sister's drawings.'

"Away went Anna, and got my 'costumes'; but as she was going I happened to cough.

Miss J. 'The cough came just as you were going to tell her not to get them. O they are beautiful, so well shaded, did you draw them?'

S. 'Yes, I drew them by eye.'

Miss J. 'Anna, have you nothing more?'

Anna. 'There is one thing more.'

Miss J. 'O go and bring it!'

S. 'There is nothing more. Anna, what do you mean?'

Anna. 'Yes there is.'

S. 'No, Anna don't you get it! There is nothing more. I never drew anything even as well as those are done.'

Miss J. 'Yes, bring it, Anna.'

"And away she went to be sure, and soon returned with a little box of paltry card babies. Then there was some little laughing and pulling, and Miss Julia praised them up so much, and called them 'specimens of untaught genius,' or something like it, but at last they went away. These scraps of talk are not quite correct, nor in their exact order, but something to that purpose was said."

The point of interest in the whole thing is, that of the

two girls one was afterwards to write "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the other "The Wide, Wide World."

"*Jan. 17th.* I got my Latin lesson this morning, but did nothing else before dinner. Aunty and Grandma begged me so much to go out with them, that at last I consented. We went up to Bond Street to see Miss Ward and Mrs. Francis. We found that the latter was sick, but we went into the parlour to warm ourselves, for it was very cold. Presently Miss Ward came in, and she sent up for the young ladies. Miss Julia played a piece for us, and I had to do the same thing. Miss Ward shewed us some of the rooms, which are beautiful."

"Last night, or rather this morning, for I suspect it was after 4 o'clock, I had a chill, and not a very slight one, for the first. I did not get up till some time after breakfast, and I then went into Aunty's room, where I have been all day. Father gave me permission to read whatever I pleased, so I have read in *Guy Mannering*, a good part of the day."

"*April 30th.* I have been reading in *Entertaining Knowledge*, a part of it which I never read before; the revolution of 1830, in which I am much interested."

"*May 3d.* Miss Ward called today, and invited Grandma to come to her house to dine, and the rest of us to come in the evening to drink tea, and she asked me to bring my notes with me, as I cannot play without them.

"When we arrived, nobody had come, except ourselves and Grandma, and it was some time before they did come. I took my piece of music, but when the company came, I would not play. I hid my piece behind some books on the pier table, and there it

remained until we went home. I did not have a very pleasant evening; I hope I shall not be caught in such a scrape again."

"*May 7th.* Mr. Bagioli came today and I had my lesson. I finished my Italian also, and in the afternoon Mr. Da Ponte came and Father and I had our lesson."

"*May 16th.* I took my singing lesson today, and with Anna blanched some almonds which Aunty gave us. This afternoon Anna and I packed the baskets which Grandma gave us, with a variety of things that we wish to carry to West Point, whither we expected to go tomorrow, but I don't know but we shall have to defer it until the next day, because it rains, and will very likely be cloudy tomorrow."

CHAPTER IX

YOUNG FAIRYLAND

THERE are times of life when a few years' difference in age counts for much: and so when I was a child, my sister and I had little to do with each other, except in a few special ways.

In town, while I was like a small shadow at Aunt Fanny's side, she sat apart with her books or her dreams: in the country, you could not keep me in the house—you could hardly get her out of it. I picked flowers, gathered up snail shells, hunted for hens' nests, and helped stop the drove of horses racing from the pasture: she studied Italian, wrought at her lace work, read what she could find; invented elaborate cyphers for use among the youngsters, and painted card babies.

Long before the public coming of paper dolls, card babies were well known at our house. Small bits of stiff paper or card were cut into shape, and invested with the proper amount of painted eyes, hair and clothing. No variety wardrobe indeed; they were but poor little heathen, wearing their one dress till it fell to pieces. The very early ones were perhaps not more than one inch or so long; and there were also small painted card chairs and tables and bedsteads, cut and bent into shape for the card babies' use. An old mahogany footstool turned on its side, made a fairly good and very airy house. In playing with these, I

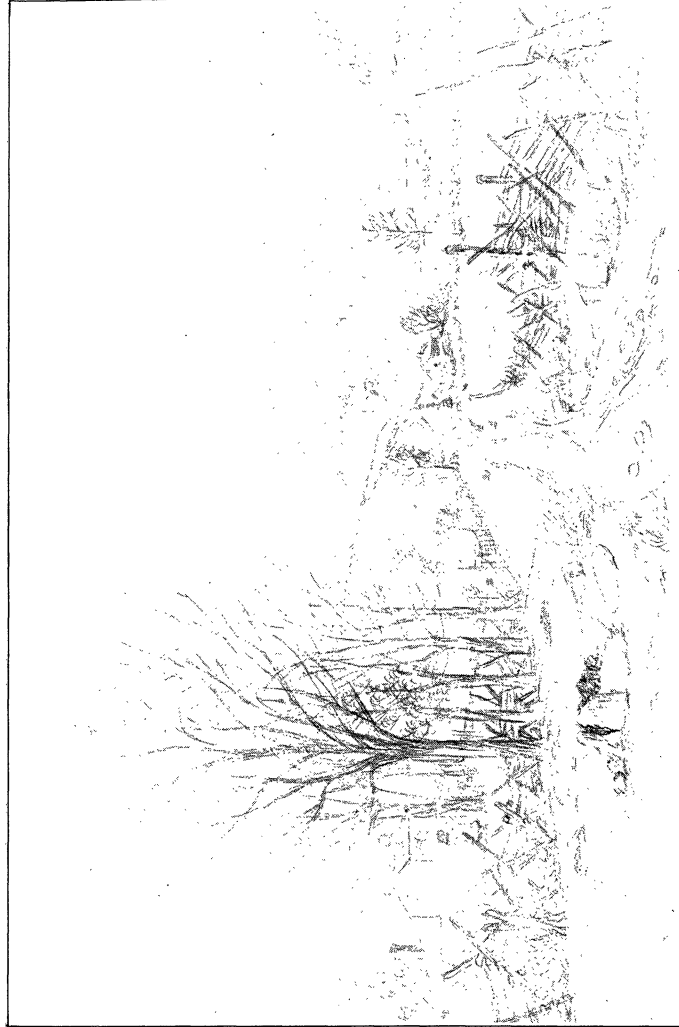
was allowed to "assist," rather in the French than the English sense; and probably just as a help to my sister's imagination. I seem to remember that my suggestions were often promptly negatived, being quite too crude and humdrum. The little figures were but "card babies" to me; but to her, no doubt, *Grande*es in disguise.

Then when I was somewhat older, we used to "talk stories": sometimes together at home, but chiefly in our summer visits to the beloved old Canaan house where my grandfather lived, and where we often had two cousins to help us.

There in one corner of the big "living-room"-kitchen (almost line for line like Whittier's own), when the spinning-wheel buzzed and hummed, and pine knots blazed up the wide chimney; we flitted away into dreamland. The four young heads drawn very close together, the young spirits unconscious of all work-a-day things. Until somebody would speak the unwelcome words:

"Children, you *must* go to bed,"—and the silken, golden, impossible visions, were folded away for that night.

What the stories were that we talked, I wish I could tell. I only know that they were unending, like true Arabian Nights; stretching on from week to week, and sometimes I think from year to year. They were liberally sprinkled with talismans of the most powerfully convenient and inconvenient sorts, and the younger children used to charge "our eldest" with keeping for herself certain particular charms which like a master key dominated the rest. So that if we had her hero in what seemed a tight place, he had but to step on his carpet of rapid transit—and we were left gazing.



The Old House at "Queechy"
From a Pencil Drawing by Anna B. Warner

"Now that's not fair," my oldest cousin would say, bringing down his hand hard.

In other ways, my sister was quite impartial. She drew up long lists of names and nations, from which we chose in turn for our own private lists; and these rights of use were strictly maintained. But she was suspected of studying up the story through the day; laying plots and contriving situations; while one of us was at school, and the two small ones were racing about in the open air; and I fancy it was true. Certainly hers was always the ruling hand; hers was the firm interference with all weak plans, the choice between situations; the general casting vote. For to *her* the dangers were real and critical; the people so present and alive, that it was of the utmost importance they should say and do the right thing, and marry the right person; and nothing could make this sure, but the keeping in her own hand the ring that made invisible, and such like trifles.

The stories have vanished into thin air. But the firelight, the wheel, the murmur of distant older tongues and the four young heads bent low in eager council;—all this comes vividly back across the colours and changes of so many greater things, distinct and fair. And the conjuror's bag of wealth was always at hand, in that corner. "Silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon"—wrote the old Chronicler.

We might protest, but we never tried to depose our dear "eldest" from her place: there was never any collision. She was leader, week day evenings and Sunday afternoons.

I wonder if any children do in these days what we did then? For the first day of the week, in those summer times at Canaan, was most markedly "set apart."

Of course in the morning we always went to Church;

walking one way and driving the other, when there were more of us than the wagon would hold. And sometimes we stayed through the "intermission" to afternoon service, but sometimes not: going home for an early dinner, and then away to the fields, for a "service" of our own; my sister the leader, and we following joyously in her train.

It was like young hearts to get in a festive touch then, which had been quite lacking in the morning; and so we always dressed up for the occasion. Instead of hats and sunbonnets, we decked ourselves in supposed Eastern fashion, as became those who had talked fairy tales all the week. And as our own resources were but scanty, we levied on the older folk; laying hands on the gayest shawls, scarfs, and veils that could be found. There was a small palm leaf shawl generally worn by my youngest cousin; while another, deep orange in colour, and with a narrow palm leaf border, went on my sister's head, twisted into a turban that would have astonished a Turk as much as it did us. Anyone who has the old edition of Miss Edgeworth's "Early Lessons," can find those identical shawls, worn decorously and in their proper place, in one of the illustrations.

So equipped, with our arms full of books, and (perhaps!) a small plate of butternut candy, we would stray along down into the meadow. Into *some* meadow: it might be the "long" or the "short": the "brook" meadow, the "home" meadow, the "barn field," or the "little orchard," and there establish ourselves. At the foot of some great haystack if possible; but failing that, on some one of the rocky spots about the field, where Indian willow and Cohosh grew, and low blackberries draped the stones with their prickly leaves.

We all had our Bibles; and there we would read chapters aloud, verse by verse, and sing hymns; this often followed by a debating talk between my sister and my oldest cousin. Then we would turn to some of the few "Sunday books" we had brought from town. Or go over, for the unknownth time, one of the exquisite stories of faith and deliverance which my father had marked for us, in an old English magazine volume belonging to the house.

"And ever and anon the wind,
New scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn book's fluttering leaves,
That on the window lay."

So it had been in the morning at Church, and so it was now in the meadow. To this day, the sound of village bells goes through me, with that sharpest pain which once was pleasure.

They rang out softly then, across the meadows and harvest fields; and later the little country wagons driving home from afternoon church just lifted and let fall the waves of summer air. Very common little wagons, many of them; but bearing back to the common life-duties some very uncommon saints.

Perhaps I should not say just that: in all times the Lord has his reserved thousands; and the childish eyes can always find them first. But the blessed Sunday hush—the "cessation"—where will you find that? It has fled like a dove to the wilderness. Hunted away by the so-called march of improvement. Stillness begins the day indeed; sweet, fragrant, healing; but then come throbbing engines, splashing wheels, noisy picnic parties, trolleys, bicycles, and fast driving.

Now we were never bid to use our Sunday afternoons

as I have told; it was all entirely our own choice; wrought out no doubt in part by our Plymouth inheritance, and partly by the atmosphere of the house. And my sister would have no more allowed certain books to go with us to the meadow, than she would have made place for dolls or my Noah's Ark.

In these days, children and grown people read everything on Sunday; from newspapers to "physical culture": but they will never learn *so*, the curious "re-creation" there is, in a change of mental air once a week.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly learn;
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn."

And people rested. No story-talking that night. Hymns and talk among the elders, and happy, sleepy children, trooping off to bed.

Sometimes I think there were talks between my father and sister after we younger ones had gone: started perhaps by some question asked in the meadow. I seem to hear my sister saying:

"Father, Anna wants to know"—and then the closing door comes in between. I can see her eagerly gazing into my father's face as he talked, drinking in every word; but no clear vision of the look itself comes back. Perhaps the beloved face of later years hides all the rest.

It is a strange thing to say of two whose lives were afterwards so fused into one, but I think she cared but little for me in those days; not very much, I believe, for anyone but my father; she never wanted to kiss anyone else. If ever she kissed me at some meeting or parting,

I was the most set-up child that could be. But Father was her joy: she had only one shrine of perfection and it was for him. Ah me, how bitterly she cried, when his eyes began to lose their early power: her first sharp lesson in the timeworn truth: "The world passeth away." That change could touch *him*, half broke her heart.

Certainly I always thought myself of small account in her eyes; and many a time at Canaan I would walk round and round under the old apple-trees, singing "forsaken" songs to myself, and weeping grievous tears. Just so, some day, would my heart's delight forget me! Childish griefs lie deep, sometimes, and nobody ever guessed at mine.

There is no record of that first little visit to West Point. The journal skips to late July when she was at Hudson first and then at Canaan, giving bits of her inner self, amid-all the up-country doings.

"I ought to have sewed more since Auntie went away, but I have done hardly any. I am also not particularly fond of my Latin."

"Father made us a nice swing under an apple-tree to-day. Father, Anna, and I went up on the hill this evening. The landscape looked beautifully. We sat a few minutes upon the rock and came home. What a lovely place this is."

"One thing annoys me much. The girls who come to help her in harvest time will call Aunt Fanny by her Christian name, and will come into the front room and sit down as if they were equals. This worries me and makes me angry, though Auntie says it is foolish."

"To-day my lessons were to have begun, but through my laziness or procrastination, they were not. This must not be again. I have written a letter to Father,

and I walked out with the baby,¹ got her to sleep, and sat by her cradle while she slept, reading Moskau, which I like much. This evening we walked up to Uncle John's, as they call him, and Fan" (the baby cousin) "vexed me coming home, by not wanting to walk with me."

She is changing now, with the child's strength still on, apparently, and girlish criticism blooming out.

"*August 11th.* Father, Anna, George, and I, went to Church this morning at the Corner. The singing was very poor, the weather warm, and the sermon tolerable. Before tea Anna and I read two chapters aloud to Father, and after tea we all took a delicious ramble over the hill. The evening was delightful, and the views beautiful. We saw the Catskill Mountains from one or two places. We went pretty high, and in steep, rough places, and I for one enjoyed it very much."

So another day:

"In the afternoon we went to the blackberry field, and got a parcel of berries, though not without a good deal of trouble. Over and through briers, stones, and thistles; in as rugged paths as any I ever saw. I like it however, and I don't know but it does me good."

Until I read those old entries, I did not know that she had *ever* enjoyed rough walking,—and I think after that summer, she never did.

"*Aug. 20th.* I sewed and we told stories some of the time. This is a very favourite amusement with me. I don't know what quiet one I love better."

"She seems rather stupid," wrote the young critic, of some visitor; "at least she is not an agreeable person to talk to; she does not shew much vivacity, and I don't much like her company."

¹ A cousin.

Of a tea drinking:—

“The ride was the pleasantest part of it, for I have not much to say or to do on these occasions.”

Of another:—

“It was dull enough.”

Again—

“Uncle James and his wife drank tea with us this evening. They are nice people. I told Anna and George a story out of my head this evening.”

Four days later—

“*Sept. 17.* I told them a story.”

“I have read some history to-day, but have not done much useful, a common case with me.”

“*Sept. 21st.* And now my journals at Canaan are nearly over, for Uncle Robert has come this evening, so our stay here will not be long. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. I don’t want to go yet from this place, but I must do so.”

“*Sept. 23d.* This morning we left Canaan. I was very sorry to come, and rode the first four or five miles with a full heart.”

“Hudson. We drank tea at a Mr. M’s this afternoon. We had a good tea and a good ride, the rest was stupid enough. I am getting rather homesick.”

The others of us were in town. Now she began to be restless: to wait for what she wanted, never agreed with her. Then she would worry.

“I look for Aunt Fanny daily, but she does not come.”

“Still I expect, and still they linger.”

“I don’t know what to make of it. I thought they would come, but they have not.”

“*Oct. 6th.* This morning before we were up they came. Annie and I were glad enough to see each other again.”

I think she kissed me, that day. Back in town again she writes:

"We took tea at Cousin Cornelia's, and I had a very pleasant evening, being much amused with the conversation."

"Looked over one or two problems on the Globes."—

"Learnt a French lesson. I began Anacharsis. Hope I shall finish it in a year."

This book ends with Nov. 14th,—and so far as I can find, there was no more journal writing for some eight months. But doubtless lessons went on after the same old fashion; regular teachers, and a very irregular pupil! Teachers of singing, Italian, and the piano; while my father was drill master in grammar, history, literature, and the globes; and would fain have made her as excellent a Greek and Latin scholar as he was himself. But not even her love for him brought this about. Really I do believe that those old heroes were too stately and remote for her young imagination to get hold of; while "Adèle et Theodore," and "I promessi Sposi," put things within easy reach. Otherwise she was very fond of the study of languages, and always made quick, thorough progress.

The singing lessons were a great delight to one young listener; and one day when a specially favourite song rose on the air, I forgot everything but the music, and to the great astonishment of teacher and scholar, suddenly struck in with all the voice I had,

"Dei torni, dei torni!"

How Signor Bagioli laughed.

"Brava! Brava!" he cried, wheeling round on the music stool. "Encore, Encore!" But no persuasion could make me sound another note; and it is safe to say

I never so forgot myself again. I think my sister must have been annoyed; for she said afterwards:

"Why Anna, whatever made you do that?"

"*July 8, 1834.* No French, no Italian, or practice. The weather is oppressive. I have busied myself a long while with Botany, and have talked stories, and read in Goldsmith's England, and drunk lemonade; which is pleasanter than anything else one can do in this weather. I shall be delighted to get away from the city, which I hope we shall do in less than a fortnight. I could not take my lesson, for my cold."

"*July 9th.* No lessons. Mr. Metz came. The weather is hot, but not so oppressive as yesterday. I have occupied myself with botany and sewing and talking stories. Father brought me home two beautiful books for my dried flowers. There go four dollars of my hundred.¹ Miss Penelope Minturn called this evening. I like her for her kind, though rather stiff manners. I am sure she means what she says, and that is more than can be said of many, perhaps of most of our acquaintances. I spent the evening reading in *Ivanhoe* to Aunty, and in Goldsmith's *England* to myself."

"*July 10th.* I wrote some time. I afterwards helped pick over the currants; not for the sake of being useful, but because a thunderstorm came on just then, and I did not care to sit alone. Ann made me some glue and I pasted some of my flowers and leaves into one of my new books. I like this business very much. How long I shall like it is another matter. Though Aunt Fanny says I may take for my motto, 'All things by turns, and nothing long,' I do not

¹ A gift from her Grandmother.

think I shall give this up. No studies or practice to-day."

"*July 11th.* Once again I am happy—at rest; which has not been quite the case for some time. I have worried not a little, I have suffered not a little, but my trouble is over, for my tooth is out. It has been a strange way of spending my birthday, but that is no matter now. I am fifteen years old! In my sixteenth year. How strange it seems. I never was happier in my life than I was in the past year; or rather I never enjoyed myself so much; for I have always been happy. I have not taken my lesson to-day. I feel tired and headachy, and no wonder, after the siege I have gone through. After tea, I walked in the garden and played on the piano."

Gardens are crowded from New York now. But in those early days, my father always managed to get an extra lot running back to the next street, where he could have not only carriage house but flower beds and greenhouse as well.

"*July 12th.* I wrote some time this morning, and finished Goldsmith's *England*. It is more than a year since I began it, for such is my dislike to history, when compared to other books, that I neglected it whenever I found anything which promised more *amusement*."

"*Sunday, July 13th.* I have written some to-day, and have looked into 'The Lady of the Manor,' that old standby for Sundays. However, I have read it until I am tired of it, and it must lie by for some time before I read it again as I used to do. Anna and I read a little in my journal" (here follows some shorthand) "this afternoon, and we had not a little fun. But she was the source of merriment, as she always is. I do hope it will clear off, that we may not be prevented

from going to West Point on Wednesday. I have enough to do, however, before that time. How delightful such a little bustle is."

"*July 14th.* I have sewed a long time upon my cape. Mr. Metz came, and I took my lesson; the last, I suppose, that I shall have in a long time. For that I am not sorry. Mr. Metz gives me few pieces that are calculated to make one love practising, and in hot weather especially, puzzling music is not agreeable."

"*July 15th.* I have sewed on my cape, and darned stockings to-day till I am tired of it. We are in fine confusion, for we expect to go to-morrow, and it is very hot. There is a pleasant breeze however, and we have need of it. I have nearly packed my box of books, and I have washed pencil drawings, and I have still some things to do. I am a little tired. I took my lesson, or rather part of it; mended pens, filled my ink phial, etc."

"*July 16th.* West Point. We are here at last and O how glad am I. Last night I would not go to bed till 11 o'clock, and partly perhaps, on that account, I have felt miserably the greatest part of the day. The voyage was extremely tiresome to me, and I had as usual a good deal of excitement, which makes one feel worse than anything else. But we arrived at last without accident, save that Aunty lost a basket containing many little necessary things. It went on to Albany. I was so tired that I actually fell asleep after we arrived; a very uncommon thing for me to do in the day time. But I feel much better since tea, which I relished much, for we had delightful large ripe raspberries, not such as we get at home, good toast, and everything nice. After tea we walked down to the Hospital, in the moonlight. It was very pleasant; we

saw the steamboat pass, and came home, drank lemonade, very grateful after out walk, and then went to bed."

Under *July 19th*, she writes:

"I have occupied myself some time with Botany to-day; & I have read in Mrs. Willard's 'Journal and Letters.' I am at length allowed to read Scott's Novels!—Under great restrictions however. One hour a day is the prescribed term for that reading. I keep it for the last hour of the evening, and then I have not, during the day, to regret that it is over. I enjoy it of course, however limited my permission may be. I am now reading the *Betrothed*."

"*July 23d*. I drew some this morning, read in 'British Essayists,' and pasted flowers a good while. These employments have taken up the greater part of the day."

"*July 24th*. I drew a little this morning and pasted one or two flowers that I had left. I have read a good part of the day in 'British Essayists,' which gives me much pleasure. It has been rainy, so we have staid at home. I enjoy myself here, except when I find myself without anything to do, which sometimes happens. I have passed my time very pleasantly, however. I have just come up from tea, which I have not enjoyed as usual, because some Lieutenant who had come to see Uncle Thomas was there. It is a misfortune to be so timid as I am. In company with strangers I can hardly speak, look, or move, with comfort, comparatively, unless it is at our own home. Indeed I sometimes neglect or perform imperfectly, certain rules of politeness, and so may be thought rude, when in fact I do not mean to be so."

You perceive she was not at all an "up to date" girl:

not to *this* date, when "fifteen" seems to be ready for all the Lieutenants that come along; hailing them as unknown possibilities. But I think she was always too intensely romantic to play with such themes as love and marriage: the words meant too much to her unspoiled imagination. While her absolute truth and earnestness ever made it as impossible for her to flirt, as it was to fly. She detested the "foolish jesting" in that line. Once when she was I think, sixteen, a certain girl friend began a laughing comment on the frequent visits of one particular gentleman at the house. Whereupon my indignant sister blazed round upon her as follows:

"I hope I shall never be reduced so low as to make my conversation about such things."

In that, she never changed. But she grew to be intensely fond of society, and of strangers, and of entertaining; coming into a coolness of self possession I have not often seen equalled. Even in a crisis, her sublime unconcern sometimes made the rest of us laugh: I cannot recognise my sister, as disturbed by any Lieutenant that ever wore shoulder straps. But the next day's entry is very life like.

"Uncle Thomas and I had a long and very warm dispute this evening about music and minor and major. It continued till I was tired of the war of words, and at last we grew so rough, that I almost came to hysterics, and broke off the—conversation it could not be called—by going upstairs, and there I sat down on the steps and cried heartily, while I heard Uncle Thomas say, with heat—'Why she is *totally* ignorant of the very A. B. C. of music!' and Aunt Fanny softly replied, 'But what can you expect from a girl of fifteen?'"

It was during this visit that she first set foot on the rocky island which was afterwards to be, for the rest of

our lives, the most dearly loved home that ever people had. But no monition of this stirred her heart that day.

"July 28th. This morning we all took the boat and rowed over to Constitution Island. We wandered about looking at the prospect, and considering the ground, for Father actually had thought of buying it for a country place. It did not look very prepossessing, however; for nothing can be more rough and rude than the face of that Island. At length, being all very thirsty, and pretty warm, we stopped at a poor looking house and begged some water. A good old woman invited us in, and brought us some. The house was very neat indeed, though poor. Father and Uncle Thomas then went off to view the ground further, but we sat down in the shade to wait for them."

Ah, how I wish I knew on which rocks, and under which cedars! The room was probably the front one with the little windows: afterwards our beloved and special study. Where so many of the books were written; and where we lived our life, more than in any spot on earth; fighting the fight, wrestling with sorrow, gathering up the joy. Almost everything in that room has a history: people of all sorts and many nationalities have been there. And for me, the silence now has phonographic power; bringing back talks, debates, counsels, songs, and laughter. Words of patience, and of thanksgiving; of brave endurance, of humble trust. But to the city girl, then, it was only "poor."

The day ends in character.

"This evening all but me went round to visit Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Wheldon. I shut the doors and windows of the front parlour to keep out bats and insects, and sat there reading 'The Betrothed' till they came back."

The novel—and the shut windows. She used to call herself a “constitutional coward”; and certainly she had nerves enough for two. Afraid of storms, burglars, steamboats, and horses, and cattle; of worms, snakes, mice, bats, and caterpillars. It was a regular thing in summer, to see her turn a chair up and down and round about before she would sit on it, lest some creeping creature might be there. She would try the bedroom door at intervals through the night to see if it was locked; and I have known her many a time to get up in the perfect darkness and creep all about under her bed, to make sure there was no one there. And never were nerves more astir, than in some rare fit of sickness; for then woke up with sudden energy the great question—never forgotten, but as yet unsettled,—of the future life and what it held for her. She was eighteen I think when she had scarlet-fever: and she would lie thinking and questioning with herself, till the “tester” rings of the old high-post bedstead shook and rattled with her trembling.

She was timid on ice, on a foot bridge, on a gangway; with imagination always at work; and in times of public sickness or disturbance, the papers were kept from her.

On the other hand, this same lively imagination gave her the most deep-seated, far-reaching love of stories: she could make one out of anything. What comical young novels of her writing I have yet!—the old copy book filled with scrawling but very legible details, about “Lady Virginia” and “the Marquis,” arbours, strawberry ice, and love making. These were earlier than most of her journals, but the passion had only grown stronger; and now, at fifteen, she shuts herself up on a warm summer evening, from society and the bats, and with her story.

Long after she gave up playing with card babies herself, she liked to paint them for my cousin and me; dreaming dreams over them, I make no doubt, and with always Ruskin's "Lamp of Truth" near by. She would ransack books for names and national costumes, making sure that the wee people were not only clad but called correctly; and would no more have named an English paper girl "Carlotta," or a Swede "Betsey," than she would have confused their head dresses or mixed up their shoes.

But the journal record gives sorrowful hints as years go on. For the love of books reigned paramount. I can see now how it wrought to the undermining of her health. For a good while indeed the deepest effects were staved off by the young life within her; but when first youth was past, and work supplanted play, then the clear health and strength which should have been stored up in those early years, was lacking. It wrings my heart to see how she read and studied, even in the summer time out of town. Books, always books!

"*July 29, '34.* I finished the Betrothed this morning, because we were to go away. When the bell rang we hurried and were hurried very much to get to the wharf in time, but after all we waited there for half an hour or more; for the first two boats were crowded, and we thought best to wait for the third, the Albany. Father got me a book on board, 'Simple Tales' by Mrs. Opie, in which I read a good deal."

"*July 30th.* Early this morning we took the stage for Canaan. The ride was not very tedious to me, for I took along a book of Ellen's, 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' and read a good part of it on the road."

My grandfather lived in the old house alone, with only a housekeeper to care for it and for him. Just

then there had been a change of functionaries,—at least one had gone and the next not come,—and the arriving daughters found much to do, and were glad to turn off small jobs to the smaller hands. It was “almost impossible to get anybody to work, who was not in one way or another, worse than nobody.” The first entry that day sounds busy.

“*Aug. 1st.* Today I wrote, swept the shed, and then ironed. I am pretty well tired. I like to iron very much, to be sure, but one may have too much of a good thing.”

“*Aug. 2nd.* This has been a pleasant, because a busy day. I worked at my book¹ a long time this morning, and then I rubbed one of the bureaus with vinegar and water, and the knobs with rottenstone and oil. This was a long and dirty job. I strung my Æolian harp which I found in the garret, put a loop on my frock, and looked into the Swiss Family Robinson. I cannot recollect any other employment of the day that deserves mentioning. We found things pretty dirty when we came, but Auntie has already put things in better order.”

Well for the girl if there had been no outside helpers found to keep the house to rights, and the busy, active days had held on through all the summer. So our human wisdom is ready to say. But the short time of demand went by, and her life lapsed back into its deadly inaction, with the inevitable results.

“*Sunday Aug. 3rd.* We have not been to Church. I have been looking over Psalms with reference to my book; and I have spent a good part of the day in this manner. We picked out the meats of butternuts and we

¹ Here a shorthand name for (I fancy) some sort of a Daily Text Book.

three took a pleasant little walk upon the hill, and to the spring. But somehow or other, I do not run over the hill with near so much agility and life as formerly. Either I have grown lazy, or timid. I creep along slowly, while George springs over everything in his way, and runs up and down a steep hill without fear, and consequently with greater safety, and with far greater pleasure than I can, and even Anna gets along better than I do."

"*Monday Aug. 4th.* I have spent the greater part of the day at my desk, which this morning I established nicely by the window of the east room upstairs. I looked over hymns a good while, making notes for my book, and I studied my lessons, which I have begun again regularly today. I rubbed the face of another bureau with vinegar and water. Almost every day since I have been here, I have got one or two new flowers. Today Anna brought me some pond lilies, which are splendid; far more beautiful than Camelias or Cape Jessamines. I only hope they will dry well. My flowers are a great amusement to me. 41 lines of Italian, 15 pages of French."

"*Tuesday.* I have looked over hymns and have studied to-day much as I did yesterday. I wiped the china, and rubbed the table, and this afternoon I darned a pair of stockings. Except while doing these little things, I have been mostly at my desk. Father told me, it is true, that I must run about, two hours every day, but how can I go alone, or even with Anna? Aunty, too, says that sitting still so much is the way to kill me, and that I shall grow thin. I had as lieve grow thin as fat however, for the other day looking in the glass I was rather surprised, and certainly not much pleased, to see how far I am from slender. But

I should like to run over the hills more, if I had any one to go with me."

It was always so, with her; exercise must be well proportioned, and comely, or she wanted none of it; my tiptoe escapades took her breath away. Climbing hay mows, mounting ladders, swinging, racing,—she would stand and look on in calm astonishment; and the more humdrum variations she never sought as I did, just because I could not keep still.

"I think I sit more here than I did at home, and that should not be. But what can I do? Anna contrives to get exercise enough. She works in the house, that is, shells peas, churns butter, (all by herself,) and runs for water, or does anything that is required of her. She has brought me most of the flowers that I have dried since I have been here. 12½ p. French. 15 l. Italian."

Yes, the fun of churning down in the wide old cellar, where kittens peeped out from the empty apple bins, and great casks of pork and beef and soft soap and vinegar stood solemn sentry, was great; and so was fetching water from the brook. The mountain spring that splashed out of long wooden troughs at the back door, was delicious water, but hard, and not fit for household use.

The brook came meandering along from the sawmill, across the road, jumped down a sudden cleft like a skee racer, wandered about the meadow, and at last crept under the "snake" fence to the high road. You might have thought it meant to see for itself what the world was like, for it spread out in quite a pool by the roadside, gurgling and murmuring with one of the sweetest voices that break—and shame—earth's discord. But then presently—wise little brook!—it ran back under

the fence into the next meadow, and stole away to meet the cows.

It was the greatest fun for me to catch up a tin pail (that would hold enough to wash two teacups) and scamper down to the brook, climb along the rails, souse in the pail, and bear home my little load. But the rush of water was swift; and many a time it caught the pail from my hands, whirled it round, and then allowed it to sail away, and back up against the fence. It is a wonder to me now, that my efforts at recapture did not land (!) me in the water beside my pail.

It would have been well for my darling,—for us all— if she had run wild after my fashion: that it was not in her to do.

“Aug. 11th. I have spent most, or at least a good part of today, at my lessons which I now like well enough. What a change in this respect since last summer. But it may be as much because of a difference of studies, as of feelings, though I would fain think it is not. My studies are very easy now, which they certainly were not last summer. I went to the spring and scraped stones and earth there with Anna, and looked into the Encyclopedia for a while, and studied Italian and French a long time. So here I sit day after day, with little variation. I run down to meals, and very often run up again very soon, and sit till my bones ache, either studying, or reading, or working at some nonsense. I never was more sedentary in my life, and yet what do I come here for? Exercise and air. I might, as Aunty says, almost as well be at home. 9 p. French; 2-7 Italian.”

Her nervous imagination fostered this indoor life; with slippery hills, and creeping things, and strange wayfarers along the road,—all sorts of unknown possi-

bilities everywhere,—the sheltering walls of the house seemed delightful, and she left them as little as she could.

“*Aug. 13.* We rambled as usual this evening. We went to the east hill, and Anna and Aunty climbed up the steep side of it; no easy job. I gave it up, after going two or three feet; partly perhaps, through laziness, partly through fear. This evening I finished the Abbot. I enjoy my hour of reading every night very much. 20 p. French.”

So the entries run.

“I have darned a pair of stockings, and have drawn a card baby for Anna.”

“Painted Anna’s card baby, and looked after my flowers.” (In the little press where they were drying.)

Once in a while came an out-door day, but with little sound exercise even then. Play-work among the mossy stones at the head of the spring, cracking butternuts under the old trees, or an excursion after pine-boughs to fill the fireplace.

“*Aug. 21.* I have studied a good while today, but only French, and did not begin until after dinner. By the by, we do not have dinner” (at midday) “but only sweetmeats, bread or toast, butter and milk; the best dinner in the world.”

“I pasted one or two flowers in, and busied myself in different ways in the morning. Among other things I darned stockings and talked stories, my favourite amusement. I do love it very much. Anna is not as fond of it as I am.”

The next entry is in strange contrast to the hurrying, precocious girlhood of to-day. Fifteen years old has changed its stand since then.

“*Aug. 22.* I have put up my hair today myself,

and I think I shall now keep it so. It does seem strange when I think that my next birthday will be my sixteenth. But thank fortune, it is a good while before that time. I don't like the thought of being even a few years older than I am now. I am so happy as I am; just enough of a child."

"*Aug. 30th.* We chose a place hard by, to make a hermitage or grotto, which was very shady and suited us better than Pine Grove. We soon found that we wanted certain articles to work with, and so I made a toilsome journey to the house to get them. Meanwhile the rest hunted after flat stones, snail shells, moss, and acorns, to add convenience and adornment to our grotto. At last I got back with a broom, basket, hammer, and knife, and we fell to work in good earnest. I picked and swept the cracks of the rock, and George made a sort of shelf in a large crack or chasm, on which we might put books, or anything; and to keep it from the rain, he and I with some trouble lifted to the top a large flat stone which served as a roof to our closet. As we were returning home, we heard Aunty calling us to tea, so long we had staid. I finished 'Quentin Durward' in the evening."

"*Next day.* This evening we had a real frolic. George came up, and after tea we took a candle into the east room. We had a good game of blindman's buff; then How, When, and Where, and lastly we began to tell stories. We played about two hours, and I have hardly had such an exercising since I have been here."

"*Sep. 3.* This morning Fan was with me a good deal, and I did not study much. I pasted in flowers, but did not accomplish much till afternoon, or after tea. Aunty and George have gone to ride. I have begun 'Anne of Geierstein.' Time passes very happily and

quietly. If my piano was here, and we could see Father often, I do think I could be very well contented here in the winter. 3. 6. Italian."

Not the fifteen year old type of this day and generation.

"Sep. 5. I read Italian a long time today, and indeed got somewhat interested in the book. My studying, if it merits the name, is now a pleasure to do, a pleasure to think of, and a pleasure to have done; and when I think of it, I feel that there is necessity for me to press onward as fast as may be."

About this time she says:

"I wrote at a new game I have in my head." Elsewhere she calls it "my Scientifical Game"; and often refers to it. She "works" at it, "plays" it, and says she "likes" it,—but I have no notion what it was.

"Sep. 14th. After tea we three went on the hill to the east. We clambered up, and then attempted to go down where the hill was quite steep and slippery, which I did not accomplish without a fall. It was the occasion of more laughing than pain, however."

"Sep. 15th. I have studied nicely today, both French and Italian. I have worked at our *Scientifical Game*."

"Sep. 16th. I worked so long at my Scientifical Game this morning, that I read only Italian. This afternoon, Grandpa, Anna, and I took a ride in the wagon, and Auntie rode the old mare. We went round the pond, and then down by the Dug Way. Our ride was quite long, and very pleasant. We played at our new game this evening with much pleasure. It is both amusing and useful, and George and I like it very well, though Anna does not. I think we should learn a good deal by playing every evening for a fortnight."

"*Sep. 18th.* I worked at our Scientifical Game and busied myself about it, for a long time this morning. I studied Italian at length, but not much French. We walked up to Uncle John's this morning, and staid awhile, and we played at our new game after we came home. I have little to say nowadays, and how should it be otherwise? Time passes pleasantly enough, however, and I am in no hurry to get home. But that period will come before very long, the leaves are beginning to turn."

"*Sep. 20th.* I had a talk with Aunty, who charges me of laziness. It may be so: it seems other than she are of the same opinion."

"I am in no hurry to get home. The season is delightful, and we have so many pleasures."

"*Oct. 1.* I tuned my Æolian harp this morning and busied myself a good while with it. I studied as usual. I wrote a letter to Father. I wrote names for some time." (*i. e.* name lists.) "We talked stories again in the evening; an amusement which I do love dearly; and with three it is so much pleasanter than with two."

Two days later. "We talked for above three hours this evening. We had a great deal of fun. We get into the farthest corner of the room, draw our three chairs as close as possible to one another, and then put our heads together, and talk with all our might. Each of us loves this amusement very much. We transport ourselves into another world of our own making, and I for my part am very fond of it."

"After an early tea Grandpa went with us three to the little orchard where we got a few apples, and from thence to the next field above, where are three large chestnut trees. George climbed into one and whipped it, and with time and patience, we succeeded in procuring

rather more than a quart of chestnuts. Grandpa left us after a little while but we staid till after sundown. The day was fine, but on the hill where we were it was bitter cold. The wind blew very hard there, and I should judge we were there from two to three hours. However, we all liked the fun, and ran home in very good spirits and well pleased with our expedition. We boiled and eat our chestnuts in the evening."

"*Oct. 7th.* All but me went to ride this morning. Aunt Fanny and Miss Whiting, on horseback, and the rest in the wagon. I wrote and studied a long time, then played on my harp.¹ I dressed and wrote a letter to Father. We talked stories in the evening. We shall not be here a week more, probably. I shall very much like to see home again on some accounts. Not that I am tired of Canaan. It is pleasanter than ever here, and the scenery looks beautiful, and the weather is delightful. 4 p. Italian."

Certain friends having come to tea: "Aunt made me bring out my harp, once an Æolian harp, and I played 'Auld Lang Syne' upon it. I like H. very much, far better than L. with her airs and graces. We sat in the east room by ourselves this evening, over the fire, and talked stories at a great rate. No lessons today."

"*Oct. 11th.* Today being George's holiday, and the last one we were to spend here, we were determined to make the most of it, and we have done so. When the frost was off the ground, we three sallied forth with a bag, in which to put whatever we might find. We picked up some sweet apples in the little orchard, and then went to the large field beyond, where with a good deal of time and trouble we succeeded in securing 250

¹ Only the strings of the Æolian.

chestnuts, just 50 apiece, for both Auntys came in for a share. We came home, eat bread and butter and molasses, and started again with a basket of butternuts, which we cracked on a nice new stone, near our old place. When we had finished (talking stories all the while), we went to Pine Grove, and there we staid till after sundown; by which I took a slight cold, for I had nothing on my head. We attempted to tell stories this evening, but had so many interruptions that we did not proceed much. I walked and rocked with Fanny, and sang to her. Uncle Robert came out this evening."

"*Oct. 12th.* Uncle Robert decided to go back to Hudson immediately after tea. We had one of the best suppers I had ever eaten. We had excellent fricasseed chicken, Carolina potatoes, honey, eggs, cake, bread and butter, and tea. We started as soon as our meal was ended. Both Grandpa and George felt pretty sad at our departure, but I did not feel much, till I came to kiss Grandpa for goodbye."

"*Hudson, Oct. 16th.* All but me went out this afternoon, and I was alone with Fanny in the parlour, when the door opened and in came Father! I was surprised and rejoiced to see him. Father told us some news, very agreeable, at least to me. He has read 'Helen,' and likes it wonderfully; and the house at home is all ready cleaned!"

"*Oct 17th.* We came down the river today, and the sail was disagreeable and tedious enough to me. I read to be sure, but the motion of the boat made me feel unpleasantly."

"*Oct. 20th.* I have played a good deal today and have taken my lesson from Mr. Metz. My journal may be pretty dull this winter. No matter, I will put down

how much I accomplish every day. I have read part of a lecture in Blair, and I have read 4-20 Italian, 9. French. When Father questioned me upon my lecture in the evening, it appeared I had not given it sufficient attention. I felt unpleasantly, and came to the conclusion that I was not as happy here as in Canaan, where all is quiet and happiness, at least for me. I have read in Belinda this evening."

Some days later comes a very old-time little entry, touching old New York.

"This morning we all rode with Father to a place called 'The Red House,' where we went to buy a cow. It is about six miles from here. We had quite a pleasant ride of it."

On such occasions, the cow was led out to be looked at, and a glass of her milk brought to the carriage door for my Father to taste and approve.

For a good while now, and mingled in with visitors, drives, and books, the brief records of her more personal life shew the same girl, with the same irregular ways. Wayward, flitting; never idle, for there was always at least a dream on hand, and a wide awake mind as well; but far removed from method and steady application.

"I have read Italian and a lecture of Blair; no French. Mr. Hackley dined here. Father began to read Ennui this evening."

"I have studied as usual and read in Blair, which I don't much fancy."

"I have read French and Blair, and taken my singing lesson, I also took my music lesson from Mr. Metz, a very pleasant lesson, for I knew my piece. I have read in Scott's Life of Napoleon which I began at Hudson. I like it much. My week's work is 10-16 I. 64 F."

"Maria and her girl are here.¹ Study, no Blair, some practice. I have looked at the trainers, read aloud, and wasted some time."

Lest the word should perplex others as at first it did me, let me say that in those days, all men between certain ages were "trained" in the open street or roadway, every spring and fall; learning to defend their native land. In old-time receipt books "training gingerbread" is as carefully set down, as "Election Cake."

"*Sunday.* We did not go to Church today, the weather not being good. I looked over hymns, worked at my day book, and read one of Chalmers's Sermons. Spent the day very happily."

"Study and Blair. Mr. Bagioli came. I continue to read the Life of Napoleon. Father began the Bride of Lammermoor this evening, for, thank fortune, we have at last got all Scott's novels."

"I studied and read Blair as usual. I have finished 'Paolo e Virginia.' I have been 7 months about it, which is a reasonable time, I think."

"*Nov. 30th.* There was an eclipse of the sun to-day: there will not be another in 57 years. I should be an old woman if I live to see the next. We have passed the day pleasantly enough in the library. I have looked over hymns and read a sermon of Chalmers."

It is amusing to see how the evening reading stands out in importance.

"We finished The Bride of Lammermoor this evening."

"We began the Legend of Montrose."

Another day comes this word about another of our happy bits of education.

"Yesterday a great number of the Museum of Paint-

¹ Dressmakers.

ing & Sculpture came home, and there is a fund of amusement for a week."

This was a French publication for which my father had subscribed. It came out in pamphlet form; each number with etchings of three or four of the great pictures or statues of the world, and brief letter press notices of the same. So that in our far off home we could learn to know the chief masterpieces by sight, and to recognise them when referred to in books or talk. And in the evenings it was a great joy for me to kneel in a chair by my father, at the table, while he turned over the leaves of the little brown books, and commented and explained.

"*Dec. 24th.* So at last I have made a break in my journal, which I was so determined not to do. Well at least I have not lost much. I have gone on with my studies as usual, and we have finished *The Legend of Montrose*, and begun *Count Robert of Paris*. Tonight we are to go to Mrs. H. Bogert's, which I do not at all covet. However there's no help for it, so I must do as well as I can."

"*Dec. 25th.* Last night Anna gave Auntie her Christmas present, because she was in immediate need of it—a handsome worked lace cape."

I remember so well, not the cape but the giving. I was wearing a little dress of crimson crape, made from one of my mother's, and the signal for me to run and fetch the cape, was when my sister clapped her hands and said:

"Fly, red bird!"

The journal goes on.

"We went to Mrs. Bogert's some time before anybody else, but at last they began to pour in, and I began to wish myself anywhere else. Though it was only

a family party, there were a good many,—all the Boggerts, and all the Kneelands; and when at last the room became pretty full, and the noises loud, I became half crazy with the light and the figures passing before me, and so many talking on all sides; I felt as if I could fly. At last Aunty got me by her, and I was better, but when her attention was turned from me I was worse again.

“This morning I read in one thing or another, till Father who had been out returned and I was presented with a handsome boa, and Sprague’s Letters; Anna, with a little book of Mrs. Hemans’ poems. I put as good a face upon the matter as I could, but I am afraid I did not look very gracious for I was terribly chagrined. Father went upstairs, and I took my boa and book and went down in the parlour where I staid all the morning, swallowing my disappointment as I might. My present this year cost indeed twice as much as it did last year; but I cared not at all for my boa, and very little for Sprague’s Letters, which is a serious though a very excellent book. I thought Anna’s preferable. This Christmas has not passed so pleasantly as did the last, nor half so pleasantly as I had expected.”

“*Feb. 22nd.* So there is at last a break of many weeks in my journal, against which I guarded so carefully for a long time. But now I have some things worth putting down, and I resume. I have been very busy and did not know when to find a time for my journal, and even now I do not expect to write regularly.” After some details about a visit and playing duets, she goes on: “The next day Miss Ward and her two nieces called and asked us to tea there that evening. Father and I went. There was no one there but Miss Ward, two of her brothers, and Julia Ward and a

younger sister. I had a pleasant evening. Julia Ward played and sang; I could do neither for want of notes, but of course was not sorry for that. We had a good deal of conversation about various books and authors, study, practice, masters, and so forth. Miss Julia criticised my saying 'mighty pretty,' and 'one and t'other'; and said some things which rather made me wonder; such as that 'novels only shewed one the romance of life, not the reality'; that there was no such thing as love in the world now, that it was all calculation, that marriage for love was quite obsolete, and that she wished she had been born a hundred years ago; said laughingly, to be sure, but which sounded rather strangely, in my ears."

This for my sister, to whom falsetto was as foreign as Choctaw, and with her head in a rosy dream of fiction half the time! She had a quick enough relish of the really droll and humorous, though sometimes too matter-of-fact to lend herself to it at once. Not given to jesting herself, and having little use for it in other people. The next bit is very characteristic.

"I am quite busy with my Italian, but am still in '*Le Mie Prigioni*,' which I like very well. I am however in a hurry to finish it, and begin Metastasio, Tasso, or Ariosto, which I have not yet determined. I have finished the first volume of Kames, but the Life of Napoleon has been neglected some time. I have looked through Bourvienne's Memoirs of Napoleon which was lent us by our pretty neighbour Mrs. W. Clark. But I can write no more now, for I am writing in an uneasy position at a little table which makes me bend over, and I want to go and read Shakespeare by firelight."

Is it something "Fifteen" does now, I wonder?

"*March 1st.* I have not studied very hard this week;

I come on slowly with Silvio Pellico. I have neglected singing a good deal, and have not read Kames much. I have lately read 'Henry VIII,' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which have amused me not a little. My piano has lately pleased me, and I have improved sensibly, I think."

"*March 8th.* We drank tea at Mrs. Robinson's. I amused myself most of the evening with an annual."

She would do this; and while it did not greatly matter in the house of an old friend, Aunt Fanny found it hard to keep the habit within those bounds.

"We have finished Kenilworth, which I don't like at all, and we have begun the Pirate which I think we shall like much; for besides one evening reading, I have looked ahead as far as to the end of the book; a common way of mine, but a very poor one."

Speaking of certain festivities in prospect and a promised visit from my uncle, she says:

"*March 15th.* All went to church to-day, except myself. I read a sermon of Chalmers, and some of my mother's letters, and spent the time pleasantly enough. Who is so happy as I? With the ball, and Uncle Thomas, and the pictures, but more of the pictures another time."

"*29th.* Kames of course comes on slowly. I should like to finish it before the ball. I should also like to cure myself of a certain trick of rubbing my fingers which gives great offence to my good friends. Whether I shall do both or either, remains to be seen."

"Father brought me a volume of 'Corneille' from the library, and I have read part of the comedy of Melita, only part, for I find puzzling passages frequently and so get on slowly. I like it very well, and probably shall like it better when I can read it with more ease."

One stormy Sunday—

“Anna and I have spent a good deal of time singing Psalm tunes. We sang till Aunty not only was tired, but gave us to understand as much. We looked at coins too, and I have read a paper in the Rambler. It is clearing off brightly, and I’ve a mind to take a tramp to the greenhouse, if Anna is not afraid of wet feet. So goodbye to my Journal for the present.”

And now comes in more prominently another of our home delights.

“We (Father inclusive) rode uptown to a Mr. Hayward’s, where we staid near an hour looking at pictures. There was a St. Sebastian that I liked very much *indeed*, and a St. Cecilia that was my next favourite, and a portrait of a child by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that everyone but me liked very much.”

The three afterwards became our own; for long, beloved factors in our daily life. The St. Cecilia hung above my darling’s piano for many a happy year; the St. Sebastian grew to be a friend at whose face we always glanced as we passed back and forth; and young Hannibal with his great serious eyes, won all hearts.

“We afterwards rode round to St. Mark’s Place, to see how our stable that is building was coming on, and then we went over to Brooklyn to Mr. Haworth’s, to see our own pictures. I think we staid there nearly two hours.”

“*April 26th.* Father brought me Eton’s Botany on Thursday, and flowers have occupied me a good deal. Miss Miller was so pleased with my book of flowers, that she asked me to let her take it home to shew to a certain Dr. Torrey. She did so, and on sending it back, the Dr. gave me eleven new plants, dried, with their names. These I have glued on paper though not in my

book, for I have begun botanising now, on a larger scale. To hold my flowers I have made eight books, with green ribbon and pasteboard, and I must make eighteen more, one for each class. Mighty pleasant work it is too. My head has been full of it for a week or ten days."

Those last words are so like her!—afraid of misstating the smallest thing. If ever anyone wore the image of Truth round her neck, she did.

"I have not finished Kames. We shall not be here another Sunday, and I am sure I am not sorry."

Then comes in a glimpse of an old time slow trip up the river.

"*Hudson, June 10th.* We came up in the night boat, which was anything but agreeable. How we should have managed without candy and figs I don't know, for we found no library on board, and I had a cold besides. We did not undress, though we lay down and slept for some hours; but it was not very comfortable, in a silk frock and great stiff sleeves. To crown all, we got up an hour or two before we reached Hudson, and sat there in that dismal cabin during that time. But as soon as we landed our troubles were over."

At once books come to the front. The next day:

"I looked through Six months in a Convent."—"We found the Memoirs of Hannah More here, but I did not read a great deal in it."—"A few days before we came up the river Father gave me permission to read Don Quixote, but my anticipations gave me more pleasure than the work itself did. I had expected no small gratification from it; but I could not find it interesting or amusing, could seldom laugh; and after looking through part of the volume laid it aside."—The entries

just here are (for me) confused with shorthand; but this is in substance what she says:

"Somehow I don't greatly take to the Memoirs of Hannah More, though I suppose I ought to; and finding time hang rather heavy upon my hands, I go to painting card babies. I have made a good many, and spent a good deal of time at it, but now I really feel ready and willing to go to work again in earnest; to read Italian, and play a good deal. I have not seen my piano for a month, and I quite want to touch it again."

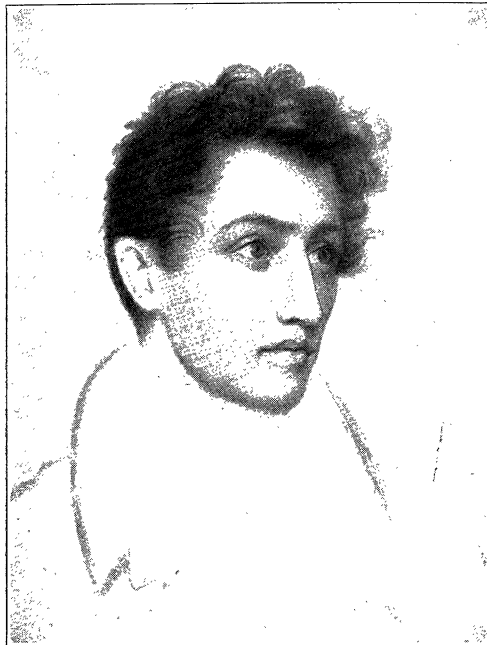
"*West Point, July 8th.* It will be a fortnight tomorrow since we came here, and an odd time we have had of it. Aunt N. and her three children came two days after us.—We three *children* presently struck up a story which lasted until the morning of the day they left West Point. Fine fun we have had of it, but it is nonsensical amusement after all. I question if it is not the last story I shall ever talk. Indeed it is a chance if we have an opportunity again. The greater part of one day we spent out on the rocks, gathering flowers, making wreaths, and telling stories."

So passed the impossible visions, with their most improbable heroes; as life, and its conditions, took form and colour. It *was* the last story "talked," until she spoke in the hearing of the great Public, sixteen years later on. But she was her old self still: "afraid of the gunfire," and missing a walk therefore, figures in the next day's record. "Afraid" is not the right word: it was keen dislike of the sudden, sharp report. Nerves, of all sorts, were in great force with her just then; and it is strange to read some notes of those days, remembering that afterwards, she was *very* fond of society, and of strangers. She had been left for a time alone with my Uncle, then Chaplain at the Point.

“Quite a new thing in my history to be sure. I was a little afraid before they went that I should be lonesome, but I have felt nothing of it. I have drawn a good many card babies, and read a good part of the first volume of St. Valentine’s Day, and spent a while every day at the piano. And we have walked every evening except Sunday, and have had company several times. Monday morning I had to go down to see Mr. A.—, and in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. A— called when Uncle Thomas was out. As I was asked for, I went down and managed to sit still and talk *after a fashion*, for five minutes. Mr. A—walked with us that evening. Tuesday Mrs. E— called and Mr. and Mrs. K—. I was obliged to dress and go down, though it was not particularly agreeable. In the afternoon, we went to the Hotel to see Mrs. E.—, and meeting Mr. Alden, Uncle Thomas asked him along. From the Hotel we went to Kosciusko’s Garden, and called at Mrs. Alden’s on our way home. Last night we took a good walk alone.”

They were dear companions, those two.

“*Friday.* I had a great escape last night. I had like to have had to make tea for Mr. Alden and another gentleman; how I ever should have got through it I don’t know; for though I have done great things lately, this would have been worse than all. Luckily I was not put to the trial, for a certain queer clergyman by name Mr. S—, came in just before tea, so the others took their leave. I did not mind making tea for Mr. Sunderland. In the evening Uncle Thomas came in with four young gentlemen to whom he wished to read certain papers. There was I, without Aunt Fanny to shelter me, obliged to stand up and be formally introduced to the four, one after another, a thing calculated to shake my nerves a little. However I stood it,



Thomas Warner
Chaplain and Professor U. S. Military Academy, 1828-1838
From a Miniature

and then got the second volume of St. Valentine's Day and a lamp lit in the other room and sat myself down to my reading. But Uncle Thomas was reading aloud and loudly, and after looking on the same page of my book for some time, I came upstairs. Neither there was I to have peace, for something like a wasp began to fly about, and I could not be very easy with such a guest; so I was not sorry, as may be supposed, when the gentlemen departed, and I was allowed to come down and read in comfort. Then I sat till near 11 o'clock."

She was then exactly sixteen, and this is her girl likeness, to the life. Persecuted by uniforms and wasps, and carrying St. Valentine's Day through it all. "What wasted opportunities," some other girls may say. But ah no! There is nothing sweeter or fairer than utter girlhood, with its shy eyes. Happy those to whom it comes once: it can never come again.

There is now a break in the journal; and it may help bring back the good opinion of some other girls, if I tell that one of the first entries under the next date, (Canaan, Aug. 13th) is this:

"I was sorry enough to leave West Point." Adding, "but I have been happy since I came here, as usual. I have been pretty regular with my Italian, but have done nothing else. On Monday I had 24 chapters of Silvio Pellico to read, which, at my usual rate, would be finished on the Saturday of next week; and when it is done, then comes Metastasio, which has of late been the subject of my waking dreams."

"*August 14th.* Father came up the day before yesterday, to our great joy of course. In the evening they went into the kitchen to eat something; I was sitting in the other room and heard Father say he had bought himself a pair of spectacles. I was primed for it,

and darted upstairs, where I cried as hard as I could for some time. When the folks came up I pulled my hair down over my face to hide my red nose and swelled eyes, but they suspected something was the matter, though I did not tell them what. I had another shorter fit after I got to bed, and fairly cried till I could no more. Last night I had another crying fit, but no matter about what."

Those stormy outbursts in Ellen Montgomery with which the critics found fault, were well known to my sister. Not that Ellen was at all a portrait of herself, but the two had this one point in common. When I was a little child I remember her rushing upstairs and throwing herself, head first, down on the bed, perfectly speechless with grief and excitement, unable for some time to tell that strange dogs were worrying Bess—her pet kitten.

Where tempests are possible, gleams and glooms are the natural every day weather. One day it is this.

"Uncle Thomas departed this morning, but his visit though short was sweet, that is to say we had a good deal of fun; which is to be expected where Uncle Thomas and Aunt Fanny are."—Next day comes this:

"I was sufficiently sombre yesterday; *sufficiently sombre* I am always, and sometimes rather too much so. I have so many 'black ideas'."

No hint as to what they were.

"I think I shall rejoice to get home again; to my piano and to the pictures, and to our own house, which I shall be glad to see put in order."

"*Aug. 25th.* Aunty advises me to tell no more of the faults I commit, and thinks that then I shall be more apt to cure myself of them; that telling them eases my

conscience, as confession eases that of a Catholic. I don't know but she is half right."

"*Sep. 5th.* Father came from Albany on Thursday night of last week. That was a moment of great surprise and joy when all of a sudden I saw him, through the open door, in the kitchen. Such joy cannot come often, and cannot last long. He went home Wednesday morning. Perhaps when he comes again it will be to take us home. I am sure I shall not be sorry. I have scarcely ever been such a sobersides, as since I have been here this summer. While Father was here, on two evenings, I had such a fit of the blues, and I did cry bitterly enough. Nonsensical enough, to be sure."—But again there is no word of the cause.

I have said that in those early days she cared but little for the natural world; for it was what she said of herself. "My eyes were never really opened, till I began to write."—That was probably true: and yet the old journals tell of eyes all ready for the wider vision.

"Emma Whiting spent the afternoon here yesterday, and Aunt Nancy and I and the children set out to walk home with her in the evening. It was a most lovely evening. All along the western horizon the sky was of a rich orange colour, which cast a beautiful tint over the landscape; and on the other side the moon, almost at the full, rose just above the trees, large, bright and perfectly clear. It was not very warm, but mild."

"*Sep. 15th.* I finished *Le Mie Prigioni* yesterday, thank fortune. Glad enough am I. I wonder what will come next; *Metastasio*, or *Botta*. Like enough the first would be more agreeable, and the last more useful."

One day came a brush with her beloved Truth.

"Aunt Fanny had gone to ride and when she came

back, Miss Emma, without being asked got on the horse and rode round the meadow, and finally out into the road, quite to my discomfiture. I told her I did not want her to go out of the gate, and when she asked me why, I scarcely knew what to say. I looked on the ground, and, as the children told me afterwards, turned red and then white. I hope I shall never be caught so again, for I told her I wanted her in the house, and so I did in one way, but of course I meant she should take it in another, and that I hope never to do again."

Not a heinous social offence in these days, but the nearest approach I ever knew my sister make, to clipping the truth.

"George brought me from the Corner an excellent letter from my dear father which rejoiced me. It made me laugh, and cry too."

"*Oct. 6th.* Here we are at home again, at New York, to my satisfaction. I don't want to leave home again in a good while. We have not done painting yet, of course no carpets down, nor furniture here, that is, new furniture. The basement room is comfortable however, so we get along well enough, and tomorrow I hope for my piano. But I may as well go back to the first of last week. On Sunday we went to church and heard two delightful sermons from a Mr. Cushing. It is very seldom that one meets with such a minister. Aunty and I were very much pleased.

"On Monday morning we decided to go to Lebanon, to see if Sabrina could be prevailed on to come back. Mary Whiting ran out as we passed Christopher Whiting's, and asked if we should go the next day, as Father had come, she had seen him! What joy! Thursday we went out to Hudson, Friday we came down the river."

"Oct 10th. We have not done painting yet, but thank fortune, we have almost done, shall get through next week I suppose. But it is beautifully done, when it is done. I have had my piano more than a week and have made pretty good use of it. Mr. Metz came here the other day; we were in the parlour admiring and I was with my sleeves rolled up above my elbows, having been washing china. How we did look. That day I washed all the set of white china, and Aunty wiped it: it took us somewhere about four hours. I have looked through *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and looked into *Shakespeare*, and the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Father has begun reading *Milton* to us evenings. I like it; how much more than I expected."

"Oct. 19th. The very day after our arrival we sallied forth and did a deal of business. We went to Chester's and chose carpets for the parlours, the library, and the basement room. Since then we have chosen the parlour curtains, and been to Copcut's, times without number, to see about the furniture. On the first floor the furniture is to be all in crimson and drab; carpets, curtains, chairs and sofa, cushions, oil-cloth, and stair carpet. In the back parlour, indeed, the curtains and cushions are crimson without any drab. Beautiful it will be, to be sure; but the best of all are our pictures. The only one at present in a frame ready to hang up, is the *St. Cecilia*; and words, my words at least, cannot express its beauty. It is splendid. It is called a *Domenichino*; no matter whom it is by, say I. But I forgot myself—there are two others in order. One is a *St. Sebastian*; which I like very, very much, though not equal to the *St. Cecilia*. It was in a collection that was last spring exhibited in the Academy, and is called a *Murillo*. The other is a little landscape

by Wilson, very pretty indeed, but of course, nothing like the former two. For my part I don't care half so much for the landscape as for figures. I have studied none since I came home, except that once or twice I read a little in Anacharsis. I have however arranged in my head a plan of studying something like the following—at 9, practice—10, Italian—11, singing and practice—12, Euclid or Paley—1, singing and practice—2, French. How far I shall follow this plan is doubtful; I hope nevertheless to conform to it in some measure."

"Oct. 26th. Father brought home some numbers of a new work he has taken, 'Illustrations of Modern Sculpture,' a splendid thing, beautifully got up. I amused myself this afternoon with looking them over. We are rich in such things, I think; and assuredly we receive a great deal of pleasure from them. How are those to be pitied who have no such source of enjoyment."

No French that day, but "near" two hours' practice. Life just then was not quite what the sailors call "close-hauled"; and new resolutions came and went.

"Nov. 9th. I have been home, I believe, six weeks, and have scarcely done anything worth doing, except near two hours a day of playing. I have done that too as a pleasure, not a duty. I have no reason to be satisfied with myself ever since I have been home. I have, I hope, started today to do better. I have played nearly two hours, *held Anacharsis in hand* for one hour, and ironed two night-gowns." (Through what queer household land-slide this came about, is unknown.) "Suppose I were to read Scott's Life of Napoleon every day from dinner to dusk?" (Not a long stint in winter days, after the old three o'clock dinner!) "Father is reading 'Ormond' to us at present; and we talk of Pope's

Homer, when we have finished this. I have got no Italian book yet. It won't be Metastasio I fancy."

"*Dec. 27th.* How long my poor journal has been neglected. A whole month and more. But I am determined to go on now. Anacharsis has not been attended to at all since my last journal. 'Ormond' was long ago finished. Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil were both tried, and found so utterly unpalatable that we gave them both up. We are reading nothing now. I have got my Italian books.—Dante and Tasso, beautiful editions. I take up the latter first, but have read only two stanzas, which I have not found difficult. Things of more moment have befallen me. A sister of Prof. Hackley has come to spend the winter with him. We were not long in getting acquainted, and I do like her very much. Mr. H. is teaching me, along with her, and one other girl, Drawing and Mathematics. We have not indeed got to Mathematics, but are preparing with Arithmetic. On the other hand I am teaching Sophia music! So I have my hands full."

Like her, always: new plans, new studies, new people, in the front rank of interest. With this, the old scrupulous wording. She practises "near" two hours, and "believes" she has been home six weeks.

"*Jan. 10, 1836.* As I am now free from my troubles" (what they were I cannot guess) "I hope to do something. If wishing would do any good, I would wish the winter not so far advanced, but as it is I can only make the best of what remains, and if I live I hope not to be idle. I have not yet finished my lamp mat, but am luckily in the humour of so doing. I have read but two stanzas of Tasso, and scarcely six pages of French, since I came home. Practising indeed, has not on the

whole been neglected. I arranged a plan of occupation for my hours the other night, and here it is.

10. to 11. French.

11. to 12. Music.

12. to 1. Mathematics.

1. to 2. Drawing.

2. to 3. Music.

"Afternoon at the University. Tasso in the evening.

"From past experience there might be a doubt whether this rule will be strictly conformed to. Nous verrons."

"*Jan. 17.* At all events I have not done much this week. I have sewed on my mat, however, and practised, but how much I don't know. I have read no French, done no Arithmetic, drawn none, taken no lessons, and have read, I believe, three stanzas of Tasso. My rule is one stanza a day, but I hope to do better than that. I read one and part of another yesterday. This week we have finished the 'Betrothed' and begun the 'Talisman.' The first has pleased us much, and the second pleases me more. A. T. dined here to-day; pretty so so. The same evening we went over to Judge B's and sat an hour; that was pretty so so too."

"*Jan. 31.* Last evening we drank tea by invitation at Mrs. Codwise's. I played two pieces, but there was not much satisfaction in it, for it was a most wretched piano, a good for nothing thing without any power; thrum as I might, I could n't draw enough sound from it. However, I got along very well, and was n't troubled with timidity. Helen Beekman was there, and the two Miss Codwises, and Miss Livingston. Mrs. Codwise (as Aunty afterwards told me) sent one of her nephews, when I was playing, to turn over the

leaves for me, to see whether it would put me out; I lost my place, and Mrs. Codwise pulled him away."

"*Feb. 8.* I do mean at last, and after such an interval to resume my neglected journal. I took so much pleasure lately, in reading my journal, that I wish to provide the like amusement for the future. We are pretty busy now. Mr. H. gives us good long lessons, and sometimes we have enough to do to get ready for the afternoon. To my joy it has not been weather to-day to allow us to go to the University, so I have not plagued myself with studying. I am making an index to the 'Museum' (of Painting and Sculpture) and worked at that for some time this morning. I played through also a monstrous hard piece of music. Oh what work it is, this cold weather.

"Winter is passing speedily away; Auntie speaks now and then about spring; but winter for me; cold and dreary though it be without, within doors I love it better than summer. I suppose because I love being at home so much better than being at Canaan. Last night I made a resolution *never* to pass a day without reading some in the Bible. And I break off now to keep my resolution as far as this day goes."

"*Feb. 21.* Is it possible that I cannot be steady enough to write regularly in my journal? But the fact is, I have business plenty on my hands at present. We are through arithmetic, and have begun algebra. I know much more about arithmetic than I did before, and that's one thing gained. I have begun Ferguson's Roman Republic, reading it aloud to Aunt Fanny, and if we live, our intention is to go through Gibbon in the same way. I am much pleased with the notion. As for practising, I don't do a vast deal of it, but get along pretty well. I am now going on with my mat. I have

not drawn much lately. I have not finished my catalogue of the plates in the Museum."

"*March 6.* I have enough to do, that must be acknowledged. Incited by the desire of working a very handsome cape for myself, and being obliged first to finish several things already on hand, I am in full progress on my mat, and then have a cap-ruffle and an edging to do; so I sew some time every day. Algebra gets on slowly, 'cause of the bad weather and bad walking, and drawing is in the same predicament. I don't practise a vast deal, my catalogue lags terribly, and even Ferguson goes on less swimmingly this week than last. Nevertheless among them all I have sufficient employment.

"*April 3.* If I were to go back and write all that has happened since my last journal, I might almost fill my book, and I wish they were all down, for it is impossible to go back so far now, and many things have transpired. I have a new piano, about which I have been in twenty minds, but I believe I shall finally settle down to liking it." (This was a Chickering—and the liking became very great.)

"Father has bought a pew in Dr. Skinner's church, and so far we are very much pleased. We heard a sermon this morning that Uncle Thomas (who is here) pronounced to be the best he had ever heard in New York. I hope very much that we shall not be disappointed as we were in Mr.—

"Last Thursday and Friday we were out a great deal. One day we went to Stewart's and ran up a bill of a hundred and odd dollars in an hour or two. Silks at the rate of \$20. a dress (for Aunty and me) and 7 or 8 shillings a yard for muslins. Prof. Davies and his brother drank tea here evening before last, and dined

here yesterday. I have not attended lately to anything so much as my mat and my piano. The mat is not yet finished; if nothing happens, I expect to finish it entirely before next Sunday. We are now reading *The Fortunes of Nigel*."

"*April 10th.* The past week has certainly been a happy one in my experience. Several pleasant things have occurred. Tuesday evening Mrs. Codwise invited us in on purpose to hear a Miss Hughes sing. We went, Uncle Thomas and all, and were extremely pleased. It was just like opera singing, and not only a sweet voice, but a sweet face, and a most beautiful manner: not any constraint or effort, no affectation. I never saw a more engaging young person than Miss Fanny Hughes. But all my pleasure that night was not derived from her, there were Dr. & Mrs. Skinner, the former of whom especially I was most glad to see. We all liked him still better, if possible, upon a nearer view. And there was another clergyman, young, with a queer name, and forever flourishing his hand, which I can't abide. I believe it was Thursday that Uncle Thomas invited to come here in the evening Mr. Keyser and Mr. Heidelberg: the former an excellent violin player, the latter a poor player on the piano, but of whom Uncle Thomas has conceived rather a high opinion. They came, and staid till near 11, playing three or four pieces together, and two or three were played by Mr. Keyser alone. Even I played a page or two with him. I am getting more courageous. We like Mr. Keyser very much, but the other is nothing, that is his playing is nothing."

"*May 29th.* Many things have come round since my writing last. I finished my collar, and scalloped six yards of ruffle for a cape. Sophia has been gone some time. Father, Aunty and Anna went to Hudson more

than a fortnight ago, and staid several days. I was left at home with Mrs. Cord, who has been here sewing. I was n't lonesome, and kept pretty busy. They brought Ellen home with them. We went to the Woods' Concert last week, and were much pleased—I, very much."

"*June 3.* Uncle Thomas was down from West Point last week and staid several days. He is delighted with the prospect of doings at Constitution Island which Father has bought. 'Delighted' is too feeble an expression, he is rather rapturous, and talks of resigning and building a lodge for himself somewhere just by the Island; for Father contemplates keeping the southern part of the island, and building a fine house, making a sort of little Paradise of the grounds, and residing there eight months of the year."

How little discernment a buyer has at first, as to the capabilities of his new purchase! For what "palace" could ever have been as dear to us, as our old Revolutionary nondescript house?—and the "little Paradise" was already there, "to dress and to keep."

So comes in the first dim prospect of our future life-long home; as different from the later reality, as it well could be. Of that beautiful handful of plans, just one came true: we did go to the Island to live, and it was Paradise; though not of our making. But no visions born of town life, and ease, and plenty, ever figured out anything so rich and rare, as what—through straits and need and difficulty—the Lord vouchsafed to us, among our rocks. She goes on.

"We hope to go to West Point on Thursday; to see Uncle Thomas, eat strawberries, and explore Constitution Island."

"*June 16th. West Point.* We came here Saturday

morning. We were long coming up; it was the Albany, a slow boat, and there's no opposition now, so it was I don't know how long after 11, when we reached West Point." (Having left New York at 7 A. M.) "Uncle Thomas met us at the dock."

The old north steamboat landing, where now the coal lift rears its ugly head. Then it was a wild spot of rocks and trees, with no very apparent outlet: a neat little building perched among the cedars, a guard in uniform, and perhaps at boat time an officer or two looking on. A floating dock stretched out into the river, which ran its mill-race course just there, as now. So that with a north wind and a down tide, it was no unheard of thing for the big steamer to miss her landing and try again.

"Prof. Davies called that afternoon, and Cadet Wm. Warner and Mr. Alden, besides Mr. Hackley. Sunday we went to Church. Service was performed for the first time in the new chapel. Monday morning we went over to Constitution Island. We passed between one and two hours on the island. Such a scramble! The eminence over which we scrambled was as rough as can well be imagined, and rattlesnakes were in my head half the time at least." (They were never anywhere *else* on the Island, since prehistoric days.) "Towards the last of it, it did seem as if I could stand it no longer; and then when we had reached this side again, there was that steep hill from the dock to climb."

Not the present winding road, but a very "sooner the quicker" way, still discernible in spots. It used to be said, that the officer who laid it out always paused midway up the hill, "to admire the view"!

"I know I got home wofully hot and tired." (N. B. Not "awfully.") "Auntie made us some lemonade, and

I got cool after a while, but I felt the fatigue still the next day. We found splendid laurels in flower, and delicious wintergreens on the hill; and one or two other things, none of which I have as yet examined or put to press—it is so troublesome to press them in books.”

“Monday afternoon Mr— called, and I got a fit of the fidgets. Uncle Thomas was out, and there were just Father, Aunty and I, and I don’t know but the children. One would think there could be no great difficulty in sitting and keeping quiet and being easy; but instead of that, after a few minutes I felt a heat coming over me; hands—face—all was in a glow. It passed away of course very soon, and I did not know that it had been visible to others, as well as perceived by myself, but in the evening Aunty told me that it had amounted to a complete suffusion of face and neck, (I think she said something like that) and gave me a piece of a lecture upon it. She sees through and through me I think sometimes. It was my own fault, I know, and I don’t think I shall do so again very soon.

“Wednesday Mrs. Davies sent to invite us to tea, and Uncle Thomas said there were to be fireworks in the evening, so I expected some pleasure. But how much I really experienced I am too hot to write now.

“After writing the above I arranged my hair, changed my shoes, and went downstairs with my fan and my book. There I found Uncle Thomas. We began to talk, and went on from Mr. Weir’s picture, to old pictures, landscape gardening, and taste in laying out grounds.”

From this peaceful beginning issued a stormy talk; for upon some words of my uncle as if *he* were to give the finishing touches to the Island grounds, as having

more taste and skill than my father, my sister's jealous love took fire, and flamed up. She goes on:

"I could not stand any more but ran out of the room and upstairs, and gave way to a burst of passion and vexation, and indignation and sorrow. *Uncle Thomas* to mark out our boundaries on the island, the whole of which Father had bought! and *Uncle Thomas* to lay out walks &c. for us. Oh, I had a jealousy of something like this before, and I cannot bear the notion of it. The most beautiful walk on our place I should not delight in if done by him. Father's place should be his own in every respect; not embellished and made beautiful by the skill and taste of another. After I had been upstairs some time, and had got comparatively cool, Uncle Thomas came up, and partly explained away what had troubled me, but even then he said one or two things hard to bear, and with that look of his, that it is so impossible to stand against. But now to leave all this fuss, and go back to the evening at Mrs. Davies'.

"Uncle Thomas could not go, but Father was with us. There were, at tea, Mrs. Alden, Prof. Bartlett, and Mr. Amman, and after tea, Mr. Alden and another gentleman. I like Mr. Bartlett very much and so I believe does everyone that knows him. I wish he may be my relation, as is not improbable, for he comes from Rhode Island or thereawa'. After gunfire we went out to hear the address to the cadets delivered by Dr. Marshall, one of the Board of Visitors, and we saw the rest of the parade. The first class were to be relieved from duty after that evening and it made me feel sorry to think of it. We went back to the house, but sallied forth again when the fireworks began. The question was where we could see them best. The hotel

was the place undoubtedly, but when we reached the turning, rockets were going up within a few feet of us. It was really dangerous. Nevertheless, Mr. A. and Mr. Am. took Aunt Fanny and Mrs. Davies on to the Hotel, but I was afraid and would n't go there among the rockets, so Father took me home, where I found Uncle Thomas, and then went off with little E. Davies to find her mother. Uncle Thomas and I went into the garden, but in the open part of it I was afraid and not without reason, to stay; and in the more sheltered part I could not see at all. I knew the party at the Hotel could see perfectly, and I was ready to cry with vexation. Father came back however, and we went round to Mrs. Davies' again, where presently the rest also arrived. We had a little supper, which was the best thing we had the whole evening, except the parade &c. I eat only ice cream."

Wherever there was the least chance, imagination had its way, and nerves were astir. So the next day:

"In the afternoon there was a heavy thunder shower. The forked lightning was very sharp, though most of the time not very near. I am not quite easy in such a storm. It is very awful."

Next day in Chapel.

"Uncle Thomas took us to a seat and left us. When service was over we waited half a minute for Uncle Thomas but he not appearing we went out by ourselves. We had waited long enough for most of the people (except the cadets) to get out of the church; so there was the broad nearly empty aisle, with cadets on each side, for us to march through. Nobody was before us, and I felt unpleasantly enough, and when we got out there was Mr.—. I keeping hold of Ellen started off before the rest of our party, desiring to keep clear of all

things that might trouble me; for which Aunty afterwards called me to account."

But I think, from what I have heard since, that some of these bits of behaviour were not quite all the girl's "fault"; and that a subtile something in the air startled her instincts, not yet in training except by romances, nor at all full grown. For she was not quite seventeen. I have also been told, that our change of fortune which came soon after, touched those particular spring blossoms with "a most unkindly frost." But they never were meant to live, anyway.

"We do all feast upon strawberries," she says another day. "Yesterday morning Father picked a parcel for breakfast; held an umbrella with one hand, and picked with the other. That's being fond of strawberries, I think.

"I took it into my head last week to read some one of the French divines; but whether Bossuet, Bourdaloue or Fenelon, was the question. More than one consultation I held with myself before I could determine which of them to try, and finally I pitched upon Bossuet. I have read part of one sermon which I hope to finish today; but how easy it is to trifle away whole days in doing nothing, and how hard, to one not accustomed to regular and *useful* employment, to spend one hour in application to something worth while. For some months past I have been rather at a standstill; except in the one article of music; let us hope that months to come may be turned to better account. I am almost seventeen. How much may be justly expected of me, and how am I prepared to fulfil these expectations? I ought to exert myself; but I think far too little on what I *ought* to do; it is always what I *like* to do. One thing I ought never to do, at least for some time,

and that is, to read novels. I know they have done me mischief enough already."

A few days later she tells of a long ramble on the east bank of the river; to Indian Falls, and then along the table land of the old "Plumbush Farm." It is noticeable, for the visions which were so very far from prophetic of what should be.

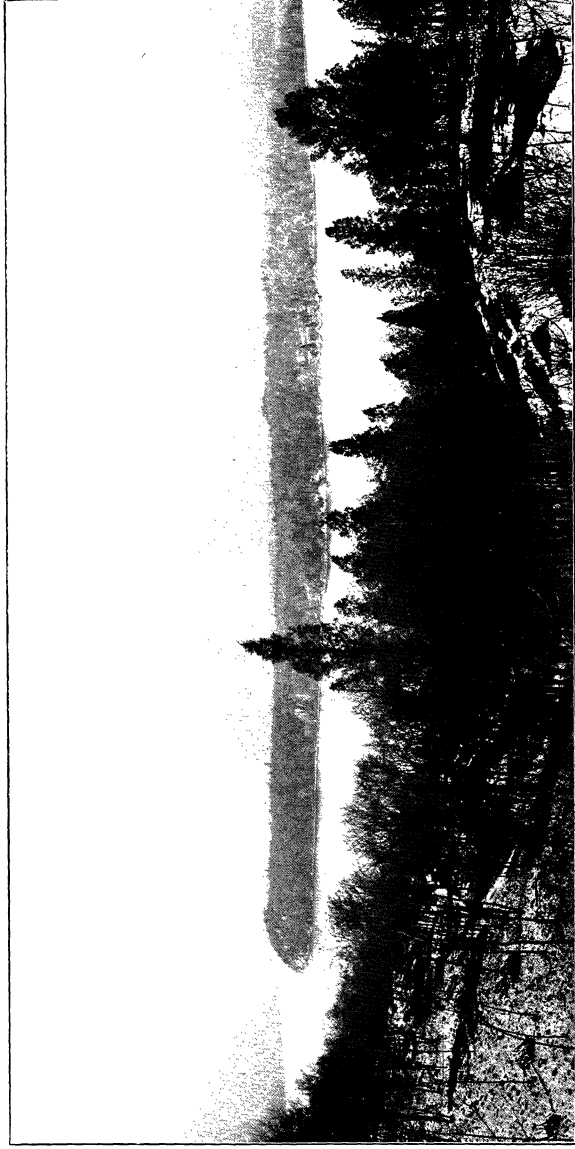
"We left the road and went to the edge of the bank which all along commands a splendid view, down the river and over the island, the meadows, & West Point. But those meadows,—what can be thought of more beautiful than they will be, when once rendered perfectly dry, and all passage of water through them prevented; and they are to be included in our domain."

I smile at the words,—and I could put my head down and cry, as well, for the other visions of what has been. Ah me! We were to see those meadows in many another guise, but never *so*.

"I have been amused by a little book 'An Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batallia,' by Mr. Beckford. The account of their dinners and suppers is enough to make one's mouth water. I love to read about good eating."

As afterwards she liked to write about it. It has been amusing enough, to get letters from strangers here and there, asking for receipts for the biscuit on which "Captain Parry" set his paw; for "splitters," and "the cake Desire made."

"At dinner on Saturday Uncle Thomas told me he thought I was rather *behindhand*; with which opinion I believe Aunt Fanny expressed her agreement, and I rather think the same myself; but still that's another thing from having other people think it. I asked *in what* he thought me deficient; and he said in music,



View of Constitution Island from West Point

and in not speaking French. If that were all, I should not care, for as to the first, I 've not much fear but that I shall play well, and for the second, Father don't care about it, and I have not endeavoured to obtain it. But I know myself to be behindhand in other things, and I think too little how soon I shall be seventeen. One thing I must do this summer if I live; and that is to read Tasso through; and Anacharsis too I must finish."

There's a hint here of one of her favourite mottoes: "Let my friends take me, and mend me."

Another visit to the Island comes next.

"We went all hands, somewhere about ten o'clock. In the first place we inspected the site chosen for the house, which could scarcely be better."

That "palatial" house, a true Castle in the air, which was never built. The beautiful site stands empty still, and only my eyes see now what once we thought we saw.

"Then Uncle Thomas took us along a beautiful rude path lying wholly on our ground, where Uncle Thomas said, we may one day drive our black ponies." (Never.) "Then we took another path running where the boundary road is to run; oh how rough, stony, and tiresome it was; but in the course of it we came to a little valley, level and enclosed with woods, most beautiful."

Our afterwards beloved "Happy Valley"; called by the country people, "Washington's Parade Ground." As indeed it might have been. The old road through the Island threads the valley on its rough string of rocks; a little oval, cleared of trees entirely, once; but now among the centre heaps of stones, a cluster of trees has sprung up and flourished. But then nor ever after—despite views and plans—did my sister really enjoy a rough scramble: the account ends thus.

"We crossed the island through this rude path, and then very little to my satisfaction, we had to go back again by the same road. I was tired enough; my feet battered by the stones and travelling; and I got overheated, so that I did not lose the red from my face for the day. I would not take such another ramble for something; it is quite overdoing the matter."

Whereas *I* might have been a veritable cony, for the way I took to the rocks, dyeing my cheeks not red but purple.

"*July 1.* Tuesday evening we went to Mrs. Alden's. There were Mrs. Bailey and Miss Slaughter her sister; I don't know if I spell her name right; and Mr. Swartwout, Mr. Alden's brother in law. To my credit be it spoken, I sat alone, that is, apart from Aunt Fanny almost all the evening. Mr.— was so obliging as to come and tell me about manufactures; but I was much beholden to a piece of balm which gave me employment for eyes and hands, and by dint of fingering and smelling to it I got through the evening. We had some strawberry ice; abominable, that people should spoil ice cream with mixtures. Father went down Wednesday. It is extremely hot today, and I have not done anything except beating floating island and examining flowers. Uncle Thomas talked to me about my eyes, and afterwards he came upstairs and we had a real confab about society, Father, and Father's manners. But it is too hot to write, absolutely melting; it is not weather for doing much, that must be allowed."

"*July 2.* The weather is charming this morning; it will be hot enough by and by, but the fog or mist which hung so thick a while ago has not fully cleared off yet, and there is a nice breeze. Last night we went out on the stoop to watch for the boat and for Father;

it was very pleasant. How different this sweet pure air is from the smell of the stables with which we are greeted on throwing up our back windows at home, in a warm damp evening. The boat came up, but so did not Father; and with the why and the wherefore we were made acquainted this evening by a letter. I was astonished on coming down, by the news that Aunt Margaret and her eldest daughter are at our house. That is news with a vengeance. Whether to be glad of it, or sorry for it, I did not know, but now I am rather inclined to be glad of it. If Frances should stay with us—if she should be a nice girl—if she should be a companion for me, I should have some reason to be glad; but I don't know how it will be, till we see Father; and we are to expect him tonight. I know I shall be glad to see him. The folks want me to give Anna music lessons, and I don't want to do any such thing. I had enough of that last winter; it is the most tiresome business, and the least to my taste, that may be. However I don't see that I can help myself, but oh, how little I do like it!"

This cousin whom we had never before seen did stay with us, and was one of the family for several years.

— "*July 5th.* What a careless mortal was I, not to write yesterday, for today if all things go right my hopes and expectations stand a chance to be accomplished. Today we are to go down the river and tonight we hope to see little Fanny. Uncle Thomas will go down with us, which I am very glad of. He and I have just had another battle of words. Aunt Fanny has said something as if he and I could not live under the same roof; and unless I grow wiser and milder, for he is ower old to expect *him* to change, I don't know how

we well could. Here are two fallings out since we came here; quite too violent to be endured often."

So quick were they both, so intensely argumentative, and yet the dearest of friends. "What a splendid young woman that is!"—he said one day to my father as she left the room.

A short stay in the new house followed this West Point visit: and here the first hard life experience came. My Aunt Fanny had been very anxious over the tall slender girl; shooting up so swiftly to unusual height, and wedded to those sedentary habits which no authority of hers could control. And even my Father's words failed of their end: the little "Queen" of early days still had her way. But now at last Aunt Fanny sought counsel. Dr. Valentine Mott was called in; and at once put my sister upon a strict regimen of diet and ways; with plain telling of what (else) the result might be. It came hard.

"*July 11, New York.* It is my birthday—not a season of great rejoicing to me ever; and I am anything but joyful, be it what day it might. I had formed delightful anticipations, but they must be only *hopes* now. I had such bright visions, but they have faded, and I think the dream is scarce worth awaking from it. This morning when I awoke the first thought was about the pleasant hopes that have occupied me so much since I came home; but I soon found they were gone and that I must make up my mind to get up without them. My eyes were not near open; I suppose they were swelled with my long and hard crying last night. To crown all—Aunt Margaret has seen, and they and I had a real serious talk yesterday on the subject; a pleasant consideration for my seventeenth birthday, but it was not that which troubled me most."

As I copy the old entry it is again the 11th of July; and I look back at the young heartache of so long ago. No more crying, for her,—where “they shall not sorrow any more at all.” No more weakness, where “the inhabitant shall not say ‘I am sick.’” No more shadowed hopes, when the word is: “I shall be satisfied.” And if the tears come, it is ever so much in thanks that God gave her the victory, even here. That there were many years of splendid health and vigour; and when at last unceasing life work brought back the old troubles, the joy of the Lord was her strength; and the face grew sweeter and the heart stronger, as the years went by. The Lord let nothing hurt her. It is long before any hint of weakness comes in again; the young life soon threw off its load—at least to a great degree. From New York that summer she went straight to Canaan; and there July 31st she writes:

“This day is the loveliest imaginable; it is as clear and as mild, and as quiet as can be desired, and the birds are singing merrily.

“I have been happy since I came here; happier than I expected to be, for I have found so many pleasant things to do.”

“*Aug. 1st.* Here is another delightful day. The atmosphere is most beautiful. I shall expect Aunt M. and Fanny till they come, and very glad I shall be to see them. Nevertheless I have pleasant enough things to occupy me; Anacharsis to finish and Tasso to read, and flowers to press, &c., &c. My kind father has had made for me a most capital press, and capital it ought to be, for he paid \$35. for it. It is a very complete affair.”

“*Aug. 3.* No Tasso on Monday, and no Tasso today. I have got a new notion, not quite a useless

one this time—it is to write French exercises for Anna. It suits my taste excellently well. Anacharsis, Télémaque, and the letters of Sévigné furnish sentences, idioms, &c. enough, and I delight to hunt for them, and write them when found. I have a lace cape to sew work upon, for Aunt Fanny. Father and I have contrived a beautiful pattern, and now let us see how long I shall be about it. We have a letter from Father, and consequently expect Aunt Margaret and Fanny tonight or tomorrow. How many pleasant things seem to come together since I have been here, and I anticipated very little: perhaps that's one reason. Nathless, when I am very much pleased with something, the thought is apt enough to come across me—"It is not abiding"; and perhaps it only comes too seldom."

"Yesterday, foolishly enough, I got engaged in 'Helen,' which Aunt Margaret had borrowed from somebody here. I read a long while in it, and what was the consequence? I sat long, long, after we came up to bed, thinking; and though I got up some time before them this morning, the same thing went on, and I just got down to breakfast, from my thoughts. Oh how wretched it is to do so; I hate it, and yet scarcely struggle against it."

It is amusing to see how a girl can miss her measure. A day or two later some neighbours came to tea. She says:

"I talked none almost, though I sat by H. some time. I am a poor hand at conversation in company, that's certain. What will become of me if ever I go into company, I don't know. Thank fortune! that will not be this winter at least, and probably never in a great degree. I am sure I am not made for that; but I think Anna is, rather." (Yet she came to be called, by one and another: "The best talker I ever heard.")

"I read 5 pages of Tasso last week; I have not finished one canto yet, I am afraid I shall be very far from finishing the whole work before I go home. And for Anacharsis—I have not read one chapter in it since I have been here. So I go on. Catch me who can, reading a novel again in a hurry. It does hinder me so. I have scarce got rid of Helen yet. I think I shall keep clear of novels for one while at least; I get punished for it when I meddle with them, and I am sure they are about as bad for me as anything I need wish to have."

"I like very well to stay at home by myself, it is so nice and quiet. Just now came S's wife, who is a lady I very seldom wish to see, and this afternoon when I was thinking to write here so nicely, and now no writing or reading until they are gone—and I have sewed as much as I want to for today—Oh misery!"

The old liking for the back country life seemed to be passing away: lacked zest to her now. On Sept. 14. she writes:

"How time flies!—but much more will not fly over us here, I've a notion. If any one of us will be sorry to leave Canaan, that one am not I."

"I am very busy still with Aunty's lace cape, and Tasso lies by. I lie down on my back on a piece of straw bed on the floor, and when I am tired of sewing it is very pleasant. I read sometimes in that position, and like it exceedingly. Dr. Mott is I suppose to be informed as soon as we get home; a pleasant reflection. Nathless, I think I shall be glad to get back to that same home, and to my piano, which I feel as if I should much like to see again, and to put my fingers on the keys once more."

A visit to the Lebanon "Shakers" was in prospect; and she says:

"How much better worth it is to stay quietly at home and read Cowper, than to see all the Shakers in the world.

"Father arrived, to our joy, as we were at breakfast, and we shall now if nothing happens probably go from hence on Tuesday next; in good time, say I. I do not love Canaan very much most certainly, and should n't care much if I thought we should not spend another summer here. Yet I have been very happy this summer but so it is."

"*Oct. 1.* I have been reading in *Quentin Durward* these few evenings. By the by I have finished *Aunty's* cape—gave it to her last Wednesday or thereabouts. Very pretty it is too. Dr. Mott is gone to Europe, but I suppose I shall have Dr. Bushe instead, that is worse. In spite of all, however, I am glad to go home."

"*Dec. 29.* Here is a fine break in my journal, most assuredly. What a million of things I could say if I would. I scarce know what to begin with, but as it is impossible to go back to October, I think I may as well begin by last night. Mr. Hackley and Mr. Locke dined here, and did n't go till after eight. A very pleasant dinner we had. I played two pieces without feeling very badly. Dr. Bushe has been to see me, and has laid down a course of exercise for me. I am every day to use" (various implements named) "half an hour each, with intervals of a quarter of an hour, and sleep only seven hours in the twenty-four, and drink porter. Only the swing is yet ready for me, which accordingly I use half an hour a day. Our Christmas passed like any other day, and I have nothing to record concerning it. I teach the children, translate French (for their use) read Cowper, and practise. Also I have begun *Dugald Stewart* on the *Philosophy of the Mind*. How

I like it, is very sufficiently shewn by the progress I make in it, which I must confess is very slow."

Three months pass by with no word of record; and the page that comes next gives the last account of all that part of her life: the last spring, I think, when abundant means and a city home played their part in her education.

"*March 26.* Sunday.—It is afternoon—all the folks gone to church, but me; and I went not last Sunday, nor the Sunday before either, and Anna and Aunt Fanny have not been for the last four; and from a cause unusual with us,—sickness, scarlet fever, which attacked first Anna and then me, and I am nearly quite over it, but since I have got well I have forgotten to be thankful, I am afraid; I thought when I was sick it would be a lesson, a warning to me, and still I hope it has been, though indeed I think less of it now when I am well and happy, than when I was unwell and not happy.

"What account can I give of the winter which is gone, not to my joy? For myself, I have done nothing, literally, I am afraid. Tasso and Dante have stood on the shelf undisturbed. I have let Italian alone. French, I have kept up, but it has been in instructing the children. Dugald Stewart I gave up as soon as I began my *labours*; and practising for some time past has amounted to very little. I am only in the *third* volume of Cowper. And even that which has been the nominal reason for putting off everything else, the great business of the winter, the one thing that Father wished me to do, even that, I am afraid, by the manner in which I have done it, is of little avail, and if I am no worse, I think I am no better than when Dr. Bushe saw me; so that in truth the work is yet to be done, and I

look forward still to three months of hard work—three months or more, and of *hot* weather, not cold, as were the three months I have had, in which Dr. Bushe said I might cure myself, *if I gave myself to the work*. My own wilfulness and indolence have been the trouble, in this and in everything since I was big enough to have a will; and I have disappointed my friends. I know I am not what they once thought I would be, and I know I am not what I might have been. I scarcely knew I had spent this winter so utterly in vain till I began to write about it. I am loth enough to enter upon my labours again, which have been interrupted by sickness; but I shall be well enough in a day or two, if I go on as I have done.”

CHAPTER X

RICHES TAKE WINGS

FOLLOWING these thoughts and strictures comes a long, long silence; and for well nigh a year and a half she either wrote no journal, or afterwards destroyed it. Even of the summer and fall which she and my cousin spent at West Point, she says no word. I have heard that she was in the open air a great deal, with long rows upon the river and walks on land; growing rosy and strong; and doubtless keeping all rust from her wits with countless talks and arguments with my uncle. But a few stray entries near the end of the next winter shewed her much the same girl as before.

"*Feb. 13th.* I don't know what I did this morning early, or whether I did anything. Dusted father's room and the basement, and played a little. Aunty and I dressed and went out pretty early to pay calls. Despatched six of them. Came home and chose from the Penny Magazine a woodcut to copy, an old Norman peasant. After dinner we roasted apples. In the evening read Hume (aloud) and heard the children in Dictionary and Chemistry. Omitted Anna's music lesson. Read Robinson Crusoe."

"*Feb. 14th.* Played and spent some time in preparing transfer work for a lace cape. After dinner we walked. Read Hume in the evening. Omitted to hear the children's lessons. Sung awhile. Very poor work."

"Feb. 15th. Spent a great part of the day in finishing arranging Aunty's cape. Heard the children chemistry, arithmetic, ancient geography. After dinner gave Fanny her music lesson, and we went upstairs and played tag. Read Hume in the evening. Too busy all day to have much time to read anything to myself. Could n't walk because it snowed."

"Feb 16th. I went into the kitchen and made cake with Ann's assistance and instructions. Sewed on Aunty's cape and heard the children Walker and Chemistry, and gave them out sums. After dinner read The Mirror and played tag. My time has been pretty fully occupied yet I have omitted Anna's music lesson, and Hume, and my chapter."

"Feb. 18th. A beautiful day. Went to church twice. Prof. Davies called between churches. Read two chapters in Job, and a letter or two of Cowper's. Sleepy in the evening till after prayers, when we had a nice talk.

"Feb. 20th. Worked away at my cape and Aunty's. Drew near an hour; in which time I finished my old man's face and hair. Heard the children in chemistry and dictionary and put out sums to them. Mary Whiting came to dinner, after which Aunty, F., and I walked downtown with her. Read Hume in the evening. Omitted Anna's music lesson and my chapter."

"Feb 21st. Heard no lessons to-day because I was too busy, Prof. Davies and his brother and Mr. Hackley being to dine here. Grated cocoanut, beat eggs and floating island, etc. After they were gone in the evening, we all went to see Catlin's Indian Gallery, with which we were much pleased. Perfectly charmed with Osceola's portrait.

"Feb. 24th. Holiday all round. Drew awhile.

Just rubbed out my old man's collar, and did it over again."

"*Feb. 25th.* Went to church twice. Read two chapters in Job, and two or three of Cowper's letters, and one article in the Penny Magazine."

"*March 18th.* As it snowed we could not go to church. Wrote lists, read in the Bible aloud with the children and to myself. Played ball awhile delightfully for exercise. Read a little in some little books of Anna's. Spent the day pleasantly."

It was the last journal written in the last city house she was ever to call home. How far my sister had felt the change that was coming, I cannot tell. Of course there were no masters for her any longer, she was teacher, instead of taught: and there must have been many another sign, to eyes old enough to read them; but such knowledge comes slowly, to the younger hearts, and at first is half refused.

From that stormy Sunday in town, spent "pleasantly" among our crimson cushions and tall mirrors; with greenhouse, carriage, and a corps of servants close at hand; my sister passes without note or comment, to the greatly changed life in the Highlands. The break-up, the moving, the new surroundings, have no word. She was out of the moving itself, indeed; away up at Hudson on a visit: always sent off, at any such time of confusion: and that ease, leisure, wealth, society—even friends—were slipping away from us, she could not really guess. I do not know how she felt about the change of houses.

It was the fourth of June before she joined us at the Island; and ten miles away she saw the white flag waving her a welcome from one of the old cedars on Fort Constitution. But the journal does not begin for

many weeks after that: and the first entry gives the first name chosen for our abode.

"Woodcraigs, Aug. 13th. Yesterday Fanny and I rowed Uncle Thomas and father to Cold Spring. They went ashore and stayed some time, and we sat in the boat and read the newspapers and talked. They were firing at the target when we came home, but we passed by between whiles. Heard the girls in arithmetic and chemistry, but as it was late and they wanted to go after huckleberries, in nothing more. Omitted Marshall. The girls are to write something every week and deliver it for inspection on Saturday. I had the first productions Monday. It is excessively amusing. There was a prose piece and a verse piece from each. They are given in without names, and written some by one, some by the other, so that I cannot tell which is which. They made us much fun. The other evening Fan and I rowed Uncle Thomas over. Father was along of course. Mr. de Rham's beautiful boat was there, and set off from the dock a little before us, to come back. Fan and I pulled very hard after her, and gained upon her, father said, but she was too far ahead for us to overtake her. However, we had a delightful row."

This must have been the long, long black boat named The Black Snake.

"Aug. 17th. Heard the girls in arithmetic. Gave Anna her lesson. Read Marshall. Father is reading the Life of Scott (Lockhart's) in the evenings and it is one of the most charming books that ever were written. Read in Belinda. Too windy to row. We don't row much this year, compared with the last."

"Aug. 24th. Heard the girls in arithmetic and punctuation. Gave Anna her lesson. Read Marshall.

Father went down this evening in the Highlander. The children always stand on the rocks and wave handkerchiefs, and he waves to them, till the boat turns and he can no longer be seen. There is something almost sad about it. Uncle Thomas said he saw the tears in father's eyes as he waved, once when Uncle T. was with him. And I am sure these tears were in some lines that he wrote about that time, telling the story.

As I sailed from the rocks of my Island abode,
And gave back my soul to the view:
On a crag that hung high o'er my watery road,
A form like an angel a white signal shewed,
And waved me a silent adieu.

The sun of the Highlands had gone to his rest,
The gloom of his absence grew deep;
Chill evening had set up her star in the west,
The woods and the valleys in mourning were dressed;
I wept—O I could not but weep!

That form was my child, 't is a father's right
To prize the best boon God has given,
She had come there to watch o'er my desolate flight,
And to soothe it in language addressed to my sight
With blessings as holy as heaven.

And still she kept waving that signal fair,
Her bosom's sweet message to tell:
Till a headland invading the dusky air
Came rudely between—and I lost her there;
My daughter, my daughter, farewell!"

"*Sept. 1st.* I am so very busy as to have either little time or too little inclination to write journal. My days pass away very happily—I think nearly as much so as ever they did in my life. So very quietly,

so very regularly, and I hope not without profit, do our employments succeed each other. Yesterday morning I went out with the girls to saw, and found it exceedingly pleasant. After we had lopped a good many branches we dragged them out of the wood and over the rocks. This morning I have just been trying my hand at another new business,—working over butter. I like it much.

“I do not look forward to the approach of winter and the season of our stay in the city, with any pleasure. That is no longer home. I have taken up drawing again today, for a wonder. The old Norwegian peasant again. Reconsidered his collar, and drew the front of his shirt and one hand. If I go out and saw every day it will not hurt my conscience to sit and draw. Heard the girls in arithmetic, and failed to hear them in Marshall.”

She was so unweariedly correct in all she did, that she was always slow; gleaned the last berry from the bush where she was picking, and in drawing measured distances with her eye many times, before she would put pencil to paper.

“*Feb. 3rd.* Yesterday was so cold that I did not know what to do. In the course of the morning father went with the girls and me to the meadows, where they have been burning the brush on some land, and father was somewhat afraid of the fire spreading too far, or continuing too long. We walked some distance over the black, hot and smoking ground, and got our clean clothes in a fine condition. In the evening after tea we went to the top of the hill just west of Fort Con. where there is a beautiful level platform, and from thence down a very tolerable path to the little valley. I have never been on the top of that hill before. Father has

named it 'Table Rock.' The eminence to the east of Cedar Valley he names 'South Crag'—that behind the future house site to the east of Fort Con., 'Home Crag'—the rocky fortified point south of the open field, 'Old Point Comfort.' I think that will do pretty well. This morning we went out and had a fine sawing time. Read Marshall. Gave Fanny her lesson and had a good long practice myself. In the afternoon we went out again and I chopped wood for a good while, for the kitchen fire. I like it very much indeed. Omitted all recitations. Sung Scotch songs awhile after I came in. Father finished reading the Life of Scott, this evening. It has given us a great deal of enjoyment."

My sister had an absolutely correct ear; and her music was as thorough in its time and tune as everything else that she did. But her voice was not strong; and she never sang much except at home. She played admirably; and in later days, in society, people—even young people—would cease their talk, to gather in a silent cluster about the piano, at her first notes. Yet it was not the light music of the day; she never cared for that; but the older and richer compositions gave forth their deep sweetness at her touch. Absorbed in her theme; with no social side-play right and left; with no seeming consciousness of the people around her, so she played. Every note clear, liquid, distinct with her absolute truth; no slur, no haste, no musical chicanery. Short of great professionals, I have never heard a touch like hers. And how people listened!

She was extremely fond of the piano, and of old music. The music is here still, in sheets and books. Beethoven's Symphonies, stamped with our mother's name; and Mozart and Thalberg and Liszt, and a host more. Piles of Italian songs, bound and unbound vol-

umes of quaint old ditties and pieces, dating back with the Symphonies. Then Moore's Melodies, and songs of that day. "The Coronach," and "Blanche of Devon's Song," and even "Giles Scroggin's Ghost"—which we used to sing for a frolic; with gay "Young Lochinvar," and the two big volumes of Thompson's Burns. How inextricably the sundown, the light on river and hills, and her voice are joined, for me, with every note of

Hark, the mavis' evening sang;—

I used to hear her singing it when I was flying about outdoors; perhaps on this very evening of which she writes. Later on, we sang a great deal together. Dashing off into "Killikrankie," or "The White Cockade," with "Barbara Allen" and "Robin Grey" or "Sir Patrick Spence" for a foil. Then Sunday evenings we sang hymns, till I wellnigh got the hymn book by heart.

Meantime, as we sang—but half understanding—the old words of love and sorrow, of change and loss, and the hymns of trust; our own life was changing much faster than we knew. I am grouping the years a little, not trying to give precise dates and limits; which indeed I could not; but our affairs were on a steady progress down hill. From waiter and coachman and cook to the skill of our own hands (chiefly) was a broad step; oars and saw and hatchet succeeded our frisky black ponies; while from dainty silks and laces, we came down to calicoes, fashioned by our own fingers; and from new bonnets with every turn of the season, to what headgear we could get. All this mattered very little to me; but for my sister in the bloom of her young womanhood, it must have been hard. It was a great help to us both that we had never heard dress *talked*. Always providing

the daintiest wear for herself and us, Aunt Fanny never spoke of it, or seemed to make it of the least account. The dressmaker might go into raptures over my little rosebud muslin, but the raptures ended there; there was never a word about the dress at home. Looks and clothes were never discussed; and I grew up in happy ignorance of what even "regular" features meant.

But the banishment of silk dresses entailed a much heavier loss; that of intercourse with other people. If you have "nothing to wear," few want you; while some think it kind not to invite you, because of course (in such case) you cannot want to come! and for a good while we had little to do with visits or visitors. But I think it tried my sister more than anyone guessed.

She cared not very much for the natural world in those days; but had grown eagerly fond of its opposite, Society. The shyness with which she began life had passed into a great liking for strangers, a great taste for change and stir. She wanted to go about, to talk, to entertain. Yet she never complained; never murmured for what she had not; but threw herself into the work at hand with all her thoroughness. Sewed with the daintiest stitches; every hem a model and every corner on line. Dusted, beyond the wildest dreams of the present race of housemaids; made perfect bread and first class butter. Drilled me in French and one of her cousins in music; read Sévigné and Molière, talked long talks with my father, sang, played, and wrote a journal.

Botanising went on too very briskly, but I generally picked the flowers; roaming everywhere and fearing nothing. If when I parted some tuft of green things the tail of a snake slipped away from beneath my fingers, I gathered my specimen all the same. There were no

poisonous snakes on the Island, and a new flower was not to be missed. Then my sister got out her books, examined the fair things and put them to press while I went for more. Sometimes it was the dainty orobanche, or a small green orchid of about the same height, now, I fear more than "rare." Sometimes a new *Lysimachia*, a third sort of convallaria, or the lovely Golden Club—now also quite gone from our shore. Once, a *pink* Cardinal flower; clear, delicate pink; the only specimen I had ever seen.

I have the pressed flowers still, in their neat ribband bound cases. Rarely opened; not often touched; yet with the story of many of the plants so vividly fresh that I could write it out to-day. Who will burn them? I cannot. I never come suddenly upon some of the living plants, without a thrill. Purple Gerardias roll back the years, and blue-eyed grass gives pitying glances. But I am glad of every one I brought to her.

It was an untold blessing to us, in those years of many privations, that my father was what he was. The clearest mind, the most acute definer; the most ardent lover of books and study. I might add the most devoted adherent of the old-time beautiful Saxon English. In his busiest days and most troubled years, he always found time to talk with his children. So he gave me subjects to study and then report upon at breakfast; he wrote questions for compositions; he read to us in the evening, poetry, history, fiction. Our meal-times were always delightful seasons of talk, discussion, and intercourse; as unlike what one commonly finds now, as were the muffins. I cannot imagine my father with a newspaper held up between him and the faces he loved so well. But the good of it all to us, the joy of it, can never be told.

Then the Sundays.

There is so much said in these days about the gloom of the "Pilgrim" Sabbath (the "cessation" once so highly prized,) that I look back with a smile and a sigh at how little some people know. Gloom? Why it no more set foot in our house than did blue mould. Yet Sunday was always a strictly "set apart" day; the business of the week completely laid aside, the topics of the week pushed out of mind.

To the end of his life my father came down stairs Sunday morning, a sort of embodiment of the Sabbath purity and peace. When you looked up as he opened the door, it was to see one of the shining ones come in. His presence was a light, not an extinguisher. I never remember hearing "hush!"—or feeling it—in all the long bright day; I never remember any rules or regulations. It was the Sabbath atmosphere that taught us, where Sunday was always the Lord's day, and where Sunday-breaking never entered. "The rest of the Sabbath": no visiting, no entertaining; the meals as simple as they could be made; the week-day books and business alike laid by. The one was not on our tongues, nor the others on the table.

But talk, and reading of fresher things, with the fine Bible study which my father thought out for us, kept us busy. No boating or chopping or horseback riding on that day. Sometimes a sunset walk in the woods, or down the garden-path among the roses; then in the evening our hymns.

"*Sept. 4th.* I went out to chop this morning and stayed a good while; the girls meanwhile dragging branches and wheeling sticks and rubbish. Came in and read Marshall. Omitted Anna's lesson. Went out again in the afternoon and spent some time chopping

wood and picking up little sticks and wheeling them away. Pretty well tired by tea time. Father began the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"*Sept. 6th.* Went out and chopped wood a long time, having first worked over the butter. Came in and made a flour pudding and then made the sauce to it. Heard the girls in arithmetic. Gave Fanny her lesson. Omitted Marshall." Lessons given or not, and father reading Prince Pückler-Muskau or St. Valentine's Day; with exercises on the water or in the woods. This last perplexed our neighbours.

One late afternoon as we were all busy in the dusky shadow of some cedars near the river, a row boat came by with eager talkers, and my father thought he knew the voices.

"They go out to chop and saw instead of mending stockings" said one man. "They'd better a darned sight stay at home and wash the dishes, and let the servants do it."

You see athletics were not the fashion then,—perhaps useful athletics never are. I should add, however, that the stockings were mended too. And the small sticks that we chopped and wheeled made the best possible kindling for our open wood fires; while at the same time we cleared up our beautiful woodland a little. But people could never understand. Years after that, one day when we came back from the woods in extremely correct costume, fresh short dresses of linsey that would not easily tear nor burn,—we met a party of visitors at the door. To our amazement, we found that they thought that we actually *felled the trees* ourselves. Judge of our neighbourhood reputation.

"*Sept. 15th.* The girls churned and I worked over 5 or 6 pounds of beautiful butter. Gave Anna her

lesson which I omitted yesterday. Examined the girls a little in Marshall, but they could not give me satisfactory answers. Went out and chopped awhile just before dark. Father came up in the evening, and we had an excellent supper of warm rusk, and peaches afterwards, of which last he brought up a great basketful. Drew awhile today: the old peasant's other hand and part of one sleeve and part of the other. Very well satisfied."

Unwearied painstaking marked all she did; to slight, was not in her. And so here with the drawing. The eyes going from copy to paper and from paper to copy, measuring over and over again each short line; a dot here, and a dot there, and then more study, and very slow progress. One hand, a part of each sleeve, and a "satisfied" young artist!

"*Sept. 28th.* The journal lags, and how should it not? for I am turned housekeeper! at least I skim the milk and work over the butter and tell Mary what we will have for breakfast, and get out soap and sugar, and make johnny cake and pudding sauce now and then. And besides I am making a frock or part of one for Aunt. I don't practise much, and I scarce read any except Marshall, but I go out to chop and to saw. Now to-day for an example. Before breakfast I skimmed milk; after breakfast we rowed round to the little bay on the north side of the Island, whereabouts we stayed while father went to the dike. I rowed them all the way home with both oars—a great feat—but I had a strong tide to help me. Made floating island for dinner. Father was to go down in the Highlander, so we had to have tea early. I sewed a little, idled a little, and now here I am scribbling a page in this book which all the while I have n't much mind to. So I'll let it alone and

play jackstraws I believe, and yet I am almost too stupid for that."

"*Oct. 3rd.* I have been quite too busy to attend to my Journal. Aunt Fanny and Anna expect to go to Hudson to-morrow, if Uncle Thomas comes up to-night; for we, that is Fanny and I, must not be left quite alone. I am to keep house, so I have been seeing and hearing how I am to manage various matters. Yesterday I learnt how to make paste, so that we may have pumpkin pies while they are gone. I made butter yesterday morning and then made the paste for two peach pies, under Aunty's superintendence. Late in the day we rowed round to the dike nearly, but not quite, and father went on land the rest of the way. Father brought up a large basket of peaches Saturday evening, so we have feasted. No lessons this week, nor Marshall for some days. Very little practising, ditto reading—a good deal of sewing—some chopping; no sawing, 'cause of wet. The moss just like a saturated sponge. Father finished the Fair Maid of Perth. I hope Uncle T. will come and let the folks go, for there is no pleasure in waiting when everything is ready."

"*Thursday.* We had given him up and had eaten our peaches when he came. Nevertheless his coming did not better the matter, for he could not stay but till Friday, and as they concluded it was not worth while for father to go only to Hudson, Aunty and Anna went off by themselves this bright morning in the Albany. I begin to feel as if I should be glad to see them back again."

So much was made of even a short journey alone, for a woman, in those days. The journal goes on:

"When they were gone, I locked up my keys, swept

and put in order father's study, and set things to rights generally. The house is in order, empty and quiet as any lover of solitude need desire. However, I am not given to feeling lonely."

"*Friday.* Really, if I were, I think I have been rather too busy today to have any room in my head for such nonsense. Till 20 minutes past 11 I have not been quiet, except a few minutes before and during breakfast. I feel as if I had something less than a mountain on my shoulders. I mean to keep a particular journal while they are gone; for this is the first time I have had the care of a household, and I have been in a quandary three times today already. I got up and skimmed the milk the first thing this morning, and debated with myself whether I should have an Indian cake or griddle cakes for breakfast. Settled the question in favour of the latter, as I had not butter enough for the former. After breakfast looked over a basket of clothes, and then occurred doubt the second, as to what I should do with a torn shirt of father's. Not settled; or settled to ask Aunty. Then while Fanny was churning, dusted the parlour, then worked over the butter, then trimmed the lamp. Then came the great doubt about dinner; whether I should have roast lamb again today, or leave it till tomorrow and have codfish and potatoes; and whether (as there was some stale bread) I should have a bread pudding, there being at present plenty of peaches. Quite unable to decide this last question, I threw on my hat and ran or walked away to father on the road and consulted him; which consultation, as might have been expected, resulted in favour of the pudding. Came in and told Mary, and washed the raisins, and came and wrote journal. Made pudding sauce. Practised. After dinner father

went with Fanny and me to the chestnut trees in the open field, but the nuts were not yet ripe. Walked over the hill to the barn with Fanny. I have been going about a great deal to-day."

"I ran or walked"—nothing could be more like her than that sentence; with her, conscientiousness came near a fault. At one time (I think it was a long time too) she could hardly be coaxed to say anything without an "if"; you could rarely bring her to a direct assertion. That passed away in good measure, but its deep root remained. For absolute, unwavering, inevitable truth, I never saw anyone like her. The little subterfuges, the small concealments, even "the best face upon things" were all foreign to her nature. Even that withholding which is sometimes wise, came hard. She could keep another's secret within bolts and bars that yet made no show; keep it, unguessed. But for things touching only herself, things not a trust, she was always more ready to tell them than to hide; liking best to be valued—like a chain—by the strength of the weakest link. "Let my friends take me and mend me" was a favourite motto. She was now about nineteen. That same fall she wrote this letter.

Thursday, Nov. 1st.

"My dearest Aunty:

"You have been looking for a letter I am sure, and so have I been thinking of writing, but there have been plenty of things to take up my thoughts and my time. Today for instance, I meant to write to you in the afternoon. Well, first of all, I went out and chopped a little while, then I went over the hill to the barn with father, and stayed there some time looking at the cattle; on my return we churned, which today took a

good while, worked over the butter and arranged affairs in the closet a little, and then came dinner. After dinner I went out to chop again, and chopped a good while. Came in and arranged my dress, skimmed some milk for the pigs, and then I was cold, and when I was warm it was too late; so here I am writing to you by lamplight, after tea; and as I wish to send this early tomorrow morning, it must be more short and hasty than otherwise it need be.

“It is quite cold all of a sudden. Yesterday we had a little sprinkling of snow, and this morning our window was prettily frosted; and in the milk room the thermometer was a little over 33 degrees. We are scarcely ready for such weather yet. However, father went yesterday to Newburg and got the stove and sundry other things, nuts and apples among the number. So you see you will not leave all the good things behind you. And when are you coming? I want to see you, though not because I am tired of housekeeping, or lonely; I am too busy and much too pleasantly employed for that. I hope dear Anna is perfectly well, and has been enjoying herself very much since she became so. But I hope also that you and she will be as glad to come home as you were to go. Father told you what he had been about the last time he went down. He was at the fair and elsewhere buying blood cattle. I think it may be pleasure enough when you come, to shew them to you, and so I may indulge myself also in the pleasure of telling you a little about them now. The beauty of the whole, in my opinion, is White Rose, a heifer three years old, pure white—and pure Durham blood; very different from ordinary cows I assure you. Fairstar is a beautiful cow, part Devon and part Durham. Trusty is another pure Durham, with the

exception of a little American blood a few generations back. Dolly is an eight months calf, pure Durham, of excellent figure. Arab is a yearling bull, Durham again, very handsome. The other cows, calves, and heifers, are all half or three quarters Durham; there are twelve in all. I am sure they will interest you as they do us. Anna will like to hear the puppies are the nicest little fellows that can be; Don and Dido and Sancho.

"I am cold and have written enough. Give my love to Aunt Nancy. I suppose you are no longer with Grandpa.

"Yours affectionately,
"S. B. Warner."

That winter and also the next we spent at the Island. Bits of her journal (written in French for practice) give the story.

"*September*. I had to break off my journal to go to row, and I cannot write long now, for we must put ourselves at the tea table very soon. Father goes to the city this evening. It is very difficult this writing when it must be in French; my words do not come promptly; I have to seek them."

"*Sept. 19th*. We expect father tonight, and it is possible that my uncle may come too. He is going to France the first of October. Then we shall be more alone than ever; and for a good while we have accustomed ourselves not to see many people. But it is easy to go; and it is for him to judge what will be for his happiness."

"*Sept. 21st*. It is absolutely necessary to write a little although I have no great mind to it. And what to say? I will say all that comes into my head. I have just been reading Tasso with Anna. I take much pleas-

ure in that occupation, and so does she. I have just stayed in my chair all day, and that is fatiguing. I have given the girls their geography lesson, and I have read Molière, which amuses me deliciously. Father reads Rob Roy every evening. I do not too well like these novels; they make me think of nothing else; that is vexatious. Nevertheless I like to read them sometimes, and I want to hear father read them. I wish I could know if I write well, but there is no one here to tell me."

"*30th Sept.* I do not write often enough to gain much. I am not ignorant that much is wanting to make me write well. I fear I shall not do it in a long time. But I will keep on; that is the way to succeed."

"*Oct. 7th.* We have much to do at present. As for Aunt Fanny, she has much too much on her hands. Truly the times are changed, since we were in our town house. For me, I have so many things to do, that I can hardly conceive it possible to do them all. At least I don't do it. There is my chapter, Tasso to read, a geography lesson to give, an Italian lesson to Anna, a French lesson to Ellen, two music lessons a week to Fanny, practising music myself, reading French history, and finally writing French, besides many other things that I have not the time to write down."

It may interest some of the younger folk to know how we studied geography, ancient and modern. My sister prepared a boxful of slips of stiff paper, writing on each—in old English text—the name of a city, a country, a state, or some other big mundane thought. From this box we drew our daily questions, then on the map studied them out as thoroughly as we could; size, boundaries, rivers, mountains—all that could be learned. It was a far better game than "Tiddle-de-

Winks." Our history game, too, was delightful, and wrought out in the same way. Richard the first and all about him; then "Warriors of his reign," "Learned men," "Poets," "Events"—all on separate slips; and all answers to be dug out with our own hard work from our store of books. My father believed in such groupings.

"10th Oct. I know nothing better to do at present than to write in my journal. I have a very good pen, and it will serve to distract the thoughts which have held me too long. For a person of good sense, I am the greatest fool in the world, for I torment myself about nothing and for nothing. Thus last night I sat up till it was very late; I do not know at what hour I went to bed. Novels are bad things for people made as I am. The best way is to let them alone. I wish my journal to be the deposit of my sentiments, of my thoughts, and of what passes here at home, especially in the minds."

"Sat up"—If she had filled out the description, she would probably have added "on the floor." That was her favourite place at night, when she had a story, or a question, or a worry, in her head; and you might as well have besought the floor itself to rise and come to bed. Once deep in a dream about a book, or over it, by day or night, and she was impervious to sight or sound. You might call her a half-dozen times, and she would smile over her page, or gloom at her vision, without the slightest notice-taking of you; answering at last to push and pull, with a calm, bewildered, deprecating look, that came from the antipodes. But she had a healthy young appetite, and that was a help in getting her to meals.

"11th Oct. I have neglected many things today

that I ought to have done; I have been in the clouds, that is to say, I have been very silly; but unhappily I am not the less that for knowing it."

"*17th Oct.* It is very warm, but I do not dare to open either the door or the windows for fear of the wasps, which spread themselves about in great numbers on the south side of the house, and fly all about it; and I do not like their stings. I could write much if I had more time. If ever we come back to the state of doing just what we like, and nothing else, I think I shall have great joy. Mr. Alden came to see us yesterday. After tea we had a most enjoyable conversation. I need not say *we*, for I took little part in it; but it gave me great pleasure. They spoke of Washington, of the Revolutions, English and American, of Greek, of Homer, and of different poets. I delight to listen to my father.

"Tomorrow will be Sunday. How quick the Sundays succeed each other. Time passes too fast, ah too fast. One cannot delay it, and all one can do is to turn it to account."

Yes, there was much to do; and the household expenses were clipped on all sides. Dress, and journeys, and servants—those pleasant little externals of life,—were rigidly kept down. So many people *had* to be employed out of doors (if the property was ever to produce anything) that we in the house learned to help ourselves. And my Sybarite sister would have liked to push the work back, with both her hands.

"*27th Oct.* Aunt Nancy is here, but not for long. She will leave us Ellen for the winter. There is the bell. Father will be here soon, perhaps. We expect him tonight. I have tired myself today with various labours. I should like to see the day when I need not

work. Nevertheless, I find myself the better for it; it does me good; I know it. But however that may be, I do not like to wash dishes, nor dust furniture, nor to sweep rooms, nor to set the table—and there is father.”

“*28th Oct.* I have never liked to read those journals where people speak very freely of their most private sentiments and most secret thoughts. Nevertheless, perhaps I should be willing to write in that fashion if I was very sure nobody would ever see it; and it is even possible that I may do it, at all risks, but not just now.”

“*29th Oct.* Now the evenings are long, I must make better use of them than I have lately. Of course I have written French, but it is needful to sew as well. I ought not to leave Aunt Fanny to do all the work alone. I like better to write or to read than to sew or work. I think I make progress. I love to read Sévigné. It is one of the finest books I have ever seen.”

“*30th Oct.* This month the weather has been of the finest; one could not enjoy it enough. We took father to the north bay this morning. He left us alone there for an hour. We busied ourselves cracking and picking out nuts, eating apples, and rowing hither and thither on the bay. There is nothing pleasanter than to be in the boat when the weather is fine, and do nothing.”

“*2nd Nov.* I should like to write a little, but I am not as lively at night as I am in the morning. There is no remedy for that. Often it is not possible for me to write before afternoon, and perhaps not then. Our good cook has gone to N. Y. for two days; thus we have all the work of the household on our hands; that is too much. Aunty is tired and I am stupid. It is true that for me, I should not complain. I have not worked too much; for Aunt Fanny it is different. The children

are gone to bed. Father, Aunty, and I are going to have a cup of chocolate."

"*Nov. 4th.* We have been to row today. Our cook has come back. I am very glad of it. I teach Ellen French; she is a very good little scholar. Anna and Ellen laugh half the time. I have never seen such laughers."

"*5th Nov.* I shall be well pleased when all the outdoor affairs are in order. At present there is nothing but bringing stone, raising walls, killing pigs, digging wells, burying cabbages, building hot houses, shingling roofs, and making pig pens. One wearies to hear it all talked of all the time. And within doors there is occupation enough. But as soon as one reads or writes, what do all these things matter? One troubles oneself about them no more, they are no longer worth anything, unless perhaps they make one enjoy one's ease all the more."

"*13th Nov.* Last night, after Anna and Ellen had gone to bed, the fancy took Aunt Fanny to have some chocolate. I brought the saucepan; she boiled the chocolate; we remembered that A. and E. were very fond of chocolate, that they would be sorry not to have some. Fanny went to tell them. They got up and dressed directly and came down. They get cakes, the chocolate is ready, we take it; we chatter and laugh sufficiently; and afterwards we all go to bed."

"*14th Nov.* I remember being well content, four years ago, to be only *sixteen*. Now I am more than twenty. Times have changed since then, and as for me I believe I am changed too. Then I was happier, gayer, more exempt from care than anybody in the world. Now, although I am happy and perhaps yet more gay than formerly, I know well that I am a woman and no

more a child; and that it must be that I encounter not cares only, but real sorrows in life. To prepare myself for them is at present my duty."

"*15th Nov.* I have spent the most part of the morning ironing. I am a little tired. Formerly I had more time than I wanted; now, I should be very glad to have all that I then lost. I do not know how I can be as gay as I am nowadays, for it is possible that we are to be ruined,—what people call *ruined*. Perhaps I do not know what ruin means. Certainly I have had little experience of misfortune. But each one must smell of his own nosegay."

The young hands were full, and yet the young life never sank down to the level of those many prosaic occupations.

"Aunt Fanny is sick," she writes another day. "Father is very busy. For me, I have made pumpkin pies today; I am reading at present Sévigné and l'Histoire de France; this in the morning, before breakfast; the other at all times. I take much pleasure in both, but I read very little in them each day."

Two days later.

"We are all so busy. I have never seen such a time. I am not able to do all I would. I do not study Italian, I play but very little on the piano, I do not read much, I do not even write every day. I do not sing at all, except on Sundays. I do not even give the lessons regularly. But for me, it is a little matter; father and aunty have the worst; they are the ones to be really pitied."

Never complaining or hanging back, and never losing her taste for higher things.

"My dear Aunt" (Aunt Nancy) "came yesterday morning, just as we were at breakfast. It is a great

pleasure to see our dear Mme. Blanche fleur" (so we had named her) "but it is also a pain to say goodbye; but it has to be. There are almost no pleasures in this world that are not either preceded or followed by pain. My dear father went to town tonight; his affairs give him trouble enough. I do not know what is to become of us. It is very cold. The north windows are covered with white frost. The river is not frozen yet, but it will be soon if this weather continues."

"At last she is gone. The poor children Anna and Ellen are much afflicted. Separations are cruel things; but for me, I feel them less than anybody. I have a little fear that I am too much given to self-love. We are close upon winter. Well, while I have life and health, I want to fulfill my duties much better than I have up to this time. I have two faults which I ought to correct—I am too idle, lacking in application, and I want patience. I am very wrong to speak as I often do to Aunt Fanny, and even to whoever it may be that crosses my humour."

"*Friday.* For two days I have been a little out of sorts, but today I am well. I am going to teach Fanny to draw with crayons. Truly, I have things enough on my hands. If I can attend to them all, it will not matter. It seems that the education of Fanny and Anna depends on nobody but me, and now I have Ellen also; and I like it well enough provided I have the time."

"*Dec. 2nd.* Father is in town. Alas, he carries a heavy burden, and we cannot help him. He bears up passably well, but truly there are times when he feels it only too much. Far from us, alone in the midst of a multitude; between the chagrins and the sorrows that are in his path, sometimes he thinks he shall die; so he told us the other day."

"3rd. I have just finished reading 'Roxobel' aloud. It is a pretty little book. After that I think I shall read Maria Edgeworth's 'Moral Tales.' Fanny has never read them, nor Ellen; and as for me, though I had read them a hundred times, I love them always. My dear father's still in town. I have had much leisure today. So I have had a good practice on the piano, studied history, and Tasso, and read my chapter. I have not read French with Ellen—that is bad. I ought not to miss a single day."

"4th Dec. Here I am at the last page. I wish absolutely to finish this book this very evening, if possible, but I doubt about it; the weakness of my eyes hinders me much; and there remain fifteen great lines to fill. I will do my best. I am tired of this old journal book. Today I have made butter, and ironed. I have played on the piano; I have read Italian; I have made the girls write half of a history lesson. I have read French with Ellen. We expect father this evening; but it is late, the boats do not appear yet. We have had today one of the highest tides we have ever had. I fear it may damage the north dike. It has gone over the old south dike, and inundated the meadows, at least in part. I should like to know what has become of the stacks of hay. It is a bad business. I have finished my task, and I stop very willingly."

So ends the French journal,—and for two or three years documents of any sort are few. No spare money for journal books and little time to write; and as we were constantly at home there were few letters, save now and then one to my father in town. But in the old Revolutionary house the checker work of life went on in pretty full measure, nevertheless; and the young hearts could not be kept down. My father said we were

laughing when he went out, laughing when he came in, and he supposed were laughing all the time between. Certainly if sober looks came they were not kept for him. What should we have done in all those cloudy days, if my father's strength and cheer had not seemed to us of more importance than anything else in all the world? We caught up our own courage, to help lift his.

What though then the path may lie
Where sands are burning, and streams run dry?
What though mirage be the fairest view?—
Palms of victory grow there too!

CHAPTER XI

SHADOW AND LIGHT

IF it be true, as the world's history seems to say, that the Lord has always his agents prepared and ready to take the lead, in any great world-crisis; so also, I doubt not, does he secretly shape and train his humbler servants, for their unseen road, their unguessed life.

Aunt Fanny knew most of the perplexities that were closing in around my father; but even he himself never dreamed of the depth of evil that was at work against him. For he was of that rare type which cannot even *imagine* a breach of honour. Practised lawyer though he was, and firm believer in the total depravity of mankind, he never could bring it down to the individual specimen. Not if the risk concerned himself. "I had rather be wronged, than to doubt everybody," he said; living up to the lovely, dangerous maxim, and taking the consequences with patient bravery. In all the years that followed, when surely he was tried, if ever man was, I never heard my dear father complain of his hedged-in way, or say one unchristian word of the men who planted and tended the thorns. And to this day, some of the oldest inhabitants hereabouts speak with wondering reverence of "Mr. Warner's patience." Never losing his trust in God, never staying his own eager efforts; never murmuring, never gloomy; never too absorbed for his children's talk and needs. Into the wrong-doing of those very troublous times, I wish



Susan Warner
From a Water Color by Anna B. Warner

to go as little as may be; let hatchets lie where the leaves of so many years have heaped and hidden them. Most of the men concerned have passed away; and there may be no one now living, who will understand and place the few details which must be given, for my story's sake.

When my father bought the Island, he purchased also the large tract of meadowland that fills the old east channel of the river, wishing to have it dry and not wet, for health and for profit's sake. There had long been mud dikes at either end; but these, constantly riddled by the musk rats, were of little use. At once, before he came there to live, my father began to build dikes of gravel,—broad and high and strong. The north dike was already finished, the meadows were drying off, the upland grass beginning to come in. I think the south dike was also under way.

It was late summer on the Island; my father was away in the western part of the State, attending the old Court of Errors, and with a very important case in hand.

Then one morning the men came to my aunt, and told her that one of our geographical neighbours had taken a posse of his hands, the night before, and cut through our north dike.

Aunt Fanny decided at once that my father must have no disturbed mind for his case; and she would not send him word. "Cut branches and fill in the gap," she said, "that the gravel may not wash away." This was done.

Two nights after, there were three cuts made in the dike. There was nothing left us then, but to wait till my father came home.

Having put the fast improving land once more under

water, the men went before the Grand Jury and indicted my father "for building a nuisance." And of course he sued them for damages. There followed years of litigation; it seems to me I grew up on it; witnesses, papers, trials, suits; and these things *cost*. What the rest of us could do to help we did; went without, drew in, economized in every way; and copied law papers even unto stiff wrists. No typewriters then. But meanwhile the river flowed in and out, in and out, over our poor meadows, with all the dollars spent on them sinking rapidly beyond our reach. My sister had had beautiful visions of "when the meadows are drained": that would never be seen by us. I may just add, that the dike troubles lasted for years; ending in an arbitration; when one of the three arbitrators dined every day with our opponents, and the anomalous result was, the costs to the other party, but no damages to us.

"On the side of their oppressors was power." I read the words with a strange stricture of heart, sometimes; but if "Stone walls do not a prison make," neither does poverty make one poor. Looking back, I can guess a little what the fight and struggle were; but through it all, we learned to cling to each other, in a way that made us millionaires. No one can measure the intense strength of the love that in those years grew up between us four. What did my father mind, after all, while he had us? Or we, though the world turned off and left us, if only it did not distress him! And life was full; not only of work, but of the fine experience which thrives on the stoniest soil. We learned what life *means*, and that no work is dry which is done with cheery good will, for a loving purpose. What delight to make my father's shirts, and to iron them, as daintily as young hands could. And when my sister in her zeal

made the neck gathers so fine that they would not go into the band, what fun we made of them and of her! How pleasant to cook up some dainty dish, after a tired day,—and what could be sweeter, than to surprise Aunt Fanny with some bit of darning; finished and not left for her to do. At one or two of the holiday times when we had no money for gifts, my sister made elaborate candy boxes for my cousin Ellen and me; elaborate and big; decorating and binding with little pictures and coloured paper, and painting dainty motto papers for filling; while my father brought the candy from town. Often he helped her choose the mottoes, sometimes wrote them out of his own head. Perhaps he would add for each child a book out of his own store; and Aunt Fanny would give some little comfort to wear, made by her own dear fingers. We all tried for something.

During all our straitness, we had books in quantity; pictures ditto; engravings, the piano, our mother's paint box, and the loveliest abode in the world.

Thus the young life opened into young womanhood, with all the setting changed, and only herself the same. For still she loved power, and ease, and dreams; and still would have had the work of the world go on without her handling. To hold the bridle, to manage the oars, were always a delight; and to drive—if she held the reins. Otherwise, she was wont to say “the horses had the best of it!” As for rowing, the old West Point ferryman used to declare that except Jenny Lind, when she was in our waters, no woman ever rowed so well as my sister. And I fancy the masterful spirit helped her, even in the prosaic housework which she did not like; for having once laid hold of the churn, she was bound to conquer.

The next winter we spent in town; hearing on Sunday the most blessed of old-time sermons from Dr. Skinner, and four wonderful discourses from Mr. Kirk, in the old Mercer St. Church.

A soul loving truth for truth's sake, seldom, I suspect, plays tricks with itself; and there was never a time, I think, when my sister was not a through and through believer in the Bible. She knew its words were true; its requirements just; to obey them was another matter. The strong self will, the beloved self pleasing, were in her way; while a keen relish for "the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them," had grown with her years. Not a bit smothered by the new experiences, but biding its time. Yet she never thought of abating the Bible authority and demands by even a farthing weight; and was always eager that my father (our only Church member then) should come up to the highest ideal standard. It distressed her to have him even miss a prayer meeting.

I do not know the working of her mind through those first winter months in town; perhaps she hardly knew it herself; but one small thing brought sudden light and purpose. This I have heard her tell.

Walking up Waverley Place one day, she met an acquaintance who just then was counted a leader of fashion. And as they passed, this woman's bow was so slight and cool, that it had almost the air of a rebuff. Whether so meant or not does not matter; it seemed so to my sister. And as she walked on, with that sense of check that is so painful to a young person, all her nerves astir at the supposed slight, she said in her heart that she would put her happiness in a safer place, beyond the reach of scornful fingers. She would have something that should stand, though the whole world

went to pieces. It was the old cry in different words: "But now they desire a better country."

For me, no one knew that for the last six months I had been so eager a listener, that Sunday after Sunday I wrote down much of the sermon after I came home. What that meant I never guessed myself, until one Sunday in March, when Dr. Skinner gave out the first notice of the April Communion, and of the meetings of the Session to examine those who wished to join the Church. Then, words I had heard Mr. Kirk say, sprang up before me: "Others are entering, why not you?"

There had been distributed through the Church that winter little printed copies of the beautiful membership covenant, with a list of the members. I went home this day, to study that. It lay in a closet drawer; and many, many times a day I would jump up from my work, go to the closet, and for a minute or two pore over some sentence of the covenant. Could I say this? Was I ready for that? I told no one, and nobody guessed; silently I thought out my own questions. It seems to me now, as I look back, that I thought of nothing else.

Of my sister's new resolve I knew nothing; I had always thought her good enough for any name or place. But perhaps there was something in the air that told—or I had reached the point where I *must* speak, for one day I asked her:

"What are you talking to father so much about?" And turning serious eyes upon me she answered: "About joining the Church." Then I told her my desire, and she told father. But we did not talk much together, even then. Each heart went its own way silently, sought out its own answers, and made its

own resolve. Was it the New England reserve, of which people speak?—Perhaps; I do not know. My father said some loving words to me about my new purpose; telling me it had been our mother's dearest wish that we should both be Christians; but I was so silent a girl, that no one ever tried to get much out of me; and the other talks I did not hear. For some reason,—perhaps because Dr. Skinner was such a personal friend,—instead of our going before the Session, he came to see us; bringing with him the senior Elder, Mr. Francis Markoe; a man "greatly beloved." It was late afternoon of the 2nd of April; the day shutting down in heavy, threatening fog.

Those who remember Dr. Skinner will need no telling of his words and looks; and to others I could never give the picture. So grave, so loving, so wise, so tender; and with that wonderful smile coming out now and then. The holy face, the gentle bend of the head at the answer to some question; I see it all again; and it may comfort those who are so greatly afraid of "sound doctrine" and its rigorous ways, to know that we were put through no stiff formula. My sister said afterwards, that she could not see how we were admitted, having so little to say. But this Presbyterian pastor and Elder kept their search very close to the personal side of religion; what it was to us, what we were willing it should be. And if Mr. Markoe put one question deeper than most young converts could answer, it was only touching what had long been the joy and crown of his own life.

"Do you love holiness?" he asked my sister. And she was silent for a little, looking down. Then her eyes were lifted, and with a half smile, a look as lovely as honest truth could make it, she answered:

"I do not know, sir." But I think, as I look back, that Mr. Markoe must have read the answer in her face. And then Dr. Skinner turning to me, asked what had moved me to wish to be a Christian.

"He that hath received his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true." So the words sprang to my lips; but I was too timid to say them, and sat quite silent.

"You do not think religion a melancholy thing?" he went on, after pausing a little. And I suppose my joyous cry of: "O no, Sir!"—answered several questions at once. The sagacious, practised men were at no loss to see that we were in the deepest, most eager earnest. In the words of one of our dark-skinned sisters: "I's no free mon's man; praise God, I 'se listed fo' de war."

So they went; and to this day I never go by the old Fourth Street corner without seeing again the two dark figures, as in the deepening gloom they took the diagonal of Washington Square. I stood and watched them from the window, while my sister went upstairs and locked herself in; disheartened over her silence and hesitation; and stayed there in tears and prayers, all through the thunderstorm which broke over the city. Questioning among the rest, how she could be fit to join the church when she was still afraid of storms. Says old Matthew Henry: "The child that cries is as sure alive as the child that laughs."

What a sermon Dr. Skinner preached that next Sunday! My father said it seemed just meant for us two. The simplest talk, and chiefly in plain Bible words; taking up the jailor's inquiry: "What must I do to be saved?" and then the doubts, difficulties, hindrances, of some sort or another, which one soul or

another, thinks it finds between itself and Christ. The sinner raising his objections; the loving Saviour meeting and answering them one by one. And shall I ever again hear the wild sweet pathos of "Federal Street," without hearing also the words that went with it that day.

Behold the Saviour at thy door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before
Has waited long; is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

In two hearts there, at least, he was welcome, and two set wide the door, as well as they knew how. And the allegiance thus sworn, was never broken.

I think perhaps my sister's better knowledge of me, our real intimacy, began there. For now we were on ground where neither years nor knowledge went for much. So with one thought we sang together in the evenings:

"O that my load of sin were gone,"—

"Speak, Lord, the trembling sinner cheer."

And with one purpose of heart, stood side by side in the church, giving our assent to the loving words of the Covenant: the old-time faith.

"And unto this Triune God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, you do now solemnly give yourselves away, in a covenant never to be revoked, to be his willing servants for ever."

I think then, the bond was knit between us two, which should outlast all time and change. For still I find myself questioning what she would have me do;

still, unconsciously, I say "we," and "ours." And if I write on the fly leaf of a book, it is often the two names together, as they used to be. Only when some sharp earthly wind smites me in the face, then I cry out for joy, that it cannot reach her.

CHAPTER XII

MORE LESSONS

BUT while we were thus learning to lay fast hold on eternal life, the life that now is was changing for us at a quicker and quicker rate. More and more the girl brought up in genial luxury, found in books, pictures, and her piano, the only tokens of what had been. And even they were to go; the piano, and many of the books and pictures.

I cannot here give precise dates; but during this next decade a new and larger trouble was looming up; delayed, pushed back, kept off for a time, by my father's unceasing efforts, but none the less surely making its way.

When he bought the Island, the meadows, and a large tract on the table land beyond, it was not all for his own use; he meant to improve, cultivate, and resell. Island and meadows were all paid for, and the farm in part, with a small mortgage remaining. By special request of the former owners this mortgage was drawn so as to cover the whole property. They also agreed to make partial release of title, just so fast as my father could arrange resales. But this one little clause of the arrangement was only verbal; I think it never once occurred to my father, that men with whom he was on terms of social intercourse, could break their word.

Then my uncle, the only witness to the transaction, went abroad and died there; and in those days, a man

might not testify in his own cause. And so, when my father had made a number of resales, and called for the promised partial release of title, it was flatly refused; the whole title or none; which of course meant the whole mortgage dues as well; and the whole—with all resales cut off—my father could not just then pay. It was a time of straitness in the land; and his hands were encumbered with other property besides that in the Highlands.

Then two of my father's oldest friends in New York—those at whose house he had first met my mother—stepped in between the mortgage and us; assumed the debt and began to pay it off; themselves to be paid later when resales could be made. An unspeakable relief to my father.

No sales could be made then with business in the state it was; and of course the men with whom he had before agreed had now sought out other building sites.

How much of this was told at home, unless to my Aunt Fanny, I do not know. Cloud shadows I do remember; but young hearts have their own special morning light; and the new life and joy upon which two of us had entered made "the balancings of the clouds" a less anxious study. There was new work for us too. Sunday school classes were taken up, with other classes in the week; and my sister afterwards drew one of our neighbours into a sort of tract visiting. A very fair, ideal thing, to go by that name. Our district (I always went with her, in profound silence) lay at Garisons; a little hamlet called then by some other name; and there was the loveliest pull down the river, and then the walk here and there up hill and down, to the small scattered houses. The statelier abodes on the hill were in the other district.

She had taken up her journal again, and the old characteristics came out, with a difference.

"July 11th. I begin a new page today appropriately, for I trust it is a new page in my life as well. It is the same book, but a new journal; and it is the same life of which I write, but I verily hope devoted to new ends. It is my 22nd birthday. Nearly twenty-two years of this life of mine, blessed with uncommonly great advantages, have been spent away from God, and with no practical acknowledgment of his goodness. Hoping as I do, that the future years of my life may bear very little resemblance to the preceding ones, it is fitting that on this day I should seriously consider the ground I stand upon; and considering the deceitfulness and easiness of the heart, it is as well perhaps that I should do it in writing, where I am somewhat obliged to be definite. And for the purpose I choose to answer the questions prepared by Matthew Henry, rather than to devise some for myself."

Three of the questions follow, with her personal answer to each; then she goes on:

"I cannot finish all of Mr. Henry's questions today. But I wish to write, partly for my future admonition and remembrance, that I have given myself up to God, and I am henceforth not my own, but his who, I venture to hope, hath brought me from darkness to light. And inasmuch as I can of myself do nothing, I humbly pray of him whose grace can more than supply all my wants, to enable me in all respects to live as his child and to keep me unto the end, for Christ's sake, Amen!"

"Dec. 19th. On looking over the past week, and endeavouring to scrutinise my heart and conduct, I see reason to be thankful that I have lived till today, and have still time to amend. Without many great irreg-

ularities in my outward conduct, I fall greatly short of the Gospel standard: 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his'—and how little of that spirit can I find in myself; how little love to God and man—how little of the self-denial, meekness, deadness to the world, and holiness, of that spirit.

"And now I have a little time here, a few days, to do all that ever I can do for myself or others in this world; to prepare for that other world to which at the farthest I must be near. Oh how doth it become me to watch and be sober, to strive after holiness, to have my conversation in heaven, and live above the world, and its concerns. Oh may I remember that 'he that saith that he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk even as he walked'; and may God give me grace so to do in some measure, and so fill my heart with his love that the love of the world may no longer have place in it. What manner of persons ought we to be! Up and be doing my sluggish soul; run the race that now must soon be lost or won; slumber no longer. Oh make the most of each day, there will not be one too many for the work thou hast to do. Remember!—remember—! 'he that shall come will come, and will not tarry.'"

A month later:

"I have determined, upon good reasons, to keep an account of each day's doings in writing. I hope it may help me in the great business of keeping my heart, of which I feel the necessity, and may assist me to maintain what if I know myself I surely desire, if I may so far presume, a close walk with God. Since I have given myself and all I have to him, meet it is that I should be watchful and wary in all my doings; that I do not offend him in ought, that I do nothing but with a single eye to his glory and will, nothing but with an

eye and a reference to him; that I glorify him in all my walk and conversation, and that I never wander for a moment from the Fountain of living waters, to content myself with the broken cisterns of this world, which I am so prone to want to do. I must watch—yet I cannot keep myself. Oh hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.”

Old fashioned standards these, telling of unclipped faith. But about that word “prone” which she uses;—the day went by when it was true for her. Later in life, when people around her were singing “Come thou Fount of every blessing”; giving with much seeming zest the first two lines of the last four; as if that was the proper way to feel; her voice always ceased, and she was quietly silent until those two lines were sung. “Prone to wander” she could no longer say with truth. It should have been, rather,—“Whom have I in heaven but Thee.”

And in even her early Christian life, she took no lower aim. “Oh help me, Thou who canst,—that I may be indeed holy and wholly thine in every thought, work, and word, and indeed glorify Thee to the utmost of my ability. Change this heart that it may live to Thee only, and be my portion forever, and may I be most humbly and steadfastly devoted to Thee through all time and eternity, Amen.”

“Very much under the weather this day or two with my cold and the effects of medicine, but better today. Sickness is salutary, for it makes me sober, and one cannot be *that*—too much: sober-minded I mean. I think it is possible to be too sober-faced. I find a sad deficiency in spirituality. Yet I am not satisfied to take ‘the middle walk of Christianity.’ Then let me not sleep, but watch and be sober; and in especial mind

these two things: 1st. to live more on the Bible. 2nd. To rest short of nothing less than the sense that God is my Father, and that I am his child, living in an humble and child-like waiting upon him. 'Open thou mine eyes: that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law,' and 'Oh hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.'

"How often when I pray I have no clear apprehension of him I am addressing. It must be my own fault; sometimes a worldly or a divided heart I fear is the reason. O Lord cure me of this malady. Could I but with Stephen, see always the Son of man standing on the right-hand of God, how differently should I live.

"I know, that were it not for one stronger than I am, I should wander, no more to return; my strength is not in me."

We spent the next winter at the Island, but living not at all like hibernated bees: my father much of the time in town.

"Jan. 17th. My dear Father.

"I would fain add a word to Anna's short epistle, but what shall I tell you? News are scarce here, and yet news are not always the things one wishes to hear. Imagine us then this morning just after the old fashion, busy, quiet, cosy, with the sun shining as brightly without as if it was April. Was ever such weather in the middle of January. Believe me, the sun shines within too, upon one of us at least; and when that is the case, you know the brightness within and without tend to enhance each other.

"I am glad you had such a prosperous journey; and I hope you may ere long have a better one back. Our

school gets on prosperously, as Anna has informed you. Only J. came Sunday morning; perhaps N. was afraid. According to Aunt Fanny's advice however, I just let him read the first chapter of Genesis, and did not say anything to alarm him. Aunt Fanny has also put it into my head to teach the girls sewing, and I mean they shall work neither for themselves nor yet for me, but for our Missionary box. So I should like, if it be perfectly convenient (not else) the said piece of cotton shirting, as that would furnish different kinds of work, overhand, hemming, etc. If also you should meet with some very coarse paper at auction, for a trifle, it would do much better than better paper for writing. I have n't time to say more.

"Pray keep a good heart about money affairs. I do, but to be sure it is easy for me. Never mind how they go, so we do our part. I don't think it matters much really.

"Yours affectionately,
"Susan."

It must have been about this time, I think—certainly very early in her religious life—a subtle temptation laid hold of her. The notion that the reverse of wrong must be right. Displeasing oneself, of necessity wholesome; and the antipodes to comfort, a safe place. That touch of asceticism which has turned so many heads. And it shews how eagerly she was handling her ease-loving self, when she writes:

"I am bothered about eating or not eating." How much and of what sorts, should she allow herself. And for a time, Aunt Fanny's entreaties and worryings were of no avail. She "kept under the body," in the way Paul did *not* mean; fasted, denied herself; until

she became very seriously out of health. The delusion was short-lived, but not so its effects; and she was sent away from home for change and cure.

“*Sept. 17th.* My dearest Aunty.

“I feel I must write to you this afternoon, though I have enough else to do. Somehow or other I manage to have very little time indeed, instead of a great deal. We have breakfast late,—that is one reason; when one gets up from the breakfast-table at half past eight, a good part of the morning is gone. We are not always quite so late as that; but afterwards I have my bed to make and room to dust, and perhaps something to do for Aunt Nancy, and myself; and walking takes up time; and so what with one thing and another my days pass and very little *work* is accomplished, and I have but very little time either for *amusement*. You will judge so when I tell you that I have not sewed my missionary hour one day this week that I know of. Yesterday and one other day I went out twice to walk; three times before today I have made bread; and today I have swept and dusted my room, made bread and pies, and perhaps I may go to walk after this letter is finished; if I do not it will be because I am too tired. You see my dear Aunty I have grown stronger; Aunt Nancy says that I look better than I did when I came. Do you think I shall not be soon fit to resume my place and my share of labours among you? I take the medicine Aunt Nancy has prepared for me, and I use my hair mitten regularly, but I have gone back to milk and water. Am I wrong do you think? . . .

“But what can I tell you? With what warm affection I bear you all on my heart I need not tell you. And so you I doubt not remember me; and to love and

be loved is one of the best blessings of life, that nothing but death can take from us. But O let us be provided with something better against that day that must come.

"Don't think me melancholy; I almost never am for any length of time. And this thought need not make us so. It would if there were nothing better, but, let us never cease to be thankful there is, and within our reach too.

"I can imagine you all tomorrow at your cheerful Sunday morning breakfast. and happy five o'clock supper. Such suppers and breakfasts are not known in this house.

"Dearest Aunty, father, Anna, good-bye—good-night.
"Your affectionate Susan."

The "missionary hour" of which she speaks, came thus. We agreed, all of us, to sew one hour each day for mission boxes. This was afterwards changed to *all we could sew* every Thursday.

In the fall of 1843, the journal gives quite a full account of the weekly tract distribution; and one could smile, and sigh too, over details that are so like what takes place today. People say we need "a new gospel," "new methods"—better "suited to the times"; and behold the times are identical, and the human hearts the same, in all that the "good news" was meant to reach. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be."

"*Sept. 12th.* Today began my Tract visiting. I had arranged with Miss —— that she should take the hilltop and we the hillside. So this afternoon we set out. We had very fine weather. Anna and I rowed, (with John) and we took George to walk with us. I had somewhat dreaded the business, and been exceeding willing

to put it off from day to day, but all was made easy;—how needless and wrong to fear when I have such help to depend on. Let me remember that there is *nothing* I cannot do or bear with God's help, and trusting in him let 'Nothing venture nothing have' be my motto.

"We went first to the lower dock, and proceeded to the only inhabited house on the landing. The name is B——. The mistress of the house came up to see us from making pies, with her hands in flour. She is not religious, nor any of her children—her husband is a member of the church. She thought that people sometimes make a profession of religion and are not a bit better than their neighbours—to which I assented; but reminded her that would not excuse *us*. I talked a little to her and to a daughter who made her appearance—left the tract and came away.

"The next place was L. H's, a few steps up the hill, a poor family. The father and mother both ostensible christians—several not ill-looking children. The children go to S. School, and they have regular family prayer. Rather a nice sort of body and talked away glibly enough. Next to Mrs. B——n's, where we sat a long time—she talked so much before I felt as if I had said all I wished to say. She is quite a liberal thinker,—if one lives up to one's religion, it will do,—but seemed to agree that if the true religion is accessible one is not justified in taking up with something else. . . .

"I told her God's requirements were not 'liberal, but strict—mentioned the command 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart.' . . . She received my words and tract kindly. I prayed with her, and we came away. Old Mrs. H's was the next. She is a member of the church. She was 'obliged to us' and asked when we would come again.

“Then we came to the first landing, where are 2 houses. In one of them we found a young woman with a very young baby—name L. She was not religious, but promised me to read the tract. Her back was towards me much of the time, I don’t know whether she was laughing at my words or listening to them. At Mrs. N’s we found a nice sort of woman with several children. The mother not a member of any church—children go to S. S. On the piazza I saw a young woman who lives, as she told me, 3 miles back in the country—none of the family religious. I gave her a tract. She began to laugh when I began to talk to her. Gave a couple to a man standing at the door of the store, and that finished the day’s work. We rowed home with lighter hearts than we rowed down with. Gave the same tract all round this time—don’t think I shall do so again. It was that ‘Dialogue between the Bible and a sinner.’ I gave with it the Swearer’s Prayer to the men at the store.”

So she went and came, winning her way for her message, as well as for her own dear self. At the next visit to Mrs. B’s: “She sat soberly attending to me—said she liked to hear me talk, and twice invited me to call again.” At the next: “I had quite an interesting visit—at least I was led to give my testimony to the excellency of religion in a way that as it was with some expression of feeling on my part, so I think it may have elicited some in theirs. Gave the ‘Dairyman’s Daughter.’ Saw the mother and the daughter down in the kitchen. The mother ‘thanked me a thousand times,’ or something like that expression,—said she should never forget me; would be glad if I *would come and spend the afternoon with them.*”

“Mrs. B——n. wanted to *purchase* of me the Bax-

ter's Call I had left with her, with which she professed herself well pleased; but I fear it is mostly as a literary production; how else can a Universalist like it, without ceasing to be one? Recommended to her the Bible; left the Dairyman's Daughter."

Thus her Island life went on; so peaceful, so eager, so busy,—so shorn of almost everything girls are supposed to want. But you can see there is no chill in the atmosphere. No neglect of the outside world, what though *our* part of it seemed to have much forgotten us. S. School classes, teaching among our own work people, kept us wide awake; and the delightful Bible study after a royal plan which my father had thought out for us, was slowly fitting us for our future work, as perhaps nothing else could have done.

After that year, for many, we were always in town for the winter; trying boarding, at first; and then, in desperation, declaring that we "would rather live in the corner of a garret, with a saucepan and teakettle," than *so*,—we always took rooms where and as we could find and afford them, and kept house, somehow. Kept our family life, our time, and our identity.

There was but little journal writing there; only sometimes long abstracts of Dr. Skinner's sermons and lectures, and her own comments thereon. Church meetings were very refreshing after the scantier, dryer fare in the Highlands. They were many too, in those days. Sunday, Bible classes and S. School at 9 A. M. Preaching at 10.30. At 2 o'clock S. School, with a special Bible class for "domestics," and mission schools in the distance. Preaching at 3 o'clock; and at 7. a prayer-meeting in the lecture-room;—so full, sometimes, that benches were brought into the aisles. Then in the week, Tuesday night prayer-meeting, Thursday night

lecture; and the first Monday evening in each month, the concert of prayer for the conversion of the world. It sounds busy,—but I question if nervous prostration ever came in so. We never thought of accepting any other invitation on Church nights; and apart from the duty, the going was always a joy. In the starlit evenings, with very mild assistance from the old oil street lamps; or with shawl-muffled heads in a fast falling winter snow. Who minded weather in those pre-athletic days? One burst of song as you came into the bright lecture room—

Hail to the Lord's Anointed

and the snow was forgotten. Often, as I said, my sister wrote down at home some abstract of the talk or preaching; and perhaps one extract may be permitted here. Blue Presbyterianism is so little understood by the rest of the world. This was at the Sunday evening prayer meeting.

“Dr. Skinner went on to speak delightfully, and was himself a *beautiful exhibition*, so we thought. I never saw such a countenance. There was the very heart shining out at the face. He spoke of the two aspects under which religion is presented—on the one hand a struggle, a race, requiring self-denial and the most arduous exertions—and he told those he addressed that unless they had this sort of religion they were not in the way to heaven; on the other hand it is represented as the easiest thing in the world; ‘*only believe*,’ exercise a simple act of confidence, which is one of the pleasantest things to do. Then he shewed how these two views of religion harmonise—how the faith and love of Christ make it delightful to use self-denial and do everything else which in itself may be difficult and pain-

ful. But when he entered upon this part of his subject, how *he* smiled! I never saw the like but in himself,—it was perfectly infectious, the sunny gladness of that smile overspreading his whole face. It was quite impossible for me to refuse an answering smile; and I hid my face at last behind some one for fear I should be observed; but after I had done so my laughing turned to weeping. It is much my custom when the blessing is pronounced to lift up my heart in prayer for him who pronounces it.”

But it never was heard that even such a pastor had a whole congregation just like himself; and with some of the varieties my sister and I had much to do those winters. Eager to be in good works, if we only knew how; presenting ourselves at sewing societies and such like; we were picked out to serve as collectors for missions and other things—I forget just what. And then, as we were (the ladies remarked) “good walkers,” the longest, furthest off list was always given to us. No trolleys in those days, nor horsecars,—nor spare money in our purse had there been; and most of the dear ladies who made the lists, kept a carriage. But “holiness on the bells of the horses” was not written plain enough, to let us have a lift now and then. We *were* good walkers, and did not mind. What did try us (and there the carriage might have helped) was the social standing of a collector for missions; in the houses of some of those who figured on the list, we were under ban. The servants bade us wait in the hall; the mistress scanned us and questioned us. There was the Collector’s book indeed, with her own dues written down by her own hand; but still—young women so plainly and unfashionably dressed! For we were very poor just then, and shut off from most things; and I know it

had been very pleasant to think of even five minutes in certain houses, and of even a greeting from some people.

If it also tried us that in places where there seemed to be so much, so much!—the poor Collector's book received so little; that anomaly belongs to all ages:

"Lo, I dwell in a house of cedars; but the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord under curtains."

But we had seen the world just a little, and the unevenness struck us. I think we always came home rather toned down with it all. How we were allowed to do a worse thing, I can never understand. At some meeting the matter of tract visiting came up; with talk of a certain locality where no one wished to go. I remembered afterwards how one (not young) woman shrank back from it with horror; and how another, sotto voce, said: "Well if they are willing to go——"

We had not come there to refuse anything; and were besides in happy ignorance of the big city's byways; so we went; my sister, and I for her shadow.

There was one particular dark long passage—a gap in the line of wall—through which we passed from the open street to a poor little dwelling in an inner court. There lived an old coloured woman to whom my sister read and talked.

Sometimes all was quiet enough; but I remember well one day when a posse of wild men came racketing up on the low porch; quarrelling, swearing, shouting; and the kind old woman—my sister reading on the while—rose up and silently placed herself between the door and us.

I am glad we went: maybe the Lord had a message for that poor heart which no one could give so well as my darling. And I am quite sure the "other host" were

all about her. Yet I shiver sometimes, remembering the long dark passage and those voices.

The following July she tells of a new consecration of herself.

"I wish to note that I give myself today to my Saviour to '*follow him fully.*' May he enable me! I am a poor thing indeed. But he will enable me. He has given me abundant cause to love and trust him, and of late, and ever since I came home, his goodness toward me has been very great. May I dwell in the house of the Lord forever. May I bring forth much fruit to his glory while I live—I do wish that."

Later on in the same summer:

"Made again my tract visits. Had felt some repugnance before setting about it, but I have been abundantly satisfied that I am not out of the path of duty in the matter. Anna and Fanny both went with me but not into any house. They sat out on the bank, Anna with her crochet work, waiting for me. David was our escort."

After some of the other calls—"Then to Mrs. B——s. She has not been well—has sunk much in two years. Sat talking a good while before I entered upon the subject that brought me—at last began to ask her if she had followed my entreaty (made last fall) to read the Bible. She told me yes—and said she had changed her old way of thinking—had given up her former opinion (as to universal salvation) and her eyes reddened more than once or perhaps twice, during my stay. What was my gladness! I spoke of a change of heart—she said she did n't go as far as that, but made some reference I don't know exactly how, to divine assistance, to which I encouraged her to look, speaking strongly of the sweetness of the divine promises. I think I 'hoped

she would not cease till she had attained the change of heart, or assurance of salvation.' I don't know precisely what terms I used, but I believe she gave me some assurance that she should not—and I don't know that she did not make some reference to her not being a person to give up what she had undertaken. A most gratifying interview. What a change already in this woman! and how can I be humble enough and thankful enough. 'Sing praises to our King, sing praises,' may well be in my mouth. And now, oh how I long for her that she may be brought into the full light and hope of the blessed gospel!—how earnestly I desire and pray that the Lord may perfect his work in her! for how can it be other than his work which has brought her to confess, and that with indications of feeling, that she has relinquished her old belief? And now, oh! for a perfecting of this work! I will pray and I will hope too, and surely I have reason. She said she thought I would be pleased to hear it."

Few letters date back to just those years; and but few of any date can be given here for lack of space; but to me her letters are refreshing things. There is such well-bred composure about them, and the mere absence of slang is delightful. Nothing is "awful"; hardly anything "sweet" except roses; nothing "dear" but the loved ones at home. No one is "perfectly convulsed" with merriment, or "absolutely in despair" over a ribbon that does not match. There is a good and varied vocabulary, and time to choose from it. But give half the women (and men) of the present day a few stock phrases and the latest slang, and they have no use for the rest of the English language. The cool quiet of these pages of long ago is very restful; and it comes to one with a glad surprise, that our mother tongue is

after all, no poverty-stricken thing, but has a wealth of varied, wholesome, simple words. It is like coming out of a cupboard into space.

The ink has faded, but not enough to hide the clear, even beauty of the writing; from date to signature it is as legible as print. The paper is the old-fashioned "letter" size, folded in upon itself, with no envelopes. This first one was to me in town, where I was preparing for a first real fly-away from home.

"Write you when we are coming! Truly my little sister, I think not till you are gone to Boston. How coolly you ask it,—'write you when.' Certainly distance has in this instance lent its usual 'enchancing' effect to the view.

"How must have dwindled to *your* mind's vision that enormous mountain of 'things to be done,' which yet to our nearer apprehension has lost so little of its altitude and '*ponderosity*.' What do you think has become or will become of the endless shirts, petticoats, nightcaps, handkerchiefs, gowns,—nightgowns, 'nubes,' collars, caps, chokers, 'insiders,' undersleeves, and I know not what besides? They cannot be conjured out of the way, you know; it must be by very patient and ant-like labour that they shall be removed from our path; stitch—stitch—stitch; seam and gusset and band—band and gusset and seam; oh don't speak of it; but the pendulum has always a second to wag in, that's one comfort. When these obstacles are sufficiently cleared away, don't you think we will run to New York? with my hearty good will I assure you. Aunty has just directed me to tell you that she don't quite eat me up—which message has occasioned some merriment between us—I not having perceived any very alarming indications of danger in that quarter.

“I do not doubt you would like to know how we do without you. I will not conceal from you, that I think the face of things in no wise improved by the want of your little person flitting to and fro; and as for Aunt Fanny, poor soul! after suffering from a certain degree of cold for one or two nights she has been fain to make herself happy in a feather bed. But do not be melancholy on this account or think we are. Ask Aunty, and she will tell you that I laughed in the very act of shaking my handkerchief at the departing steamboat which carried you away, and that I made myself marvellously and unprecedently agreeable at supper. I began ‘Esther’ to Aunt Fanny last night and like it well. It is very cleverly and amusingly written. Father went to Poughkeepsie yesterday; so we are quietly trying to work away a little of that mountain of which I have spoken, and I at least have good hopes of seeing it greatly diminished by and by. If possible, and I trust it will be possible, it is much my wish to go (both of us) to make a bit of a visit at Mrs. Skinner’s before we establish ourselves at lodgings; but it cannot be till we pack you off to the East. It will be best, we think, for you to return home at the end of the week as was proposed. Pleasant as it would be to gratify Mary’s kind wish of having us all together at her mother’s house, it can’t be done, as you know if you will take the trouble to think; but I am aware it is sometimes the effect of change of scene and giddy society, to dissipate the sober and reasonable views of things people have entertained at home.

“Now for business. You will want linings, and Aunt Fanny will send some; but not till father goes. You might write again and let us know whether new stuff is needed, or if calico frocks are sufficient. Aunty has

both. She will send at any rate by father, whether we hear from you or not. I have no expectation that any very surprising amount of work will be accomplished by you, in the midst of all your talking and running about, and indeed I wish above all things that you should enjoy yourself; but lest by any possibility you should do anything to the shirt-bosoms I will give you one or two directions. Make the under half of the bosom with a plain hem, of the breadth of the plaits of course. As we have concluded to make them for *studs*, not buttons, the edge of said bosom need not be three-fold. And in the first plait of the *upper* half let the seam come directly in the middle of the plait when folded,—contrary to what I once told you. I find it convenient to make the buttonhole in the same. This thought is finished, as say the Sandwich Island boys.

“Aunty says don’t touch your *collar* till your necessary things are done.

“This also: Get if you can 4 of the knit nightcaps, large and thick.

“This also. Do not tire yourself with walking.

“From your very true Maypole friend.

“I will write to Mary another time—I cannot now. Love to all and remember me to Mrs. Elliott.”

CHAPTER XIII

AT HOME AND AWAY

It gives a true enough glimpse of our life just then. Work of many sorts—by the big handful, met and turned off with ready zeal; books chinked in here and there; fun always ready; love transfusing (and transforming) all. Privations not talked about, wishes in check; what we had, tasted and used to the full. Somehow as I look back, I cannot seem to remember that we ever missed or discounted the simple, sweet things in each day's portion. We went where we were asked, and wore what we had; I never remember our refusing an invitation because we had not the correct thing to put on; nor having our pleasure in the least bit shadowed by that fact. And so, in a quiet way, at this time, we went out a great deal. Our rooms that winter were very near the house of Mrs. David Codwise who wanted us whenever she could get us; and other friends seemed of the same mind; so that (with church nights) we were but few evenings at home. Sometimes we all went together; but to Mrs. Codwise more often, we two alone. For I always went there, though it was a grown-up set of young people, my sister's peers.—Charlotte Livingston and her brother, Harriet Schuyler, Mr. May and his two sisters, Mr. Mitchell, Miss Mitchell, Miss Elizabeth Kane—these were some of the regulars, with many occasionals from time to time. We had music, talk, sometimes games,

of which Mrs. Codwise was very fond. Old-fashioned games—"Twenty questions," "What's my thought like?" and so on; and some of my sister's answers were treasured and told, as especially brilliant.

Oysters, jelly, perhaps ice-cream, took their turn; and then I would hear Mrs. Codwise say: "There is Mr. Warner"—and look up to see my dear father greeting her and the rest with his old-time chivalry of manner. He had come to guard us home; something he never turned over to anyone else.

My sister's letters written to me later from town, when I was in Boston, are very like her, but I can give only a bit here and there.

"*New York.* Monday was a nice day. The remaining goods and chattels were sent off; father came up but had to go down again before two o'clock, and did not return to dinner. Aunty and I went out to get something for the servants, and succeeded in getting a pretty blue muslin for 2 shillings a yard for Hannah, and a showy worked collar for Sarah. Then we went to Mrs. Skinner's. Then we went round by Fourth St. to Brown's (first ordering a carriage at Burke's) and there we bought certain breads, cakes, and biscuits, for the comfort and delectation of Aunty and father in their solitude. We had—or I had—directed lunch to be ready at half past two. We had time to take down Mrs. Skinner's bedsteads. Then came our dinner of tea, bread and butter and eggs, and the carriage and bread came before I had done with the dinner. I saw Aunty off. What would you have done then? Shed tears at the thought of your lonely condition, or sympathised sorrowfully with Aunty and father in their prospect of the journey? I did nothing so sentimental; but set myself very seriously to the finishing of my eggs and

bread and butter, the former of which I finished literally. I let Hannah clear off the table, and then for some time I stayed alone in the old deserted parlours. I was in no hurry. At last I donned my hat and mantilla, and taking Mrs. Leslie's book and my parasol, went forth, intending to do a little business before I should repair to Mrs. Skinner's. I felt a singular pleasure that afternoon. I do not know that it had its root in anything good, and I shall not try to analyse it at present, but my enjoyment was rather peculiar. I did not wish to go to the Skinners' before their dinner, and so with the security of pleasure before me I was in no haste. It was a charming afternoon. I sauntered along down Fourth Street, to the Leslie's. After waiting some time down came Miss Emma, and would have had me forthwith take off my bonnet and stay, so at last what could I do but tell her my circumstances. But I sat a while with her. On my way up I stopped at Mrs. Mason's to find if she would want me the next day to cut out. Found she would want me. The conversation there was gratifying to me however, for she said some things that pleased me. In a most agreeable state of mind (in which I had been since I left Mrs. Mitchell's) I crossed the square to Waverley Place. It was late in the afternoon. Nobody but Elly was at home. She welcomed me, however, and with her I talked and drew and played duets till Mary and Mrs. Skinner came home, by whom I was most kindly received again. I had expected that my trunks etc. would be brought round in the afternoon or evening, but finding that could not well be, I went round myself with Jemmy to get nightgown etc. I filled my little bandbox with sundries, and Jemmy took it to bring home, but our journey on the return was not

without delays. Bruno was of the party, and he, naturally preferring the company of dogs to that of human kind, made troublesome excursions, or tarried behind, quite unconscionably and inconveniently; for when this happened, Jemmy delivered the bandbox to me and set off in pursuit of his erratic companion; leaving me my choice, to stand still where he left me or to follow after him as best I might. My position was not the most agreeable, for you must be sensible that a well-dressed lady standing alone in the middle of the street with an armful of bandbox, in the night, would *rather* attract the attention of the passers-by. In vain I asked Jemmy again and again to take care of Bruno and leave to me the easier care of the bandbox. However we got home safe."

The letter ends: "My dearest Annie good-bye. God bless you. Seek him and he will. Your Susan."

Later to me in Boston: "Pray give my love to all the three friends who are so delicately and thoughtfully kind to you; and to us through you. They have a claim upon us henceforth, not for asking you to come to Boston, but for that *kindness in little things* which you and I so highly, and I think justly esteem. With what pleasure shall we welcome them to Woodcrag, if we live and they come, next summer. I have a story for you that will please you. 'I wonder,' said Elly this morning, (I was not by) 'if Miss Anna will ever get married.' 'I dare say she will,' said Mrs. Skinner. 'Oh I have no doubt,' said Elly, 'she'll have *offers* enough, but there is n't *any one* she'd let hold a candle to her, but papa and Mr. Warner.' Is n't that funny? How I laughed when I heard it.' "

"*April 17th.* My dearest Annie. I have neglected

you this week.—I am sorry indeed that you should have looked for letters and been disappointed—pray forgive me. There have been perhaps, I was going to say one or two, or two or three causes of my silence, but I do not say it. The mood of letter writing has not possessed me; I have not felt that I had a great deal to say to you. Some of the time at least this has been true. I received your last week's letter (to Aunty, was it not?) on Monday morning, and received it with joy. I yesterday had another, dated Wednesday. I thank you dear for your faithfulness in writing—it is a great pleasure to me. If you would express a little more the movements of your *mind*. I should like it. You are very good to let me know where your body goes, but what is the restless *spirit* doing, and what does it make of all the new scenes and objects with which it is conversant now?"

"Oh get up a little earlier in the morning, and unlock that door of *secretiveness* you keep so fast, and let some of those thoughts and feelings, of which I know your mind is brimfull, flow out unrestrained for once. And so you are not homesick, and are enjoying yourself exceedingly. I am, and have been very glad of it. It is very pleasant to think you are happy, and in so different a scene and manner of life from what you are accustomed to. I do not know what to say to Mrs. B—— and Fanny and Mary, they are so kind to you. I know they are or you would never have been happy with them so long. I am afraid we can scarcely hope to be the means of as much pleasure to them, but we will try what we can do.

"M. seemed decidedly chagrined that you propose to stay longer. She hoped you would have come home with Jemmy. If you do not, I shall send you a bonnet

immediately. Poor child! you must want one, and some money too, I think. I have done little shopping yet, except the purchase of a bonnet which however I have worn but once—the weather has been so cold. I have finished my collecting calls—don't you congratulate me?"

"*April 20th.* My dear Anna. I am still here! I could not accomplish my business last week, it was out of my power, and Mrs. Skinner opposed most strenuously my going home; and, if truth must be told, I was only too happy to stay. Do not tell anybody I said so, on any account, but perhaps life has no pleasure for me equal to those I have enjoyed here. No other lips can speak such words to me as those I have heard here,—such words! I do hope, too, I have not heard them quite in vain. Might their vibrations but remain upon the chords of my heart forever!

"It is Tuesday, dear Anna, and I have just a little while ago read your note, which I received at the dinner table. I hope I shall get the continuation of your journal soon. You see I am insatiable. I trust you have before this time been waited upon by a bandbox; an old, familiar-faced bandbox containing a new and very unfamiliar bonnet; and I trust also that this strange acquaintance promises to prove a permanent friend. Welcome, I am sure it was. It is like mine, in straw, shape and trimming. I think you will not like it the worse, for that. I had to get it without father; and without father, marvellous as it seems, I am doing my shopping. Not for *you* indeed,—I will not venture upon such an enterprise; but for Aunt and myself I can and shall purchase what we want—so far as my funds will permit me. It is pleasant dear Anna to send you what you are in want of; it is pleasant to think of

your exchanging your hot black hat which you have so patiently worn, for a light, new, pretty, cool one, which comes walking up to your door one day, most opportunely, without any quest or painstaking on your part. I hope it fits you and suits you. It is quite giddy, you see. It is very, very warm here today; and I have been spending a good part of the morning at Mrs. Mason's; the last Dorcas meeting. I have just now a great help in the business of getting on with my letter—to wit, Mary Skinner, who a little while ago entered my room with a very sufficient dish of blancmange, pour elle et pour moi; and of course while we were demolishing it, *writing* was *rather* delayed; and then, my dear, *quite* a sufficient quantity of talking and laughing.

"I yesterday heard Miss Catherine Beecher address an assembly of ladies in our lecture room, on the subject of sending female teachers to the west—you have seen the plan mentioned perhaps. Whatever anticipations might have been formed of somewhat bold, unbecoming, unwomanly in the exhibition, they were not fulfilled. Miss Beecher made a most agreeable impression upon me. Her address was well written and very interesting, and most part read by her brother; and her own deportment was very modest, delicate, and proper. She is I daresay an admirable woman."

Another day she writes:

"Are you starving yet for news from home? I have accomplished hitherto almost nothing this week, and the cause is to be found in a want that very often ties the hands of people as efficient as myself—the want of funds. This has kept me from going to Maria with my dress; but as soon as I can see father I trust I shall be able to proceed in my operations. My intention is firm at all events to go home Saturday. I think

myself too happy—I have stayed to the last Bible class evening. And Dr. Skinner goes tomorrow to New Haven and thence to Boston, so he will not be here for two Sundays to come. I am glad I have written you so many letters;—you will keep them, and they may serve for a slight record of a happy piece of my life.

“It has been a happy piece, Annie; I wish the remembrance and the influence of it might abide with me forever. Oh that it might! Dear Anna, won’t you become a helper to me? As it is, there is only one person in the world, that I ever hear speak, that speaks after my own heart, but he does,—after my own heart. How worthless and uninteresting, common subjects of attention have appeared to me in comparison. But the impression easily wears off; the ordinary trifles of this world begin to loom large on the view; and that which should be nearest and strongest and sweetest, retires into a dusky and uncertain distance;—is little realised, —little felt,—little tasted,—little seen,—little sought after. To ‘look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen’ should be our constant ceaseless endeavour. I am well convinced it makes the sweetest life in the world to ‘have our conversation in heaven.’

“Poor as I am, I intend to enrich my library with two of the Tract Society’s publications Dr. Skinner has been recommending in my hearing; indeed of one if not both he was speaking directly to me. I will get them, and *we* will read them, shall we not? One is Edwards’ ‘Thoughts on Revivals,’ the other Dr. Gregory’s ‘Evidences of Christianity.’ The latter Dr. S. was recommending to Mary, that it should form part of her daily reading. I wish one thing—that father would give each of us three an allowance. Don’t you wish

it? How much would you bargain for? I should like sixty or seventy dollars. It would be very amusing.

"I have done very little sewing since I have been here. Is n't it strange? I contrive to have my attention taken up by so many other things, but I hope I shall be very useful and helpful when I get home. How exactly is that like one of my old childish hopes! 'I have done little or no studying the past week; let me now do better.'

"Alas for resolutions! How many have I made in my day! and what empty things they have often been. It seems to me I shall be remarkably glad to see you, and I reckon Aunt Fanny might say as much of us both,—don't you think so?

"Remember me most ceremoniously to Miss Lundie, and inform her that my organ of self-esteem is far too well developed to permit me to suppose that the mere seeing of a *name* can greatly affect my friends' regard of me. If it needs the support of a euphonious appellation, I may as well give up at once. I stand upon my own merits, which all the defects of the name of Susan, Sue, or Sukey, cannot I hope countervail. I shew I can write nonsense."

"My dear little sister. Obviously at present my first business is to take care of you. Your last welcome letter evinced, I am afraid, too decided symptoms of a malady young ladies are sometimes troubled with,—a sort of *sickness*—what do you call it?—not sea-sickness. Impressed with this notion—more or less, I forthwith wrote you a bit of a letter which will go today by Dr. Head, authorising you, and indeed rather advising you, to come back time enough to return with me Saturday to the Island. But I would not have you do so on any account because I said so. I wish you to be,

as you are, free as air to do what it likes you to do in the premises; while if you think best to come, my letter will serve you for an excuse.

"Aunt Fanny is well; better than when she went home; and I am exceedingly well, and father has had some headaches, and tired himself somewhat at the Island. They burnt the meadows when he was up there, last, and he was very much fatigued. By some carelessness, or mismanagement, or change of wind, or by all three, they came near burning over the whole island; indeed when father was informed of the state of affairs in the evening, he gave the matter over as inevitable and sat some time at his papers; but Aunt Fanny was uneasy, afraid even perhaps for the house itself, and at last she put on some covering and went with father down to the meadow. He then thought there was something for him to do, and Aunty agreed to go back to the house alone while he proceeded onward to the burning district. Was n't she brave? The night was dark—not even stars to see by, I think. I should not have liked her walk home, I am sure, but she had Bruce with her. She got home and prepared coffee etc. and father and the men, after sad hard work, came at last at one o'clock or thereabouts to partake of what she had provided, and father gave each man a dollar and sent them away I daresay not ill satisfied with the night's work. But father felt the effects of it the next day. However, the Island is not burnt over, which is a great good thing.

"I told you I was going to Mrs. Little's. Mary and I did go, as I said; but oh! my dear, what stupid work! We had not many people, but a new set, and rather a poor set too. And dear Anna, we played games, and they were *worserer* and

worserer,—‘consequences’—and ‘cross questions and silly answers,’ silly enough I promise you;—and a game called ‘What’s my thought like,’ played after this fashion;—‘Miss Warner, what’s my thought like?’—‘Like the Wind’;—‘Well why is the Emperor Nicholas like the Wind?’ Then must I find some point of resemblance direct or indirect, near or far, between her thought and my comparison. Oh Annie! oh Annie! what spending of time! Is n’t it doleful? We came away nice and early, and got home to prayers. What sort of society is that? The trees of the backwoods are better companions. *They* really do hold noble and lofty discourse with one, and one may come away from it refined, improved, sanctified. It is not that *I* have done so, but I know that I might.

“There if *thy spirit* touch the soul, and grace her mean abode,—
Oh, with what peace, and joy and love, she communes with her God.

“Dearest Annie, you and I know, by *experience*, too little of this. If I could only see things as Dr. Skinner sees them! What beauty and glory, to *his* eye, beam from passages where I never was struck with anything particularly. It is a happiness to know at any rate that the source of his light is open to me too. But what a difference there is between being, as it were, borne up on eagle’s wings toward the sky when I hear him preach, or pray, or talk, and being left to myself, as it were, on the ground, struggling to rise a little way by flapping my own untrained and unpracticed pinions. Alas! what a difference. But I ought not to say ‘alas,’ but to be glad that I have the teaching and stimulus of his example. Yesterday was

rich in the excellence of its discourses. Oh Annie what would you have given to be here! We had in the morning *the old dialogue sermon!* I had knowledge before of his intention to preach it again, so I was not surprised, but do you think I was an *uninterested* listener? In the afternoon we had another most excellent effective discourse on the words 'Turn you at my reproof' etc. Dr. S. said afterwards, he felt he had the minds of the congregation in his hands, while delivering it, I mean. It is pleasant dear Anna to tell you all sorts of things, that come into my mind. There is scarcely anybody else in the world to whom I should wish to write with *quite* so much freedom as to you. I hope you thoroughly appreciate this fact. As to your *returning it in kind*, it's not a thing to be thought o', but no matter. You and I are *a little* unlike each other, —so much the better perhaps."

"*Woodcraggs. May 2nd.* My dearest Anna. Once again—m'y voila. I did fairly come Saturday as I said; did n't you expect to hear that something or other had happened to detain me? And they said they were sorry to have me go,—could you have conceived it? After nearly five weeks! But I asked father that question, and he gave us to understand that *he* might conceive how it should be, better than other people; so perhaps in like manner you will be able to comprehend the strangeness of it. But it is very pleasant as well as strange—is n't it?

"After finishing my letter to you on Friday, Mary and I equipped ourselves, and taking each an umbrella set out on our long tramp. It was not a very sociable walk, for you know large umbrellas are decidedly unfavourable to people's putting their heads together, and indeed in the rain every one has enough to do to

look after his own head and feet. Mary left me at Chambers St. to go to Stewart's, and I went to Newman's and left my letter, and thence to the Tract-house, where Mary joined me. And there we spent a pretty long time!—hunting out our tracts; I possessed myself of the two books of which I spoke to you. At length when we came out with our treasure we found it was late, so got into an omnibus and had a nice ride home. Father came in the afternoon and stayed to tea. Agreed to meet him at the Santa Claus before half-past three next day. Was up till pretty late packing, and then so tired that though I thought I saw a mouse in the room I lay down and went to sleep quietly, having first used what precautions I might against his taking my face in his way, in the course of his perambulations; as, item: I placed biscuit on the hearth that the cravings of hunger, if such he had, or the mere want of something to do, might not urge him to scale my bed in search of a supply. Lest nevertheless he should undertake the nutritious project, with no definite purpose in view (unless indeed the passion for making discoveries exists in the mouse tribe)—item the second: I tucked in the bedclothes nicely and pulled out the bedstead from the wall, that no unhappy coverlid, or corner of a sheet, depending, might serve him for a ladder, or an invitation, and that making the attempt, he might fall back disappointed from the smooth face of the mahogany. Third and last item, I left the light burning, and shining full on that same face of mine—not indeed so much for *prevention* as *provision*. I omitted to say that I had also made benevolent efforts to awaken Mary Skinner to a sense of my dilemma, but getting from her nothing more pertinent than a direction to 'send him to bed,' (which I should have been most

heartily glad to do), I was fain to proceed as I have told you. The next day I did not get up early. After breakfast Mary and I went with *five* unmade dresses—no, *six*—to Maria's, where I left them. We got them there, you must know, by the help of a travelling bag. We went to Canal St., and then up Broadway, shopping. Ordered my carriage, or rather, went with Mary and *she* ordered it. Came home and took a bath—finished packing—said goodby—rode down to the boat with Fanny and Mary,—and behold father and me at length on the upper deck of the Santa Claus, speeding our way up the river. It is said straws shew which way the wind blows. It did not occur to me till just now,—but father and I watched the *church spires* as we passed by the city, and I caught but one glimpse and was n't quite sure I did that, of our own tower. I had my books in my lap—but I did n't open them. I was rather in a passive than an active state of mind. I gazed at the things that presented themselves before my eyes—remarked again for the hundredth time the exceeding poor and unprepossessing appearance of the men—dozed a little—mused a little—felt the scene and the place were disgusting—reached home at last."

The following October she wrote from Staten Island:

"My dearest Anna. I must write to you, although I am not altogether in the mood. Don't you find that when we are separated, our hearts, as if indignant at the unnatural act, *bound* back to each other? I have thought of you often since we parted, have n't you done the like?"

After details about the short journey: "Mrs. C. met me before I entered the house, and forced me in the energy of her salutation into a decidedly uncomfortable position. What could I do but laugh? So I laughed.

It is a sweet little house, one of the cheerfulest and prettiest I ever saw. We soon had a substantial dinner-supper; after which we sat by the table and talked, and I had the pleasure of singing 'Whar hae ye been' etc. and 'O this is no my ain lassie'; and after that I read aloud in Dr. Spring's book, which I did not excessively admire. Early I was shown to my room—a dear little room with neat white painted furniture, a nice single bed, dressing-table with an elaborate toilet cushion which Rosie had removed to my room because I was a 'stranger,' a nice hat-stand for holding of course all sorts of things besides hats, a little tripod wash-stand and maiden with plenty of towels, a glass and blind door opening out of the house. Dear Anna I was quite ready to sleep, and I did sleep soundly. This morning I got up in time enough to get dressed for breakfast—but my dear, what a thing it is to *dress oneself!*—(that is, without *my* help.) "My belt answers nicely and I would n't be without my inkstand for anything, I assure you. Yesterday I went into the water with Mrs. Codwise. My dear I never can tell you how funny it was; at least I don't know that I can but I'll try. It was before breakfast. I was already washed and partially dressed, when Rosie came to my door and threw on my floor a bathing gown, old shoes, and a warm wrapper. I disrobed myself, and tying up my head in my oilskin cap and availing myself of Rosie's supplies, I followed Mrs. C. down to the beach and not stopping to be afraid, waded in after her. Without much hesitation, when I had advanced far enough I very bravely ducked in my head; but when I drew it out I was so blinded, giddy, and utterly unable to command my footing, that I just floundered over into the water again—rolled over like a porpoise, according

to Mrs. C., who was before me; and who, having dipped, turned toward me in time to witness the second disappearance of my head. I was not frightened, for I knew she was near, but I had not expected to find myself possessed of such extraordinary buoyancy.—Manage myself I could not, and I don't know but Mrs. Codwise had quite enough to do to manage me. What became of my lower extremities or of the habiliments which should have covered them, I cannot inform you, for I was not in a condition to observe and I have never liked to ask.

It must remain a mystery—but it is a mystery upon which I can scarcely muse without laughter. Having at last with Mrs. C.'s help regained my footing, and leaving one shoe behind me, never to be used as a bathing shoe again, I walked up to the house and to my own room, dried my person and washed my sandy feet, dressed and was comfortable. I was not the worse for my ducking—not a bit, so I suppose I was the better for it, but oh what a provocation of laughter has the recollection of it been ever since! There was something in the scene, as I partly recollected, and partly imagined it, irresistibly ludicrous to me.

“Aunty must n't be jealous that this letter is not to her; it must be to you—do you understand? Are n't our shawls delicious? I wore mine today. Here is Miss Mary Green tonight and I don't know how much company tomorrow.

“Good-night. Remember—*one thing* is needful.”

In the following December, when we both had gone to Boston and been waylaid by a heavy storm of wind and snow, she wrote concerning the same:

“My dearest father. How could you and Aunty be so troubled about us? Is it well to suffer oneself

to be seriously disturbed and unhappy till one *knows* there is reason? And you will not say you knew there was sufficient cause for the great discomfort you felt last Thursday. You did not know where the storm met us;—you did not know that it met us at all; you *did* know that we had a most excellent travelling companion, that we are nowise disposed to be rash, ourselves, and that we were moreover in those hands to which a storm is as a calm. And now see;—that very evening that aunty and you were suffering so on our account, *I was enjoying myself particularly*. And those two days of our journey were as pleasant as any I have passed since I saw you. Now was it not vain to be over-anxious about us? But perhaps it is vain to preach peace to you and aunty in certain circumstances; there seems to be then none for her at least.

“You may remember that in the beginning of this affair, when it was at first talked of at home, I was not particularly desirous to come. But when it was fairly decided upon, my feelings changed. And now I am very glad indeed to be here. I hope you and aunty can feel so too, and be glad for our sakes, and wish, as I wish, that the time of our return should be regulated entirely by circumstances. As we find it pleasant, and as our friends find it pleasant, let us stay or go. Can you be of the same mind, father? We are not likely to make another visit to Boston soon; and Annie and I are certainly in the way of getting good as well as pleasure. I like Boston exceedingly: much better than New York, as a city; and Oh how I like to see and hear intelligent people! What pleasure I have in this way enjoyed, a few times in my life! Can you understand it, father? As if my very physical frame were quivering with mental and moral gratification. But there are very few

people that really suit me, and in all the course of my life I can hope to see but very few. I sometimes think of the '*spirits of the just made perfect.*' *There* will be society! Shall I never have what I like till I get there?

"I have nice practisings upon a charming piano; I don't know when I have seen one with a more exquisite touch. I enjoy these practisings. And they ask me to play for them, too, which is kind and polite at least. Anna is going to begin drawing today with Mr. Votin. We have enough to do, too, in preparing our New Year's presents. And I have been thinking, really thinking, of taking up the Latin grammar. You see, father, I ring the changes upon the word, or rather the thing, pleasure. How much I enjoy! How much I have to enjoy! And at this moment the bright cheerful sun is shining on the dome of the statehouse, just opposite the window, and lighting up most beautiful city views commanded from different sides of the room, and everything bids me joy, and rejoice. I wish I could bid you joy and rejoice with me, dear father. Is it not true that we realise and obey far too faintly that command, —'be careful for *nothing*'—'casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you?' Oh I know I am dreadfully culpable in this matter. How happy we should infallibly be if we could mind it.

"Anna and I have both had some cold, but are both getting rid of it nicely. Anna looks exceeding well. I am not sure but we suffered less from our journey than we might if it had been performed in one day; we had a very good night's rest at Greenport. I have not sent you any account of our adventures yet. I must do it I think; but it would be too long for this letter. I like railroad travelling, from my thus far experience of it, and the novelty, excitement, and adventure of our

journey was to me decidedly pleasurable: as there was an admixture of somewhat that made it pleasurable. I have felt very little of the reaction I expected, on arriving at the end of it.

“Dr. Woods, his sister and brother-in-law, dined here yesterday. This is my first personal acquaintance with the above-mentioned renowned personage. Certainly I am not particularly struck with the first sight of him. I have heard nothing very wise from his lips as yet; and I do *not* like that slow, quiet, graduated tone and manner,—as if a pretty little frost had fallen upon all the natural scenery of his mind. Mr. Jacob Abbott is a little in that way, too. It does n’t suit me. I like people that are more like myself. Dr. Woods and his brother-in-law, Dr. Salter, also drank ale and port wine at the dinner table, not with striking moderation either, at least the last; and how can I like that? I *do not* like it, or Mrs.——’s giving the means to them. What arguments we have had already! But dear father, it seems of very little use to argue with her. I shall try to content myself with saying but little on disputed points in future.

“How much wisdom it requires to speak *wisely* for the truth, Oh father!—The girls are going out and will take this letter. It is the first one I have written since I have been here. Good bye dear father. We shall be most happy to get letters from you when you can find time to write them.

“Your affectionate Susan.”

I have given one letter with small curtailings, as a fair specimen; but for the most part I must content myself with extracts, and leave the story of the journey untouched altogether.

“My dear Aunty. You have concluded me an odd girl sometime ago, have you not? That I should have been here so long without writing to you! How strange it is. And yet it is not strange; for I have had a very constant and very decided indisposition to letter writing ever since I came. I knew also that Anna’s indefatigable application to the duty I was neglecting would prevent your suffering from any great dearth of news. I do not pretend to excuse myself however; I might find it rather a difficult task. I merely state the fact, which you may have inferred from my prolonged and obstinate silence,—that I have not been in the mood to write. And with characteristic self-indulgence, you see, I have followed my mood, quite irrespective of *yours* the while. Well, forgive me; I will try to do better. (Don’t laugh.)

“New Year’s day Dr. Woods and President Wheeler dined with us. Anna and I were pleased with a certain something in the style and manners of the last named gentleman that reminded us of father. He strikes me as decidedly sensible and pleasant—remarkably so—but I have not seen enough to make up my mind fairly about him. As for Dr. Woods, I cannot help liking his amiability, sense and sincerity; but he is not one of the persons I should ever find very congenial to me. I cannot like, nowadays, to see a gentleman drink two glasses of port, after having already taken ale, with his dinner. And I do not like his slow and softly utterance and manner; and of course I dissent very far from some of his notions on important points. Still, he is a pleasanter person, by much, than most you see. In the evening, as you know, we went to Mrs.—— I had a dull time, I must confess. I had nobody to talk to worth talking to; and there were a set of children to be amused, with

whom we played children's games. I had a very pleasant occupation however when I could sit quiet and look at Anna. They seemed pleased to see her again; I don't wonder at that I am sure.

"The next evening Herz was to play at the Philharmonic Concert. The girls were all going to hear him, with Dr. Woods; but I was obstinate in refusing to go. I wished heartily that they would leave me to have a lovely evening alone by myself. But Mrs. B. would stay too, being unwilling to undergo the long waiting that was thought necessary to secure good seats. But after the party was fairly off in came Dr. Salter. He had a ticket, and he declared it unnecessary to go so early, knowing one place in the house, a very good one, which was pretty sure to be left unoccupied till late. Then he and Mrs. B. set upon me anew, and so plied me with arguments and persuasions, mixed with a little flattery, that at last I was fain to give over my opposition.

"When I was fairly gotten to the place, I enjoyed the concert in my own way; in a sort of gloomy grandeur of spirit—Have n't you seen me enjoy things in that way? I did enjoy it however, but what pleased me best were one or two overtures performed by the whole orchestra. How well performed I don't know; they gratified me at any rate, one of them much. I don't think Herz any great affair—perhaps I am wrong.

"Tuesday evening we had a regular tea-fight. History Lord and his wife and wife's sister, 'Two Years before the Mast' and his little brother Edmund in his red waistcoat; Dr. Woods and his sister Mrs. Salter. A good deal of pleasant sensible talk went on, and the last person, the red waistcoat, did n't go away till near eleven. So it is fair to conclude the people

enjoyed themselves. I was amused for one. I feel besides a rousing and exciting effect upon my mind from the intercourse I have with different persons. Dr. Woods dined here yesterday, and I believe we are engaged out to tea, every evening this week. I practise, and work and read, (though I must confess not a great deal of the latter), and talk; a good deal of that. Mrs. B. thinks me, I fear, sadly illiberal in *theory*; indeed she says as much. She thinks my *head* is very narrow-minded, thought she gives my *heart* credit for not being so. I am glad there is some redeeming point on which she can fix with complacency; but it is like to be long before I am liberal in her sense of the term. I hope I am not obstinate. Besides all this, I walk. Oh! what delicious walks! Annie and I go out together and go round and round the Common. Oh, how beautiful it is! and how dearly I enjoy it! I shall look back to these walks; you can take none such in New York by possibility. We have had most beautiful weather, delicious air, lovely western skies, and oh! how we two have enjoyed them together, along with the fine views on which they cast such a lustre. Anna is looking exceedingly well, and I am admirably.

“Last night Mrs. B. and F. went with Dr. Woods and others to hear a lecture on the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the *counter-protestant* statement of the case, or something like it. Dr. Woods tried to induce me to go in hopes of being able to form a more charitable opinion of the actors in that horrible drama, or those who are supposed to be the actors. But I conceived that the judgment I had already formed of the transaction was not erroneous nor my data false; and I felt not the slightest disposition to try to look at the affair as any less iniquitous than I had always considered it.”

“*Jan. 12th.*”

“My dear Aunty.

“Anna told you, I suppose, of our Thursday and Friday evening tea drinkings of last week. The visit to Mrs. R’s was very pleasant to me; they are such nice good people. I felt as if I had something in common with them. Talking, knitting and supper were the occupation and amusement of the evening. The next evening at Mrs. D’s, was not so agreeable. However, on the whole, it passed off very well. Saturday morning I went out with the girls, and leaving them at the southerly or southeastern corner of the Common, I went the rest of the way, twice round, alone. I had a very pleasant walk; so entirely alone, uninterrupted, unobserved. Oh! that beautiful Common!—

“Mr. Hudson came in the evening and stayed a good while; till I was tired of knitting. Conversation on Foster—friendship between party men—mental equality or inequality between the sexes—*obedience* whether due from wives to husbands, and Dr. Bushnell’s opinion to the contrary—etc. On this last question we were divided,—Mr. Hudson, Anna and I holding the affirmative, and Mrs. B. and the girls siding with Dr. Bushnell, whom I must conceive to have rather an erratic mind. After Hudson’s departure we had another long confab by ourselves, and went to bed not very early. To-day I have been five times round the Common; that is to say, five miles and a half. What do you think of me?

“All are going to a little party tonight (Saturday) at Mrs. Minot’s. I do not know what I shall do; but on many accounts I should love best to stay at home. (I am writing Saturday, you must know, the account of Thursday.) In the evening Mr. West came and stayed a long time talking and telling things about Byron,

Shelley, the Countess Guiccioli, the poet Rogers, and himself. He stayed till I was weary of knitting and of him.

"Friday—the girls went to history and I to practise. I enjoy practising. Then, when they returned, Mary, Anna and I went out. We took quite a long walk to visit a poor woman, and then Annie and I went once round the Common. Returned —dressed —copied texts—dined—worked a little—read a little—when it was darkling, and the girls were gone out, sat a long time on the floor with my head in Annie's lap, not sleeping but musing. At tea laughed a good deal at nothings, after our old fashion. Spent part of the evening very pleasantly reading Foster aloud, and hearing read aloud a review of Foster by Hudson.

"Thank you for your letter. What a good Auntie you were to be sure, to write two such long ones in such quick succession.

"My indisposition to letter-writing seems to continue. You do not think—you cannot think—it has any connection with want of affection and interest. You cannot think that. But I have been said to be selfish, you know; and I think it is very likely the charge may be not without foundation. It is true, at any rate, that I have been exceedingly wrapped up in myself since I have been here. You must not expect many letters from me; I shall not get my wonted epistolary mood in time to send you many. You must take me as you find me; Anna deserves much better at your hands I confess, than I do.

"Not long ago my self-will took fast hold of a matter with which it had, lawfully, no manner of concern; inasmuch as it was no more in my power to control it than it was to make one hair white or black. What

had self-will to do? But you know mine: it took hold of this matter with so firm a clasp that it has needed a long time to unloose it,—though it is now somewhat loosened. I don't know when ever in my life I have wished so much and so impatiently, for something I could not obtain. Now Aunty, this is discipline for me, a new and doubtless a useful one. My will was never so crossed before. This has materially altered the character of my visit, and made and kept me very sober indeed, at heart, however cheerful I may have appeared outwardly. Perhaps this is well too: who knows but amid the novelty and variety of these new scenes it may have been well for me to have a sobering influence constantly at work? I have had it at any rate. Why do I write you all this? Not to trouble you certainly; you must be glad, rather. You know well enough what my self-will is, to be well convinced that it needs checking. Neither do I wish to excite your curiosity, for I have no intention of gratifying it. I do not care, all things considered, to tell you what it is over which my poor brain has been busy these weeks past; so you must not even ask me. Do you mark that, Aunty? I know well enough that if you began with your interrogations, you would very likely come to the knowledge of that which I desire to keep from you. So you must ask me no questions about it. There is a portion of secretiveness in my nature, you see; I have little enough to boast of, I am sure."

Speaking of one house where she was a good deal, she tells of the "stifling moral atmosphere." "Such, wretched and utter perversion of truth on many, many important points, indeed on the whole field of truth in general. It is of no manner of use to talk; and yet very difficult when you hear that black is white to

avoid saying you do not think so. Mrs.—'s. notions seem to me the progeny of the moonbeams and the mist."

"To-night we are to have a party at home; I don't know exactly how many people. I don't care much, either; I am prepared for the occasion with a settled fund of gravity,—of which I have a stock on hand that seems likely to last me for a good while. Well—ballast is a very good thing in a gale of wind. I have been four times round the Common to-day—Anna accompanied me during two rounds, and then left me to make the other two by myself. One round is said to be a mile and an eighth. My walks do me good I think, for I am looking very well and so is Anna, I am happy to say. I hope you and father can say as much yourselves. I had a nice letter from dear father this morning, which as Anna can tell you pleased me much. She brought it up to me before I was out of bed, and I made her kiss me upon the strength of it. Then I rose and dressed, and did n't break the seal of my letter till I had breakfasted. That is my way of enjoying my letters. You probably would not have left your bed till you had read or at least looked over your treasure. I am glad of the practice in *arguing* I have enjoyed in this place. It has really been excellent in this point, teaching me to hear absurdity, falsehood and mischief propounded, in various forms, degrees, and modifications, and to hear quietly, and reply with some measure of patience and moderation; virtues which, you know, in old times I was by no means wont to exercise on similar occasions.

"*Saturday*. Now I will tell you about the party. There were here—Catherine Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. Minot, President Wheeler, Mr. Codinan, Mr. Martin,

son of the great Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Greene, Mr. and Mrs. (Mayor) Quincy, Mr. Agassiz the great naturalist, and Mr. Emerson the great schoolmaster, and Mrs. Howe. The people were very pleasant, so was the party of course. Mr. Agassiz is a perfectly charming man, really most agreeable in his whole appearance and manners. Mr. Emerson I did n't fancy.

"I enjoyed myself pretty well; but Auntie it was strictly and simply *myself* that I enjoyed; I did not find other people anything particular. I did however enjoy my own ease, agreeableness, and conversability. Now you may laugh at me. But there *is* truly a satisfaction in finding myself so much at home and at my ease in these scenes to which I am comparatively but little wonted. Mrs. B. says my love of approbation is much less than my self-esteem; so perhaps you have there one secret of my composure and independence. Don't be at all vexed at what I said in the beginning of this letter. It is all well, no doubt. I have been four times round the Common again this morning, spite of the wind and mist. Anna went with me just half my walk. I have missed you when I have wanted my hair dressed. I have always done it myself in my usual everyday way, till last night when Anna did it for me, and well too.—Love to dear father.

"Your affectionate Susan."

Below is this scrap in my writing.

"Do you want a word from little A? Miss Sue *says* she has been sober and has not wished to go out, but she has not *looked* sober, and when she *does* go out, she gives general satisfaction."

"*Jan. 25th.* Monday evening you know where we went. Were n't you pleased to hear of it? And did n't



Frances L. Warner—"Aunt Fanny"

Photo by F. Forshe

you chuckle over the thought of my muslin? It is beautiful truly, and very nicely made. We were quite sufficiently dressed, though the party was a very dressy one, many taking it in their way to a great ball at another place. I enjoyed myself again, Aunty; how could I help it? I have not been tried so in a long time; and to find in myself so much calmness, self-possession and ease; whether going or coming away—entering or taking leave—talking to strangers or standing quiet with only my little sister to talk to—to feel at home and at ease, gratified me I confess. Should it not? Is n't it funny, truly, that two girls who have lived on a desert island should care so much less about these great people than others who have seen more of them? Annie and I took things very quietly indeed; but how much talk we have *heard*. One lady came home in a state of indignation against Mr. Abbott Lawrence, of which behold the cause:—she was introduced to Lord Elgin, began to talk, and just as they had got upon an interesting point, up comes the aforesaid prince of the merchants, and most unceremoniously carries off Canada's new Governor to be introduced to Miss Lyman. Mrs.——'s indignation and vexation! and another 'refused to be introduced to Lord Elgin and the Honourable Mr. Edgerton,'—'she had seen too many real lords to think a great deal of them;' and Mrs.——'would have refused if she dared.' Now I confess to my ears, this is not precisely the language of indifference but of affectation. I had a good view of Miss Lyman. She is a handsome girl—not particularly to my taste—not at all equal to Fanny B. Mr. and Mrs. Quincy both please me. Last night all went to a lecture but Mary and me; I thought to have a nice evening, but alas! for human expectations! Mr. —— came in, and sat talking to Mary;

and I, poor I, had a dolefully dull time. Tonight we are quietly at home, but tomorrow we have company again.

“*Friday*. A long argument yesterday morning about the source of a Christian’s peace. Mrs. B. maintaining that it proceeded from a *holy life*, and I on the contrary insisting that though inseparably *connected* with such a life, peace has its *source* elsewhere; quoting, as a just expression of my opinion on this point, a remark of the Scotch David Dickson, which I met with the other day in a little book:—‘I have taken all my good deeds and all my bad, and have cast them together in a heap before the Lord, and have fled from both to Jesus Christ, and in him I have sweet peace.’ We talked long and earnestly—to little purpose. Mrs. B. seemed inclined to say of me what she said Robert Hall said of Owen or Owen’s works,—that he was a ‘continent of mud.’ Well—you remember what I said of mist and moonbeams? After the talk (but you ought to see how good-naturedly I carry it) I went out alone and in spite of wind and cold went three times round the Common. Came home and had the pleasure of hearing Langé play. He played one of my symphonies, think of that. I have practised a good deal since I have been here, and improved probably. I enjoy it. We had company in the evening—Anna told you who. I talked the greater part of the evening to Miss Rebecca Reed; we were amazingly confidential on both sides; people seem to think we may be confided in, don’t they? I like Mr. Lord and his wife; they are some of the pleasantest people I have met here. Mr. Lord is sensible and lively, and very agreeable in conversation; with a good eye, a pleasant good natured face, and an abundant flow of words and matter; a person from whom one

may learn something. Friday I did n't go out in the morning; practised a nice time. Hearing Langé has done me good. (Pronounced Long-er,) Wrote—amused myself with the 'Battle of Life,' Dickens', you know. Read Foster to Mrs. B., which I like very much to do; but we are constantly disagreeing. Mrs. Howe called after dinner, and asked us to a little party at her house.

"My pleasantest times in Boston have been in going round the Common, and in Mr. Kirk's church. I feel there as if I were breathing the same atmosphere I am accustomed to and love at home.

"I am glad, decidedly, that we came hither; and I am not at all in a hurry to go away; and yet I have had an odd time of it. I seem to have been brought to Boston just to have my character disciplined;—at least I can't make out any other purpose of it. I have been under disciplining influences, of more than one kind; I hope I shall be the better in the end, for I certainly have not been the happier during the process. There is very little of what I see and hear that meets my approval. I have been in a continuous string of argumentations; and Mrs. — is a most unsatisfactory person to argue with:—not particularly clear-headed, nor particularly candid, and having besides marvellous slight respect for the views and reasonings of her opponent, at least when that opponent happens to be I. She thinks I am *so* narrow-minded; but they give me credit also for being exceedingly amiable, so you will not suppose I have been very rude in supporting my opinions, though I have held them so firmly.

"*Jan. 30th.* My dearest father: It is decided I am not going to Mrs. Howe's. I did think to go; but Mrs. B. prefers to stay at home herself; and thought or

knew my taste was the same with hers in this instance. She opined there would be scarcely a creature there that either she or I would care to see. Fanny and Anna therefore go to keep up the credit of the house; and Mrs. B. and I have the best of it in a snug evening at home.

"The weather is rather too windy to tempt abroad the people who might be inclined to make 'swarries' of themselves; though indeed 'swarries' will come, all sorts of weather. I ought not to speak evil of the weather, however, for Anna and I have tried it this afternoon. After finishing the sheet to Auntie which ought to have gone today but did n't, and after considering the prospect of the cold, the wind, and the walking, with some measure of disinclination to encounter them, I finally determined on the trial, and Annie and I went out. We found it delightful, and made the tour of the Common twice. The clouds and the sky were beautiful; the air fine; the wind enough, no, not quite enough, to blow away all manner of vapour. How Anna and I laughed as we were obliged to scud before it along Charles St. We met a party coming the other way in the face of the wind; I asked Anna if it would not be a kindness to inform them they could never reach the other end of the street, but we did not. We greatly enjoyed our walk, and were the better for it.

"*Wednesday.* How my writing lags. It is a rainy, rainy, sloppy afternoon. Is it possible we must go out? But we are engaged to tea at the B.'s, to meet 'Cousin Mary H.' Well—we shall fulfill our destiny, I suppose, whatever that may be. I hope however that 'Cousin Mary H' will prove an enlivener of the party. Patter, patter,—the drops of rain are falling fast on the puddle of water that lodges on the balcony,—the pros-

pect *is* discouraging. I wonder, if I do go, if I shall be agreeable. I won't answer for it now. If Mrs. B. comes out strong with her coffee, I may get brightened up. I gave up even trying to be agreeable the other night when Mrs. Salter was here. I fairly took to the sofa and sat quiet, leaving the B's to do the entertaining, which they might well enough, seeing there were only two people to take care of. Yesterday was a better one than the preceding. I took a lovely walk round the Common alone. Four times round I went, in a pleasant mood of mind, and enjoying myself and everything exceedingly. Dr. Edward Beecher called after dinner. Mrs. B. and I had been, last Sunday morning, to his church and heard a very good discourse. How I enjoyed it! To hear someone speak boldly, strongly, fearlessly, the plain truth and in no measured terms, after the mystifications to which my ears have been long accustomed. You must know the sermon was on the necessity of the Spirit's influence to the right interpretation of the four great books of instruction that were given to us; namely, science, philosophy, history, and the Bible; of course very interesting to Mrs. B. I was pleased with his visit too. Mrs.—sat and talked to him. Oh what talking! to what shall I resemble it. It is not easy to answer, impossible to confute or well-nigh impossible, and *stifling* to hear. Oh, I do dislike it heartily.

"*Feb. 4th.* Tuesday evening Mr. Agassiz came here, as Anna told you. I had a good deal of pleasure in his visit. He is *very* sensible, very agreeable. How well he agrees with you and Dr. Skinner in his opinion of Animal Magnetism: Mrs. B. tried to pose him with her stories; but his calm incredulity, and sensible way of

answering her, pleased me much. 'I studied this subject' he said, 'seven months; till I was afraid of it—till I was frightened!' Oh father, if one could always live with minds superior to one's own! What delight it is; and how seldom one has it. That sounds rather funny, I must confess; I do not mean that my own mind is of so high an order that few can be found to surpass it; but another must be *very* superior to make its superiority immediately felt; and it is true that in my very limited circle of acquaintance I have not been so happy as to meet with many such. And you must have lived almost (or quite) entirely without this pleasure. But then when minds are of a certain order, they do not I suppose feel the want of this peculiar stimulating and delighting influence of other minds. I am very sensible that I have *thought too little*.

"Wednesday evening we went to Mrs. B.'s. There our eyes were delighted with a great book of fac-similes of Claude's sketches. What beauties! and how I rejoice that in the days when we could afford it, our taste (Anna's and mine) was effectually cultivated. Now, what sources of enjoyment are open to us; sources which afford little gratification to the majority. We had true pleasure in that book of sketches. Then I played and *gave* pleasure, if I might judge from appearances. A very satisfactory evening on the whole thanks *to the fine arts*. Thursday evening we went to Mrs. H.'s. A nice family all round,—good, excellent, nice people. Mrs. R. is one of the daughters; and Mr. R.'s sister is quite a friend of mine. There we were entertained with most beautiful prints of frescoes at Pompeii,—exquisite things; the gracefulness of the attitudes is very remarkable.

"*Feb. 5th.* It is now half past nine in the evening. Mrs. B., Fanny and Anna, have gone, a little while ago, to a party at Mrs. D. B.'s. I, being as usual perverse, declined that pleasure. I could n't go; I would not be there now for something. I cannot go to *parties* as I feel at present. The idea is quite distasteful to me; and I will not put such a force upon myself as would be necessary in order to go, without some greater inducement than I can now discern. Am I not right? What in the world should I gain by going? I enjoy some of the company we see at home. We had a pleasant little dinner party today; and tomorrow evening I believe we are to have another gathering. *Little* companies, of pleasant people, I like very much.

"While they were at the party I was pleasantly engaged with my writing, and George Herbert whom I like greatly, and finally with playing. I don't know when I have played symphonies so much to my satisfaction; really I am quite pleased with my performances. This morning aunty's letter, which we were indeed glad to get; so full of matter too. Many thanks for it. I am glad to hear you are well, father and aunty, and in good spirits. *We* are exceeding well; and Mrs. B. thinks Anna has less of her pensive look than she had when we came. We have been three times round the Common this morning, and enjoyed the walk and the weather though other people do not speak well of the latter. Ah! everything depends on one's own mind. What shall I do for my walks when I go home? I must keep them up; but the thought of the New York streets is very disagreeable to me, after the so long enjoyment of these. Well—*vogue la galère!* I believe there is good to be got out of everything,—

even the streets of New York, and they are bad enough, I am sure. I hope M. and F. will not write me out of their books for saying so, but it is true; there is no comparison between New York and Boston in their external influences. I like Boston greatly better than New York; I like it very much indeed."

CHAPTER XIV

SCHEMING

It may have been the next year that a very daring project sprang up one night from the midst of the fire shine. We, that is three fourths of us, were spending the winter at home on the Island, for economy's sake, while my father handled his law cases in town. He had almost given up his profession, after removing to the Highlands; but now, under stress, was trying to get back again into law practice: a hard matter at his age, and with the much changed and changing courts and methods. Very little money came in, that winter, from any source. I was weak and forlorn; and the others had far too much to do. The edge of things is a difficult place sometimes. That evening I lay on a couch in the firelight, my sister sitting by, and talk over ways and means had passed into silent thinking.

"I believe I could make a game of Natural History!" said I suddenly, raising myself on one elbow (games were prevalent that year). "I am sure I could. With a set of cards, and a book to tell about the animals. I could write the book, and paint the cards."

"And you might call it Robinson Crusoe's Farm-yard!"

No sooner said than at least begun. My sister went round from case to case, gathering up natural history books, and brought them to where I lay by the fire; and we chose our animals without delay. O what fun! When Aunt Fanny came in, we told her.

There should be twenty-four cards in the pack, with tame and wild animals judiciously mingled; and the cat should be taken from the portrait of one of our pussies which I had painted; she lying peacefully upon a bit of velvet carpet from our old town house.

My father brought me from New York a pack of large white cards; and very carefully I drew and painted the various beasts; each card being inscribed with the proper number of questions, the answers whereto were to be learned from the little book. And in process of time the book itself was written: but if all writers were as careful of their facts as I was then, the face of the world would take on some new features, and there would be fewer books.

We were not this time to test the adage: "Nine tenths is just half way"; for the little venture went swimmingly on; and after one or two checks was safely moored at 155 Broadway—the old store of Mr. George P. Putnam. But (humanly speaking) I never can guess what made Mr. Putnam take it in. Unless that he who had so many dear children of his own, felt something of the pathos there was about it all; the girl's poor effort, in her father's hand.

Book and game were accepted; and that we might earn the more, it was arranged that we should colour the cards, at so much the sheet.

Meantime, another plan came up. I wish I could give exact dates; but the separate days and months of that "Robinson Crusoe" winter seem all merged in the general hard pressure. And I was working all I could, and besides having headaches fit to confuse anybody. Yet I think this was an evening early in March.

Tea was over in what we still call "the old room"; (no older than some of the others, but with perhaps

less effort to look young;) and my Aunt Fanny stood washing up the cups and saucers, while my sister was near by, towel in hand. And it had doubtless been one of my headache days; for I sat idly at the other corner of the hearth, watching the two dear figures about their work. The room was very still and full of thoughts. Then Aunt Fanny spoke.

"Sue, I believe if you would try, you could write a story." Whether she added "that would sell," I am not sure; but of course that was what she meant. From the early days of her own self-confidence, no one of us had ever questioned my darling's power to do anything she chose.

My sister made no answer. But as she finished wiping the dishes, and went back and forth to put them away, the first dim, far-off notion of the "Wide, Wide World" came into her head. Very misty at first, very brief; hardly going beyond the one thought of a desolate child tossed out upon the world; but I think the opening words were written that very night. No wonder she began with a lawsuit!

"Still as I pulled, it came," wrote Bunyan: and much in that way the story grew. Once beginning she could not stop. She was never a true schemer in her writing; and when she had "hooked" Mr. Van Brunt, or Philetus, knew as little I fancy as any 'prentice angler, what sort of a fish she should bring to land. But neither was there any delay or hesitation; characters, incidents, words, came at her call,—often stood at her elbow, waiting their chance.

With her native love of stories, this was entrancing work: imaginary scenes unrolling before her eyes, and strange figures passing and re-passing, even when her hands were busy with the most prosaic things. *They*

could not bind her thoughts: and often, often, I have seen her smile to herself—even laugh—at some queer speech or image which had suddenly walked in.

One point about that book (as indeed in all she ever wrote) it is hard to explain to those who know not such springs of life and action. For it was written in closest reliance upon God: for thoughts, for power, and for words. Not the mere vague wish to write a book that should do service to her Master: but a vivid, constant, looking to him for guidance and help: the worker and her work both laid humbly at the Lord's feet. In that sense, the book was written upon her knees: and the Lord's blessing has followed it, down to this day. How many of whom even I have heard, trace their heart conversion straight to that blessing on the pages of the "Wide, Wide World."

People have thought that I helped write it,—but no: not by a single word: and the only portrait is the cat. The title I did give—later,—naming her first book, as she named mine. When the story was fairly on its way, her own impatience and ours made her give us a taste: first Aunt Fanny, and then I, held some of the precious sheets in hand; my father, I think, not quite so soon.

"How do you like it?" Aunt Fanny asked me privately: but I think that was something which at first we neither of us could tell. It was all so strange and confusing; this other world which she had conjured up. Of course we liked it; but how, or how much, it was hard just then to say. Before long we knew. She never let us read quite up to where she was writing, but at a safe respectful distance we followed eagerly on. And how I, who *never* cry over books, cried over the pages of Alice's sickness and death, can never be told. I was sick myself that summer; nervous and run down;

and the thought took possession of me that my darling had written those pages to gently prepare me for *her* going. No one knew it: but in secret I half wept my heart away. Ah when the real time came, I could shed no tears.

The book was written partly at the Island and partly in town; and was finished, I should say, in little over one year. Written—not published. The work when at home was steady and close; but some visits away came in to interfere; though doubtless livelier scenes kept her spirits fresh and rested, and so were really a help.

“*New York, Ap. 5th, 1848.* My darling Annie, I should very much like to get a letter from you; I shall look a little for it tomorrow. If you have sent to the post office today you have or ought to have received one of very remarkable length from me.

“*Apr. 7th.* Thus far on Wednesday evening, when I walked *Mr. Platt* of agreeable memory. For him I played, to him I talked, a little; (*Charlotte* was out)—*Mrs. Codwise*, who was sadly sleepy, entreating me aside to do so; for they had got upon a religious theme which in her somniferous state she did not feel herself equal to pursue, nor did we pursue it long. But there was no more writing that evening. And yesterday, O the uncertainty of human affairs!—I spent where of all places I might little have expected to spend it.

“Tuesday was partly rainy. I did not go out. Sat and sewed with *Charlotte*, in *Mrs. Codwise*’s sitting-room part of the morning and afternoon, telling not a few absurdities, and laughing accordingly. Late in the afternoon *Lizzie* (a little girl in the house) amused me with telling characters. Declaring herself to be a good

judge of character, Lizzie then undertook to tell mine, which it may amuse you to hear. I asked if *I* was deceitful—no, I was very truthful.—How did she know?—O she knew;—and here is the short and the long of her revelation.—‘You are very truthful, you are not deceitful at all; you are very amiable and affable, which is the same thing; you are very pious; and you are oftentimes inclined to sadness.’—Do you recognise the picture my dear? Rather strong as to colouring, is it not? But she told me your character too. You are a sweet retiring violet, hidden in the shade, and your beauties are not seen till some one goes and pulls open the green leaves, and then they shine out. Well how will that do? I suppose *I* am a great tiger lily, leaving no one that passes by in any doubt about my spots.

“Mrs. Codwise affirms it is so pleasant to have me here; wishes she could have me with her always. But do you know, darling, that work gets on slowly. Sad to say, I have not touched Ellen this week. Writing such voluminous letters, you must be aware, takes up no little time; and then sewing, and then other engagements. Perhaps I shall contrive to do better next week, but I don’t know. I have n’t finished my dress yet;—hope to to-day (Saturday):—have n’t touched my petticoat waist; but for the matter of that the petticoat is not forthcoming. I don’t want to sit here now, writing to you. I have so much else that I want to do; and yet I am unwilling to stop with so much room unfilled; as for saying all I have to say, that will not be in this sheet I think. Mr. S. did me a great deal of good last Sunday; but Henry Martyn says true, ‘How short-lived are right affections!’ Yet the flash of light that reveals clearly for a moment the features of a landscape is of unspeakable use; for though the

illumination may all pass away, one can remember where the road lies, and pursue it, though darkling. Do not let father or aunty work too hard; do remind them what life is good for, as far I mean as its enjoyment is concerned, and not let them '*se faire miserable en travaillant pour être heureux*.' It is great folly. And what are you doing? my 'hidden violet'? Tell me as much as you can. I am glad Cup and Saucer manifested so much satisfaction at their restoration to good society. How pleasant it must be to see the dear little things. (You know I 'don't like cats.')

"Write as much as is pleasant to you to write; talk to me. Mrs. Codwise has just run through Jane Eyre. Do you know she says I am so much like her, and wanted to know if you did not think so. I did not tell her that *I* thought so, but I do, as you know."

The next letter shews a most unchanged character in all its natural traits and whimseys.

"*Apr. 10th.* My Dear Annie, I left off with Wednesday evening. Where do you think I spent the next day? I had not then myself the slightest idea; and if anybody had told me that my Thursday's dinner or lunch would be cut for me by Capt. Howland of the Ashburton, and eaten on board of that packet, she being at the time beyond the Narrows and standing out to sea,—the making known the prophecy might have been, as on other occasions, its own overthrowing. So it was however. Miss Green very kindly came to ask me if I would like to go down and see the Ashburton; and as I was a great ignoramus in such matters I thought best to accept; not that I expected any remarkable enjoyment. Miss Elizabeth and I 'bussed' it down to Nassau St. Mr. William Mitchell met us and we proceeded to the wharves to find our ship. I was

interested on the way to see the head of the 'Panama'; quite a large ship it was. We first mounted on the deck of the 'Sir Robert Peel,' and there it was necessary to wait till the steamboat should be ready which was to take us to the Ashburton, then lying a little off in the East River. We waited a good while; the company on deck receiving from time to time accessions to their number; but as I had no friends there in whom I was interested, nor expected to see any, it was rather a dull scene for me. Mr. Isaac Roosevelt renewed my acquaintance seemingly with pleasure, but really there was not much pleasure on my part. He had thus far accompanied five of the Bolton family who were going out in the Ashburton. The three Miss ——'s and their brother also in due time made their appearance, but neither did their arrival afford me much gratification. At length came the word that the steamboat was ready, and descending from our high station we went on board. A most miserable little vessel,—one of the smallest and poorest I ever was on. And for the finishing touch, what do I hear? We are going out to the Hook and shall not be back until seven o'clock. My whole day gone!—and not a soul with me whose face I cared to see, and I afraid besides. Not back till seven o'clock! And how do I know but the weather may change before that? We may have a blow—a thunderstorm! Annie I have not felt in a good while such chagrin. And there within a few rods of me, lay the wharves where I would give so much to be,—within a few rods; but I must go all the way out to the Hook, and take my chance of coming back, before I set foot there again. Well, this is a lesson for next time. It was some comfort that we mounted immediately to the deck of the Ashburton; we were pretty safe while

on board of her it was plain. Time passed as it might for a while, as we were slowly plodding along to the Narrows. I went down and viewed the cabins and state-rooms—alas! what miserable places to be sick in. I did n't care to stay down there; but what could I do on deck? Miss——*entre nous*, is not particularly congenial to me, and the conversation of young Mrs. —— was still less interesting. I did make shift to occupy my eyes and attention for a while with the sailors, when they went aloft to loosen the sails; I never had so good a view of them before; and wonderful it was to see them far up lying *across* the yards, head and arms on one side busy with the ropes,—the feet on the other, supported to be sure by the rope or thong which appears as if it were run through staples on the underside of the yard arm, from one side to the other. About two o'clock came another diversion in the shape of a cold collation. To enjoy this we descended into the cabin, where having with some difficulty procured seats, Miss —— regaled herself with a pretty substantial repast, and I munched a slice of cold beef and some bread and butter,—all very good however. Champagne was there, but I refused it; though I did think at one time of taking some; but I changed my mind. 'Shine like the sun in every corner,' say George Herbert and Mr. Sprole. Ah I wish I did! But I was temperate in the cabin of the Ashburton. There was nothing for it after that but to munch sea biscuit, listen to people's talk, and let the hours pass by as they might. As for enjoying myself, I was not in the mood for that, or rather not in the company. I do not know what o'clock it was when the steamboat bell rang for the 'friends' to leave the packet; but I know I was glad to hear it. We left her; but still

we kept going farther and farther out to sea. How I wished the packet would cast us off and let us go home! Do you remember the blue line of the Navesink hills? Far to the right, beyond Gravesend? We were quite out beyond those; how far beyond them I don't know; but fairly out at sea. I have seen sea water, and know how beautifully green it can look. Most happily for me the weather had continued exceeding fine; the water was perfectly quiet, not even enough of a ground swell to disturb anything; though we could discern a very gentle, slow undulating movement of the packet after we left her. And we left her at last. The captain lifted his hat from his head, and the men cheered; and then the Ashburton stood entirely off to sea, and we turned about and rapidly left her behind. Miss —— and I took seats on the lower deck, and there we stayed most of the time till we reached New York, sometimes talking, sometimes indulging ourselves and each other with silence. It was a very, very long time before we passed the Narrows again. I felt as if we should be tolerably near home were we but arrived at them. The afternoon was of the most beautiful, and when we *had* passed the Narrows, and indeed before, the lighting and colouring of the Long Island shore towards which we were looking, was very fair and lovely. But how to enjoy it, with nobody but Miss —— near, and my uppermost wish to reach New York! We landed at the Battery and she and I and Mr. —— walked all the way home. Trinity Church struck seven, a few minutes after we had passed it. Mr. Wadsworth in the evening.

“Friday Mrs. C. and I went down to Staten Island. We carried a little basket of provisions, and Mrs. C. took

Jane Eyre, deep in which she was, poor woman, all day. I took a roll of paper and my pen. 'Bussed' it to Whitehall; then the sail down. Another beautiful day, only more wind; but the air, out of New York, was very sweet and fresh. Here again I was not going exactly for my own pleasure, but as I was not going out to sea, I could get along very well with all the rest. Found the cottage in disorder, furniture standing in the middle of the room; dusty and cold. Mrs. C. and I set things in their places; then she went out to see one of her neighbours; Sam, the black man, made a fire, and I having made interest for a duster in the shape of a coarse towel, so far mended matters in the parlour that I could sit down in some semblance of comfort. Mrs. C. came back; she went to Jane Eyre which she declared 'horrid,' because so interesting,—and I went to my writing. A good part of your last letter was there accomplished, between times; for we took a little walk before dinner, and another after; But Mrs. Codwise was in for it with her book, and fresh air and country scenes invited her in vain. I had the more time for writing. The woman in the house made us some tea, and boiled a couple of eggs apiece; Mrs. C. bought a fresh loaf at the Island, and we had taken with us a basket of bread and butter, cold ham and veal, and apple-sauce, so we dined very well. Our last walk was delayed too long; Mrs. C. suddenly discerned the boat at the dock, and then came a great hurry to get on board of her,—it was the five o'clock boat, and the last one, and neither of us would have cared to stay over the night in the desolate cottage. As I could run better than Mrs. C. I was despatched into the house to bring away Jane and the spectacles. I seized them, and my own

paper and pen, and I followed Mrs. C. as best I might. But I was exceeded; I was obliged to cease running and walk, at whatever risk; human nature could no faster go, under all the press of motive that was bearing upon it. We did, however, reach the boat in time. As Mrs. C. was afraid of catching the ship fever from some poor Irish in the cabin, we sat on deck towards the west; and Mrs. C. being perfectly absorbed in her book I had a lovely quiet time, during the sail home. The bright sunlight, the fresh, pure breeze, the little rolling waves of the bay,—what a fair picture it was; and I sat gazing and musing. I don't know, by the way, how profitable this kind of musing is,—where memory furnishes material which imagination takes and holds up to view in pleasant lights, rejoicing mightily in her own work."

"I received two of your letters. Thank you darling; write me still as much as you can. I am sorry poor little Muff is dead; I should have liked to see and pat her again first. I was 'touched' as Fanny Bruen would say, when I opened your little box, and saw your own collar so nicely done up and trimmed for me by your own dear hands. Oh thank you, love. I will wear it with great pleasure; it is just what I want for my silk dress."

"*Ap. 14th.* That night, darling, I sat up till twelve o'clock or near it writing to you. I went up to my room by ten, and unwilling your letter should be delayed beyond the next day, I resolved that Mrs. C.'s sperm candle should burn for it, and I watch. And I am glad I did; if you were 'ravenous' on Wednesday, what must you be by Friday? It is a grievous thing that I cannot write Ellen; but it is difficult to get these enormous despatches to you off my hands. Mrs.

Codwise has a terrible fancy for taking me out with her, and I am fain to comply.

“After dinner we sat awhile in the parlour, I hemming handkerchiefs, and Charlotte reading aloud, in Proverbial Philosophy, which she requested me to accept from her, having had, as she said, two copies given her. Was n’t that pretty? She gave me great pleasure, and I told her so. Can’t you send her a bunch of flowers, my violet? Mrs. C. took not a little pains to get her some when we were at Staten Island, but owing to our hurry we left them behind. Don’t you think one of the Leslies came here one afternoon when I was out, to ask me to go with them to *see a packet* the next day. Many thanks, my friend, but no more packets for me!

“I went to Mrs. Few’s prayer-meeting with Mrs. C. and after that took a walk. This evening Mr. Platt came in, and leaving him to Charlotte, who had got out the chess board to play with me, Mrs. C. came to it herself, and we had a very nice game. Then Charlotte and I had a little more talking and laughing, and then we came upstairs. And it is drawing towards eleven, and the last day of the week is near its last hour. Well, a good night to you, and sweet rest, and a bright morrow; and may the dew of heaven fall upon my violet’s head, and cause it to breathe better perfume from day to day.

“Miss Green asked me this afternoon how long I was going to stay, and said Mrs. C. said she intended to keep me as long as she can. That ’s all very pleasant, but never fear. Only let me have the money to do my business, and you will be very apt to see me one of these days. Why this won’t do, to go on without writing Ellen, and I can’t get at her very well.”

Saturday Morning. "Darling Annie. Father came this morning with your beautiful bunch of flowers, which pleased me not a little, and to all appearance pleased Charlotte too; for those, and your and Aunty's kind speeches about her visiting us, she sends love and sundry acknowledgements.

"Thank you, dear Annie, for your sweet letters, telling me precisely pre-cise-ly what I like to hear. And Oh forgive me that in return I send you only this shabby little note. Charlotte keeps me company sometimes in the morning, and I do not like to say no when she invites me to her room, and I *cannot* say no when she invites herself to mine. And in the after part of the day I cannot so well write for various reasons.

"I shall I trust see you next week. I would fain come before the Skinners, but if not shall probably come with them; it must depend on father's movements. I feel as if it would be pleasant to be at home again. But I am very glad of my stay here. It has been very pleasant, and I think it does me good to be alone. Still the thought of home comes over me pleasantly. I have an invitation to a party Monday evening, but as I am an utter stranger to all concerned, it is doubtful whether I shall think it worth while to go. A word would decide me either way.

"Oh how Mrs. C. has been praising us this morning to Mrs. Washington! It's unspeakable. But she means it all. I like Mrs. Washington *very* much.

"I'll give you more details in a letter. I'll do what I can with your commissions, getting the little things and leaving some of the great things if necessary. Good-by, sweet Annie; have patience till Tuesday for more of my Journal. By the way what do you

think of spirits meeting? Does not mine embrace yours? Do I not *feel* the breath of love from your lips?

"I am glad aunty has a girl at last. Do not let her do too much, pray do not! I mean aunty, not the girl.

"A most shabby return for your dear letters. But take it, such as it is; forgive me and wait. A little longer and I hope I shall see you. Susan."

"*Tuesday morning Ap. 18th.* Sunday, with us, was a most lovely day. I went down with Mrs. C. to hear Dr. Alexander. I liked Dr. Alexander; admirable clear sense, and very evangelical; but I cannot tell from one sermon whether he could ever be one of those preachers who please me best. He lacks, I should think, the lighting-up face, and the impressive delivery, but perhaps the excellence of his matter would make amends.

"This morning I sat down to write to you, but Charlotte came in to sit with me, so I put away my papers and mended my gloves instead. But we had a good deal of talk about different things; how to learn to write French by one's self, among others. There I was entirely *au fait*, and gave her, I knew, some good directions. Then she proposed we should go down to the Art Union and see Cole's pictures, which we did. Very kind of her, for she had been already twice before. I was much pleased to see them; but I liked but two or three landscapes: the Voyage of Life, and the Cross and the World, another allegorical set of paintings, did not please me much. And as to the rest, there was generally too much glare and brilliancy, too much green and red and blue, a want of masses of shadow; the atmosphere too clear,

and distant outlines too hard. My taste has been formed upon a different model. In the 'Cross and the World,' he has painted the path to the former as terribly rough and painful, while the rising sun illumines a very fair landscape on the side of the World. I have settled that perhaps he was a Puseyite,—and then that accounts for it.

"I wonder if I shall write you another letter. If I only had my money!"—

CHAPTER XV

THE TURNING TIDE

OF the rest of that year I find little record; nor do I remember much. Only I think the word "pressure" pretty well covers the ground: yet it was pressure half glorified by the love and courage with which it was met. The old dike suits and troubles were all disposed of, except as to results: the lost money never came back to us. But my father was patiently re-building, as fast as he could; checked every now and then by some wild easterly storm and high tide, which damaged the half-finished embankment. Aunt Fanny had once said that my father "ought to be knighted and put in *The Penny Magazine*, for his wonderful courage and fortitude,"—and she was just such another hero herself.

My sister was still hard at work on her book when the spring of 1849 began to open its buds of promise; bringing also new clouds for us. My father had fought bravely against the threatened trouble, but this time the battle *was* to the strong. God had special work for us to do, and we were in training: and so, as the spring days went on, we knew that a large portion of our best-loved household treasures must go for an unjust debt. "The law allows it, and the court awards it."

But it was one of those cases where human law covers a grievous wrong.

By a bit of chicanery, certain men got hold of a mortgage on some city lots which my father still held. This they foreclosed, at a season when most buyers were out of town, and my father away; bought in the property themselves for less than the face of the mortgage (it being worth much more), turned about, and sued my father on the bond. Crippled by his old losses, he could not meet this new demand: it was a time of great business depression; and we were "the wheel going down hill" which is apt to distance its friends.

Such was the shadow creeping over our home that spring: when would the cloud burst?—we could not tell. I think it was during those very months that my sister worked so untiringly at her book; spending hour after hour in the solitary room upstairs, in a maze of joy and solace; and coming down to common things with far-away eyes and smiles quite unexplained.

It was finished, I think, while yet the old house looked like its dear old self.

Meantime we were watching most eagerly for the first package of "Farmyard" cards, which we were to colour. Whatever delayed it, when we so much needed the work? Ah, how good it is to learn that God always knows best!—His loving wisdom withheld the package, against a harder day.

Into all the details of that time I cannot go: they are still too bitter-sweet;—and for other reasons it is not best. But just when the story was done, and the summer near its end, the crisis came. Books had been separated, other things sorted out: all that we might lawfully keep was set aside; and next day, the rest was to go. Then, just at nightfall, the big package of cards walked in. No one had heart to open

it then. In its heavy brown wraps we set it wearily aside,—poor unknown harbinger of brighter things; and there it stood leaning against the wall, untouched and almost forgotten, until the next day's sorrow had run its course.

But when we had watched our little "Sir Joshua" as long as we could see it, and given farewell touches to my sister's piano, and followed with our hearts the many precious books and engravings; when at last the men and the confusion were gone; then we woke up to life.

Our little Revolutionary (and revolutionized) front room was swept and dusted, stray bits of furniture were gathered in; and I ran out for a handful of flowers, to make myself feel at home. With what materials we could find we set forth two small makeshift tables, covered them somehow, got out our paint boxes, opened our package, and fell to work.

"Oh love of God, how sweet thou art!"

What tenderness *but* the Lord's would have kept back the package for us until that day?

No vision crossed us yet of "the high tide of the year"; the home bays and inlets shewed only extremest low water. But there was a stir and a ripple as of an incoming supply, which was unspeakably refreshing. And not so blessed even to us as to our dear father, and our dear Aunt Fanny. They who had seen further than we, and suffered most of all for us, their children,—what this industry was to them I can but guess. They came at odd minutes, they paused as they went through the room; to bend over first one table and then the other, watching the eager brushes. Silent, beguiled, cheered, to a degree beyond expression. I think a very rainbow of prom-

ise must have seemed to span the little room, from my darling's head to mine.

The place was very bare, where so many precious things had been: but peace was "left"; and the little dish of flowers sweetened all the air. God was with us; and he was leading us by unknown paths to grounds which he had chosen.

Let me say here, that we coloured cards for a year and a half; but then found we could make money faster some other way. There were twenty-four cards in a pack; and before I quit the work I could colour twelve packs in a day. So much for practice.

Wherever we could, we slipped in a little variety. The old cat had her carpet in all colours known to the weavers; so with the elephant's trappings; cows and horses and dogs wore spots and splashes of every lawful sort; and I'm afraid even the pig found his nose change colour.

The following December, having gone to town to find and arrange winter quarters for us all, my sister wrote:

"I thought as I sailed quietly down the river that morning, that our place was a very fair one and that I should be not desirous to change it for another. I looked at the hills in the south, locking into one another as they do, speckled with snow; I admired them; you know I had scarcely seen them before this year. When it came actually to quitting home for this place, I believe the Island scale preponderated more than it had done,—that is, I better estimated its advantages over those of New York. 'Man is a discontented animal,' Annie; 'his appetite for sweet victual is enormous'! We had to wait for the cars; and on the platform yet whitened with the hoar



Martlaer's Rock, Constitution Island (House of Susan Warner)

From a Photograph

frost father and I walked cheerfully up and down, till the tremendous thing came pushing forth out of the tunnel. Did you ever stand so near and see the train come up full speed? It is frightful! I placed myself by the river window, though I afterwards found that the other side of the cars was preferred, under the notion I suppose of its being the safest in case of a turn-over into the river. I did not look at my books the whole way; yet I cannot say that I enjoyed the ride; the river was too near, and I could not forget the possibility of that same turn-over. So I endured, till we at last had done with stoppings, quitted the river, and finally took horses, and saw the noble engine take itself off into the car-house. Then the long slow ride down to Chambers St., past the many, many stacks of boards and lumber piled along the wharves, poor-looking men, and poor-looking boys, and sad-looking dwelling places—Oh the city,—and the suburbs of the city—they are not pleasant, Annie. I felt as I walked slowly up Broadway that I had left the best part of the world behind me.

“Mrs. Codwise had not yet seen your book; Charlotte had that very day been down to get one, and while I was here it came. ‘Why Susan, it’s beautiful!’ says Mrs. C. coming up to me from where she had been examining it. ‘Do write and ask Anna to come down, will you?’ She opened the book. ‘Did Anna write this herself? (reading aloud) “The Monkey is a queer animal, resembling man too much,” etc. Why Susan, did she write this herself? Did she write that?’ I somewhat indignantly vindicated your authorship.”

Dec. 31st. She says:

"Mr. Putnam is out of cards. Pleasant that!"

So our brushes had leave to work just as fast as they could. The *Wide, Wide, World* was finished, as I said, by the end of that summer of 1849, but I think was not at once offered to anyone. The confusions in the house, the reaction therefrom, and then the absorbed interest in our painting, were perhaps the cause. But there came a day when the MS.—lovingly wrapped and tied (young authors will understand)—was sent off like Puss in Boots, to seek a fortune for its owner. Only the redoubtable cat went alone: while the book was to be taken by my father, to the publisher he knew best. Now when you do this, young friends of the pen, you must not hold the publisher too strictly accountable for all that takes place. For he does not himself examine all the MS. sent him, as you in your first innocence suppose; but employs other people to read, and then takes their report. And sometimes this reading is just and thorough, and sometimes it is not.

And thus it came to pass, that the beloved story which was later to win so many hearts, could not at first gain a hearing; it was refused by almost all the leading book firms in New York. I only wish I had the full list.

The "big little book," as my sister called it, came back from the Carters unrecognized; from the Harpers with "Fudge!" written on one of the pages. My father would bring the discouraging news, and then the next week unweariedly try some other house.

But all this takes time; and we were at home again on the Island when he announced one night that now he should try Mr. Putnam.

At our early breakfast next morning, with my

father just off for town, and the package waiting on a chair near by, my sister suddenly broke forth:

"Father, if Mr. Putnam does not take it, what shall we do?" And my father in his steadfast patience answered:

"We will wait and see."

So once more we watched the book go off, gazing after it with serious eyes; then went to our painting again. Why Mr. Putnam took in such a pile of MS. from an unknown hand, perhaps he himself hardly knew. Something (I think he said) in the title struck him as fresh and uncommon; perhaps again there was a mute appeal in my dear father's face, which the kind heart answered. But above all second causes, for us, the blessed truth remained: "The Lord gave Joseph favour in the sight of the king."

And so instead of coming back to us, or even being merged for weeks in the smoky den of some "reader," the "big little book" went gaily sailing down to Staten Island, where Mr. Putnam had then his summer home.

It was the time of times for it to go. For Mr. Putnam's mother was just then on a visit at his house; and what better could he do for her amusement than to hand over the new MS. for her to read and judge.

"See if it is worth publishing," he said. And before long came this clean-cut answer:

"If you never publish another book, publish this."

Such words from such a source settled the question; the book was accepted and put in hand.

Of course this was a great joy. Yet as I look back now, it is hard to realize how very undefined our expectations were; how little we counted upon anything, in those days. We had not waited to see; both of us had gone to writing again, smitten with the

delight of it, and resting our minds from the brushes, or at night when we could not paint. But what it might all do for us was in the vaguest sort of fog bank.

Mrs. Sigourney had offered a \$50 prize for the best essay on "Female Patriotism"; the same to be published in a little magazine called "The Ladies' Wreath"; and my sister was trying for that. And before the "Wide, Wide World" had left the printing office, "Queechy" was on the stocks. Through it all, the same old nature in her was just crying out for pleasure,—and of course getting hard rubs. A friend and neighbour had offered to give her riding lessons: The September Journal tells the story.

"*Sep. 13th. 1850.* Have just, that is this evening, returned from my second riding lesson. My first left me in a high state of excitement and delight—nothing for a very long time indeed so fired my imagination—and soon I was feverish with the desire to finish so enormous a pleasure, and with a fidgety uneasiness about any uncertainty that might hang over it. Sunday to my great disappointment we could not go to church, so I could not get a word from Mr. — as to when I might come again. I thought about it that day too much—not the way, according to Sir Matthew Hale, to have it prosper. At any rate upon the strength of his full, free, repeated invitation, and upon the argument that he is not a demonstrative person but one who must be taken on trust, we went over on Monday. There was a funeral—I could not ride—and to my great mortification, nothing was said by Mr. — about any future rides. But disconcerted as I was, the former arguments and the strength of my wishes prevailed with

me to go on, simply trusting one who is to be trusted, I think, if anybody is. I determined to go again. Winds prevented this till to-day. I went and I rode; and I came back *feeling as if I should like to cry*. I must wait now for somebody else to move. It is well my extravagant desires and delight have been sobered by delay—they have just been a little more sobered. Nothing was said about my coming again (by Mr. —), and no pleasure expressed or looked in the course of the business this afternoon. His daughter asked him in the hall if he was going to have riding, he answered that he had heard nothing about it. I do not know what he really felt; but if he had had enough of his undertaking his manner accorded therewith; and if he had not, it is not fair to leave a fastidious person any room to fancy and fear. Well, it's a soberish world,—and yet my little book is just going to press, and Anna's 'Reminiscences' has been offered to Appleton, who wished to send it to his brother in Phil^a. Two delicious pieces of good news—two mercies to be very thankful for—and yet this horseback riding did more elate my imagination than they both. I was too eager for it I suppose—it did seem too delightful. Well—but oh! for friends to love us as we *can* love, and *have* loved, yea, and *do* love others! I have felt a longing for something of the kind, and for more to do with the world; or with some nice extraordinary portion of it—that first horseback riding turned my head. Turned again now; but it's a sobering process, this kind of thing,—the forcible unclasping of one's will when it has laid strong hold of somewhat!

"*Saturday 14th.* Father has read for the second time my *patriotism* paper, and likes it, he says, 'exceedingly well.' So that is very good. I have n't

copied it yet. I felt almost a kind of pity for myself last night,—that fever is over. God is amazingly good to us.”

It was already so late in the season for getting out a Christmas book, that Mr. Putnam asked my sister to come down to Staten Island and stay at his house while correcting the proof sheets, thus saving much time. I wish I knew just how well she was fitted out, for this going among strangers: remembering how barren things were at home, it seems to me the furnishing must have been but scanty. But she was herself; what could be wanting? Nothing, to our eyes; so sad—and yet so glad—to see her go. It was such a crisis in her life,—and the letters home are so like her; the best I can do is to give them as they stand. One thing I know she had: a carefully copied off list of proof corrections, from the English Penny Magazine. Dear old magazine!—our delight in richer days, our helper now.

“*Staten Island, Sept. 25, 1850.*”

“My own darling Annie:

“No letter begun to you till the afternoon of Wednesday! Too bad; and yet you will see how difficult for me to help it. I *might* indeed have written this morning after breakfast; but I did not feel inclined just then. If I could only stop your expectations for a day or two till this could grow to some decent length of an epistle, I should like it. You see, my dear, yesterday I had proofs to correct, and was at them again this morning as soon as I came downstairs; I expect nothing less than another budget of the same by Mr. Putnam this evening, so you perceive I am not always in order for letter writing. Where shall I begin with what I have to say?

"I have heard Jenny Lind! I have, there is no doubt of it. Is n't it wonderful how people do things for us? Dearest Annie, if it had only been you! I would have given the pleasure to you instead of myself, if I could, with the greatest delight.

"I was introduced in due form, as you have doubtless heard, to my host and hostess, and established in one of the two armchairs behind the screen, in the great bookstore, to await the time when we might walk down to Whitehall to take the one o'clock boat for Staten Island. Little Minny Putnam was introduced to me as, I believe, the lady who had written 'Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard,' but I did n't rush into explanations at the very first burst. Mr. Putnam shewed me a beautiful illustrated copy of 'Rural Hours'; exquisite birds and pretty flowers; but *I* would have given more general illustrations. He also shewed me some papier maché covers for the same work,—adorned very handsomely with mother-of-pearl wreaths of flowers—all different. That book has taken very well; is n't it odd? Then I turned over the leaves of a most splendid Pilgrims Progress which Mr. Putnam had received as a present from England. Full of illustrations beautifully done, in all but the *mind's* part; so on the whole to my taste poor. Mr. P. had left us, after shewing me a bundle of proofs and telling me if I was tired of waiting there I might amuse myself with them. Not *there*, many thanks to him. I sat looking over the Pilgrims Progress, too much out of my latitude to enjoy it, and sometimes exchanging a few words with Mrs. Putnam. By and by appeared Mr. Putnam, and surprised me greatly by saying to me that he had been so fortunate as to secure a ticket for me for

Jenny Lind's concert that evening,—he could only get such and such a place, but it was the last ticket to be had. Mrs. Putnam then and afterwards expressed great pleasure that he had succeeded; she had been afraid they would have to do a rude thing,—go off and leave me alone. I assured her I should not have taken it so. But I have heard tell of such a thing being done, have n't you? 'I am so pleased Mr. Putnam got that ticket!' Mrs. Putnam repeated when we were in the boat. 'I am so pleased *you* are pleased,' I rejoined. It was handsomely done, was n't it? By the time we reached the Island I was somewhat disordered, by fatigue and excitement I suppose; head and stomach a little unsettled. I could have wished Jenny's concert had been another day. My 'traps' which were to come by the express, had not come; it was a very warm day, and I was decidedly tired of my boots. Dinner made me a little better; and then, nicely established in the little library (not so big as ours, Annie) with the glass door and the beautiful bay at my left hand, I fell to correcting proofs. But I was unsettled yet, and was fain to lean my head on my hands as best I might, to try to keep myself in order. My box did not come (it came afterwards) before it was time to set off for the city again; so I had to go in merino and bonnet, instead of silk and hood, which would have been preferable. I was too uncomfortable on the way to do much more than sit and nurse myself, keeping as quiet as I could. We went in the *five* o'clock boat, the next one being rather too late for convenience. My acquaintance was claimed by a lady or two on board who seemed intimate with Mrs. Putnam, and when Mrs. B. mentioned her former name of Miss

A—— I recollected her perfectly well. Of her sister, still a Miss A——, I confess I had no knowledge, past or otherwise, though she said she knew me. They are cousins of Mrs. M.

“As the concert began at *eight* judge what a waiting we had in the concert room. If I had been well it would not have mattered, but I was not well, and my patience was tried. It was very warm; and it is, I should think, a difficult matter in the best of times to keep anything like thorough ventilation in a room where there is such an assemblage of human beings,—a difficulty rather increased I presume on the present occasion by the fact that the openings in the roof were occupied by spectators, who looked down and waved handkerchiefs from thence, instead of permitting the air to wave to our relief. As a necessary consequence of the manner in which the seats were sold, our places were not together. I was utterly by myself, except when Mr. Putnam, who had what was called a promenade ticket, came to see me. I did not care for that; the audience was very well behaved, and the gentleman at my left belonged to a large party of ladies and gentlemen *before* me; so I was at ease; I had an excellent position for seeing, except as to distance; I could not distinguish features. But, on the whole, I was very well satisfied with my situation. Or I should have been had I been well. But I was under the balcony, it was warm, it was close, I had that unsettled condition of body which put an edge upon disagreeablenesses; and some of the people beside and before me *would* stand up—how they smothered me! After we had sat there a great while, the gentleman at my right asked the gentleman at my left what o’clock it was—twenty-

two minutes past *seven*. And all that more than a half hour yet to wait! Well!—

“One or two of the large party who were, as I told you, my neighbours, made themselves exceeding busy. ‘There ’s this one,’ and ‘there ’s that!’—etc., etc. They seemed to know a good many people; they had nice little pink merino and satin party cloaks, and plenty of opera glasses among them. N.B. They never offered me one, which I really think they might, seeing that I was a peaceable, well-disposed person and evidently entirely alone; but perhaps I am extravagant in my notions of politeness. My right-hand neighbour was considerate, for he offered after a while to exchange seats with me, that he might, as he said, be next a lady. I declined. He was an easy young man that; he borrowed the programme of me, and once or twice an opera-glass from one of the aforesaid large party.

“At last came the overture, which was something; then came Signor Belletti, who was nothing (nothing but the *leading* of the type); and then Jenny. Well, what shall I say? Imagine the clearest, sweetest, loveliest notes of the Æolian harp, utterance like the gurgling of water, and compass and power, when she chose, that seemed, so to speak, unlimited! Once in a duet where Belletti pretends to be giving her a singing lesson, she made a trill of marvellous length and beauty,—his response was a sort of grunted ‘OH!’ of wonder,—and how they clapped! They encored her, they shouted for her, they flung flowers at her. It was something to see. What will you say if I tell you that the most *moving* part of the whole exhibition was her *manner*. What will you think if I tell you that her manner of courtesying more than once brought

tears to my eyes? I don't very much wonder; such a sea of human heads you never looked upon—Mr. Putnam estimated them at 8500, the largest concert perhaps yet; and to see such an assemblage collected to do voluntary homage to the talent and character of one poor woman,—I should think if she had much feeling it might move her. I never saw any one courtesy so before. It seemed as if she could not get low enough; she bowed her head almost, or quite, to her knees; it seemed to my fancy as if a certain feeling of humility, the sense of gratitude and the desire of acknowledgement, were *labouring* to express themselves. They did express themselves to me. Her face is extremely good, as I know from an engraving here which is certified to be like her; a very noble, fine expression of countenance. She gave us the *echo* song!—Oh Annie! what can words say.

“The fresh air was very pleasant after it all. I came home, feeling by the time I reached it very much better than when I set out; and having talked away at a rate during the sail to Mr. Putnam, who I afterwards found out was very tired, and so it is to be feared not in condition to appreciate my loquacity.

“Mrs. Putnam is, I judge, a superior woman; I should think from the little I have seen, a woman of fine temper and fine sense. She has a lovely family of children, five little ones, intelligent, lively and happy, and her manner with them I like very exceedingly. I think she is *uncommonly* nice. English, and with English nicety of *appurtenances*, her table, her toilet, etc. Her sister, Mrs. Bishop, was praising the whole concern to me this morning,—a happy family she says, and I should think so. Tonight we have had company—three Miss R——, and their brother, and

Mrs. Bishop; and tomorrow, if nothing happens, the same party are to meet again at the house of the latter lady. There is a very nice piano, much at my service, and great plenty of nice music too, my style; and lots of books. Mrs. Putnam has lent me Bulwer's 'Caxtons' to bring home to read when we are painting. She praises it very highly.

"Dearest Anna, these people have stayed so late that I must cut short my letter. I have a proof to correct, if I live, in the morning, before eight o'clock. Mr. P. says I need not make extraordinary efforts about it, but I shall for all that.

"Dear Annie, dear Aunty, dear father, good night. Love to the dear family on the other side of the water."

Staten Island, Sept. 26, 1850.

"My dearest Annie. How very strangely things do come about in this world. Here am I in a house I have driven past with Mrs. Codwise ever so many times, thinking nothing less than that I should ever be an inhabitant of it; and I am here, absolutely correcting the printed pages of that work I have been poring over for these three years. One hardly realises it, as Miss Cooper says. This house is very near the same landing that Mrs. Codwise comes to, in the opposite direction from that we take to her place, on the same road and immediately upon it and upon the bay, like hers; but the curve of the shore makes a considerable difference in the points of view. I wonder where she is; it would be funny enough if she and I should have a *rencontre* down here; I have a very pleasant second-story back room, with a nice light iron bedstead painted blue, and at the foot of it a blue chintz-covered divan, which is also a box wherein, as Minny informed me

the day I came, 'we put our things,'—putting in my bonnet as she spoke. The walls upstairs and down are abundantly hung with engravings, and plenty of charming books are around. I have read none, however, since I came, I have been busy otherwise.

"At dinner, the first day, talking about obstinacy or some other thing, Minny remarked to her mother that it said in 'Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard' that 'A colt is a remarkably independent young animal.' 'You see you are quoted, Miss Warner,' said Mrs. Putnam. 'Not I,' said I,—'my sister.' 'Your sister?'—So I have indicated your separate identity as an author, which I presume was a point by no means clear before. It will be a wonder if I escape without getting some rubs of suspicion, in a world where things do so go from mouth to mouth as they do in this. Now here is Mrs. Bishop—she has been here these two nights and mornings, and had heard me speak of work I had been doing before breakfast, and asked twice 'what work,' and been answered by Mrs. Putnam 'writing,' and by me that I was getting something ready to go by Mr. P. What she thinks or knows I am ignorant. But last night she was asking me if I had seen Mr. James? I told her I had been living on a desert island. But it seems he has been up our way, and she said she thought I might have seen him, 'as I belonged to the literary world!' I took my place in the literary world quietly, and said nothing, not being able in fact to concoct an answer, and it was as well, for it was much better to be silent. I was asked if I knew Miss Sedgwick—Mr. Putnam thinks she is a piece of perfection, that is, according to his wife. Now Mrs. Bishop has met Mrs. Codwise and intends to call upon her when she next comes to the

Island to reside; and if she do it is infallible that she gets upon my chapter. How absurd it is! Literary people are talked of familiarly, as if they were seen and known by these ladies. Miss Lynch the poetess is a friend of Mrs. Bishop; and very little of a poetess Mrs. Putnam thinks her. Mr. Putnam is going to publish something of *Mr. Ehninger's*, I believe; not a book, I think. Dr. Mayo is voted by Mrs. Putnam, as to his *social* qualifications, sufficiently stupid, but she says he writes with great originality. Well!—

“How long my printing is to take I have not the remotest idea. I trust Mr. Putnam will push matters, for up to the present moment I have seen but the seventy-fifth page. Now you know among nine hundred—I finished my last night's proof this morning. Your letter I wrote last night. I rose very early, so that I had accomplished quite a long, elaborate dressing by the time it was light enough for me to work. Mr. Putnam shall not have to complain of me. Do you know, I am really in want of sleep. The company did not leave us last night until after eleven, and I was not ‘in the arms of porpus’ till a good while later; and the night before last we did not leave the supper-table I think till after twelve; and yesterday morning too I had a proof to finish, though I was not *quite* so stirring as to-day. It was very warmish weather yesterday, so that I wore my green muslin. I accomplished dressing myself in very creditable style, without any help too. Could one have believed it?—but one does n't know what *the shoulders* are equal to till they are tried.

“*Saturday the 28th.* No letter from you yet. I shall look for one tonight. Thursday was a day of

rain,—we could not go to Mrs. Bishop's. In the morning Mrs. Putnam was busy with her little school, as usual; and I with my own affairs of one kind and another. In the afternoon I sewed on my muslins and Mrs. Putnam read aloud,—a curious French story of Toepfer's. She read *in French*, and though I could not understand *all* I liked it very well. Mr. Putnam comes home to a late tea, and after tea I correct proofs, at the centre table; Mrs. P. working or reading, and Mr. P. reading or sleeping. Minny and Haven Putnam, the eldest boy and girl, dine with us. But none of the children appear at the breakfast or tea. I like that very well I must say. What possibility of conversation is there at a table where four or five children are to be attended to? Yesterday was another day of clouds—we went to our French book again in the afternoon. You ought to see the handfuls of papers, periodicals, and new books with which Mr. Putnam comes home in the evening. 'A sight for sair e'en' sure enough.

"This is a very happy family. I have rarely seen one that pleased me so much. Mrs. Putnam is a jewel of a wife and mother. It is pleasant to see the perfect affection and good humour between the heads of the family, and the very nice management and education of the fine, intelligent children. Minny is very intelligent. Mrs. Putnam does not seem to consider her children a burdensome charge; she is a very great contrast to Mrs. S. You should see her in the morning, at the table, with two or three of the oldest ones, for a long time instructing them in French, English, arithmetic, general knowledge, music, and other things, I don't know exactly what; and so patiently, and pleasantly, and *intelligently*, and firmly.

And you should have seen the baby brought down to shew me this morning after her bath of cold water, with only something thrown over her coming down and going upstairs; Mrs. S. would have thought H. in a fair way of being killed.

"I forgot to tell you that the very day I came one of the children brought away from the store Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard,—they had once had it before, but it had been taken back to the store again. Yesterday at dinner we were speaking of 'Harry and Lucy.' 'Mamma,' said Minny, 'when are we going to have the story of *Ellen*?' What is that? thought I. 'That is Miss Warner's story,' said Mrs. Putnam; and went on to say that they had read a chapter of it aloud in the family, 'about the little black girl.' I explained that that entire interesting relation had been expunged from the book. Mrs. Putnam declared that was 'too bad'; and Minny opined 'that was real bad.' Mrs. Putnam, however, said she had heard Mr. Putnam say—that the size of a book has so much to do with its success.

"Today is very fine, and Mrs. Putnam has gone to the city whither business called her, after very kindly apologising to me. If I was not *incognito* I might have gone to see people. But *incognito*!—I don't know exactly how it is to be preserved, for in this blessed world of gossip a secret derives little security from the fact that it is a trifle and concerns only a stranger. Minny last night asked me to tell her a story,—'as I made books I could tell stories.' Now a child is enough to unbar the doors of a prison secret at any time. I would fain keep mine fast. The printer is very dilatory. I should be extremely satisfied with my situation if the business for which

I came were making better headway. But I have no more proofs at night than I can get ready to send back by Mr. Putnam in the morning. Last night I had only ten pages. I have reached but the 102nd. I don't know exactly what I shall do if the printer cannot be prevailed upon; at this rate a fortnight will not accomplish my work. I wish, by the way—you (somebody) would send me a little more money; I might want it. My purchases, of a mouseline for you and stockings for me, left me but one dollar plus eighteen pence, now reduced to one dollar and sixpence; and I have the expressman to pay; so don't forget.

"I have been walking on the piazza for exercise this morning, then having a good practice, then writing, and just now dining,—all by myself alone; off a whole joint and an unbroken pudding however. Do you know there are very few people I should as well like to see at the Island as this same Mrs. Putnam. Oh!—she asked me the other day at dinner,—I had casually mentioned you,—she asked *if you were like me!* I laughed, and told her 'you were an improved edition of me, in every respect.' She laughed, and presently said, 'That is funny.'

"*Monday 30th.* Saturday night brought me your little note,—too little,—you had not yet heard from me. And the tone of it, or some things in it, struck me rather sadly. Perhaps it was that with my happy facility I had forgotten the set of feelings we carry about with us at home, or partly forgotten them. As to your little work" (I think this must have been the first volume of a child's book—"Mr. Rutherford's Children") "you must not be in the slightest discouraged,—were you? The approbation of the New

York Appleton's reader is pretty good guarantee that somebody will be found to approve it. In good time. I had to wait, and so did you, for your first 'ventur;' and *we* ought to know better by this time than to despond because of any *involuntary* delays. As to the Ladies' Wreath I am apt to conclude they are not overstocked with competitor essays; and if so, hurrah! As to your being lonely, I am sorry indeed; I had half forgotten it. What can I do? I hope you will have company to make you forget me. I don't think it is a matter of very great surprise if I lost sight of more than half my accustomed trains of thought, amid all the whirl of last week; novelty and excitement and strange positions and situations.

"Yesterday was beautiful, as to weather. I came downstairs at I knew not what o'clock, and finding no stir, went out upon the piazza and began a long walk up and down it. The wind blew so fresh at one corner of the house that I was glad to turn a little short of it; at the other end of the piazza I sometimes stood a little to look over the bay. One of these times I happened to think of *affairs*, and the wish came over me that we might be a little better off,—that our plans might have success, or something of the kind; and then I remembered the words 'A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked'; and if you had been near you might have seen me smile. We went to church in the morning, quite a long walk. Mr. M. did not gain in the least upon my good graces. Coming out *Mrs. Shaw* accosted me very pleasantly. She is staying on the Island this summer. The rest of the day *Mrs. Putnam* was confined to her room by a slight

indisposition. I poured out tea for Mr. P. and told stories to the children.

"This morning having it on my mind that I must be up very early to correct proofs (for two gentlemen, coming in Saturday night stopped me), I woke up by bright starlight and got up in brave time. Corrected I don't know how many pages before breakfast, and four or five since. It does read very well, Annie, now that I have mostly got past the omissions and abbreviations, which one or two of them go a little against the grain with me. I have but just got Ellen to Miss Fortune's, and that chapter finishes about the 120th page. So I don't think the book promises to be so enormous. I *hope* you have, or are to have, company. How is Mrs. M.? Take care of yourselves all; father, aunty, and little A.;—'love me and mend me,' as Benedick hath it. Yours all, sincerely and dearly. Susan.

"Received yours last night. Thank you, love, Tuesday."

"Staten Island, Oct. 1, 1850.

"Dearest Anna, I have just been reading over again your letter, which at the time of its arrival received but a hurried notice, or rather a partial one. I was interrupted by tea, and even before we sat down to table came in Miss A., by invitation, I presume, for others of her family were to follow her later in the evening. Now I had a good bundle of proofs, as well as your letter, in my pocket. I sat and played the agreeable a little while after tea, but I knew it would not do to trust to finishing my work in the morning, unless it were begun overnight, so I lit my candle and went, though Mr. Putnam (who had himself been correcting his own proofs) remarked

to me that there was a place if I wanted to go on with my literary work! But such a degree of non-chalance is a pitch above me. I quietly took myself to my own little table in my own room, where I was working in very businesslike style, with the side of the bed littered with manuscript and proof sheets, when Mrs. Putnam came to remonstrate. I promised to make my appearance before the end of the evening—she said Mrs. B. wanted to see me, and she spoke of my coming down to play them a tune! So after a little more work I descended. Mr. and Mrs. B. and a Mr. J., the next door neighbour, were added to Miss A., and we were very chatty. We had peaches and sponge cake, and I played *two* tunes, very much, seemingly, to the pleasure of the company. Mrs. B. was desirous that her daughter should have the advantage of hearing me; and I was very cordially invited by her, and I think her sister, and even by Mr. B. to give them an evening. I said I should be very glad, but I shall not of course go near them unless a particular invitation oblige me. I found afterwards on inquiry that Mr. P.'s open remarks led to Miss A.'s asking 'if I was literary'?—to which Mr. Putnam had responded 'O yes,'—and Mr. and Mrs. B. had asked what I was writing, or publishing, I don't know which they said. I do not understand that they heard the title of my affair, but where is my incognito? Mrs. B. *of course* writes to Mrs. M., that Susan Warner is doing so and so; Mrs. M. writes the same to Miss A., who knows us just enough to be disagreeable, and she tells whomsoever it does not concern. This is not vanity, for nothing is too trifling in another's affairs to engage the notice and enlist the tongues of the gossiping world. Mrs. B., it seems,

reported of me that I was such a smart girl at school; I informed Mrs. Putnam that I had never been to school but six months in my life and then *not with Mrs. B.* She said that was funny. After they were gone last night I came up to my room and went to my proofs again, not daring to defer them all to the morrow. I heard twelve o'clock strike when I had been in bed a few minutes. Then I waked up early, too early, went to sleep again and overslept myself; but had still, thanks to a very late breakfast, a long pull at my proofs, and finished them all but a little.

"*Wednesday 2nd.* Yesterday after breakfast, that is after Mrs. Putnam and I had finished discussing oysters and peaches and milk-toast and matters of conversation, for Mr. Putnam had to run to the boat, while she went to her school I busied myself in one thing and another as usual, walking in the yard and finally writing to you; during which last occupation Mrs. P. came in and proposed as she had to go to the city for a few matters for baby, that I should go with her. I demurred and declined at first, but she rather pressed it, saying the sail would do me good, and Mr. Putnam would look all askew if she came there again and left me at home. The afternoon was lovely, and I privately concluded I had better spend my two shillings; so I dressed and we had dinner, and at three o'clock took the boat. New York was a dismal crowd. We went into John Street and some distance up Broadway, as far as Peyser's, and then having finished our shopping returned to Mr. Putnam's office, as they call it, where we had an hour to wait and rest before it would be time to go down to take the six and a half o'clock boat. So there we sat, Mrs. Putnam and I, in the two armchairs

in the snugger, somewhat shielded but not entirely from the rest of the store. Do you conceive how odd it was to think of, Annie? I behind the scenes, as it were at home in that big bookstore, now turning over the last number of Harper, now gazing at a little copy of the Greek Slave under a glass shade on the corner of the desk, and sometimes peering down the store, observing the clerks and enjoying the novelty. Mrs. Putnam asked one of the clerks or bookmen if he thought Mr. Ehninger's work, which lay by, would sell? He said he should think not. My dear, it is illustrations of Hood's Bridge of Sighs, in a series of half a dozen etchings, designed to tell the whole story from long before where Hood takes it up. Tame, I think; and he rather points the *material* than the *ideal* of the piece, to my fancy. Of Irving's Sketch Book Mr. P. has sold *ten or twelve thousand*,—there was not a copy left in the store last night. We stayed at last till Mrs. Putnam was afraid of being left,—it was the last boat,—and we had a rush down to Whitehall; three or four minutes to spare after all. The Castle Garden chimes were playing Old Hundred beautifully as we crossed the Battery. The sail down was most beautiful. The sun, at that hour, was some time down, you know, and all along the western horizon was a hue of very rich deep orange, melting presently into clear light blue, and above it hung the evening star, as bright as possible. Against this sky every vessel that passed us shewed finely, the sails whether in light or shadow so deeply defined upon the clear distance which yet was dim enough to throw them out well. And on the other side lay the city—with its gleaming lights; the Dipper was overhead, and under the north star the Aurora Borealis began to

shoot up. We four, for little Haven was of the party, sat alone just at the end of the boat, Mrs. Putnam and I admiring, and Mr. Putnam singing songs, in the most comfortable manner, only the wind blew rather too fresh. Then tea, peaches, and proofs, during which last Mr. ——— came in and smoked a cigar; but I went resolutely on with my work. Up this morning again long before light, so that I finished a thorough toilet by the time I could see to work. Got to the end of my proofs just by breakfast.

"I can do ten pages in the morning before I have to go down stairs,—not much more. I am now in the 13th chapter; only there. At this rate it cannot be ended in a fortnight. I wish I had some other place to go to at that time, till it be finished. If your wits can hit upon anything, help me. You understand, I wish to leave if possible an agreeable impression. Don't you believe, but don't tell father for fear he should speak of it in the store, they are *stereotyping* this? Something Mr. Putnam was saying this morning led Mrs. Putnam to ask the question, and I understood him to answer in the affirmative. Now he has not read it himself, I know, for he has told me as much. I wonder if he stereotypes everything, or near everything?

"We are invited to spend the evening to-morrow with the ———. 'Tell' of my going to hear Jenny? to be sure, tell of it. It is much too good fun not to be told. And if people's curiosity is set on fire, let it burn. Your description of the cricket is admirable. Aunty's netted shawl has already served me beautifully. Send me some money quickly, so that I may not be in want of it.

"*Thursday*. Send me also your advice, for I want

it. I cannot flatter myself that the '*fortnight*' will see much more than half my work done. Now what shall I do with myself! It is upon my mind, and will not off, that people do get tired of guests that stay a great while; and I am a business guest besides. My pride has not yet so risen on tiptoe and waved an intoxicating wand over all my other faculties, that I cannot look at possibilities. Now Mr. and Mrs. Putnam are most entirely polite, kind, and pleasant; I am on a very agreeable footing in the family; but for all this, you see, I would infinitely rather they should have too little of me than too much. This troublesome feeling alone hinders my enjoying myself, and it is a hindrance. Is there anybody in New York whom you would counsel me to apply to for a week or two's shelter on the plea of unknown business? Mrs. Skinner stands first in my imagination. I would rather even confide so much of my secret as Mrs. B. knows to her, or to somebody in that confidence, than be decidedly importune here. I want you to advise me. I think perhaps I shall just speak my difficulty frankly to Mrs. Putnam, and ask her to find out, as she can, whether it will best please Mr. Putnam to have the last of the proofs sent up to me at West Point, or that I should stay to finish them here. She is a person to understand frankness and sense. I like and admire her very much. I don't want father to say anything to Mr. P. about it. Write me instantly, if you have anything to suggest, and send me a dollar or two.

"I am a very inoffensive guest, as a guest can be. I spend all the morning, pretty much, in my own room, except when I am walking in the yard. I do not choose to run any risks of embarrassing the *school*

with my presence. Then after dinner I go to dress, and Mrs. Putnam goes to the baby, and to dress, and more or less early in the afternoon we meet to spend the rest of the day together. Yesterday towards evening we took a pleasant little walk. I have been amusing myself with Miss Sedgwick's 'Clarence' and 'Redwood,'—dismally poor. Mrs. Putnam says she does not see where Miss Sedgwick got her fame. We agree nicely upon almost all subjects we talk upon. Mr. Putnam is a character; one of your quiet, self-possessed, self-reliant, self-respecting, substantial business men; very fond of his business, his wife says, but not sordidly so; very fond also of the arts, she says; one of those who steadily keep their eye upon their aim, and without any noise, and in spite of hindrances, pursue and attain it. And there is in both of them such a union of self-respect with absence of pretension. Worth a hundred fashionables.

"I was up this morning again when the stars were shining, and finished my proofs. Last night came in our queer neighbour Mr. J. with another gentleman. He is rather a disagreeable man, but he wanted to hear me play; he had heard me through the wall playing beautifully he said. So I played, and having by this time got my fingers a little in order, I played to the satisfaction of them all I believe. I tell you, for I know it will give you pleasure. Minny took occasion to say to me the other day that she liked 'Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard' very much. She is a very intelligent child. She says people say she will be an author.

"I am dressed to go to the R.'s; Mrs. Putnam has gone,—she explained to me that their rooms are so small it would be best for us not all to go to tea, and

so I am to follow by and by with Mr. Putnam, provided no 'if' stands in the way, after pouring out tea for him. This arrangement suits me very well. This afternoon Mrs. Putnam has been reading aloud again in our queer French book, 'Le bibliothèque de mon oncle,' while I have been knitting—beginning a shirt for baby in split zephyr wool. Mrs. P. is on another, and as it is a longish job she is glad of my help.

"Dear Annie, you may guess I was glad of your nice letter last night, which I did not expect. It is very pleasant to hear about the S.— and dear little H. My love to them always. I thought of you Sunday. Be merry, sweet friends. Take good care of yourselves.

"Press the matter of the K. house. Father took to that admirably.

"I have aunty's collar on, and your sleeves and my blue silk, and my *Bruen*—do you know what that is?

"The printers complained that I *put in* points, and wanted absolutely to have the rest of the manuscript revised with a view to its punctuation. Mr. Putnam remarked to me that my father and I were not of a mind on this subject, referred to what father had said to him, and told me what the printers said. I made representations. A day or two after this Mr. P. happened to be in the printing office, and this matter came up again. Mr. P. insisted on comparing forthwith a page of the manuscript with the corrected proof—it was done. And he said in *every instance* where I had stricken out a point, *the point was not in the copy*. So the compositors were called up, reprimanded for aught I know, and instructed *to follow copy*. Is this letter long enough? Good night dear father, aunty, and Annie. Thine, Susan."

“Staten Island, Oct. 4th, 1850.

“My dear Anna. Aunt and father must forgive me for addressing myself always to you. In this peculiar kind of letter-writing it suits me best, and I hope suits them well enough.

“I finished writing to you last night and had begun to ‘dilectate’ with ‘Redwood,’ when in came Mr. Putnam with a good bundle of proofs. ‘Redwood’ was immediately put away, and at them I went. Presently came the interruption of tea. I presided, as Mrs. Putnam had requested me to do. After milk toast and peaches and little scraps of talk were got through with, I went again to my work. Towards nine o’clock we went to the R.’s, who live just back of this, their house and Mr. B.’s both to be seen from my window at a very short distance. There *the A.* pounced upon me, and devoured so much of me during the evening that not a vast deal was left for other people. Whether to ascribe this to my dawning celebrity or uncommon agreeableness I am ignorant; but in either case the prayer of Capt. Mundy’s elephant, about friends and enemies, might not be altogether inapplicable. Mrs. B. said I was smiling and looking as happy as possible however.

“This morning I was again up by starlight,—not indeed before the dawn had begun to break, but while many of the stars were yet shining. Hard at work at my proofs till breakfast; and that I might be so, last night, late as it was, I sealed and directed your letter and basted a collar on a handkerchief.

“Mrs. Putnam hooked my dress yesterday, and gave me a pair of india-rubber bands for my undersleeves, having as she said a supply of them. I could not after all quite finish my papers this morning—

six or seven pages left to do. I am in the 'ant and wood-pigeon' chapter. Only there. No—the tea at Alice's. It was so entirely exquisite, the weather after breakfast, that I even put on my bonnet and went, alone, quite to Mrs. Codwise's and beyond it. I stood awhile at her gate. The place looked very trim, but nobody is there; gates padlocked, house shut up. There is a melancholy look about a place in such a condition, especially one where you have known happy times. Flowers in the beds and a beautiful creeper on a tree looked very pretty. Since I got home I have been in my own room quietly busy. Mrs. Putnam and little Amy have just been in to bring me a peach.

"*Saturday, Oct. 5th.* I have been bending over the little table I am sure I don't know how many hours to-day already. I might be excused, perhaps, if I did not write a very long piece of a letter. Yesterday afternoon we took a walk to Silver Lake—you did not go there, did you? It is on the further side of those high grounds where Mr. Anthon's and Madame Grimes's houses are situated; so we had quite a climbing frolic. I came home tired, and found that Mrs. J. had come in for us to drink tea with her; news that gave me almost as little pleasure as it did Mr. Putnam. I do not admire Mr. J., and his wife is nothing of a companion. However we must go, happily not till Mr. Putnam comes home. He brought me a large bundle of proofs, and I took my resolution. The tea drinking was, may I be pardoned the cant, excessively slow. Seated at Mr. J.'s left hand, I kept him company in eating sardines, but had not even a cup of coffee to make it worth while to be there. Between tea and chocolate I was forced to choose

the tea, knowing I had work to do, and not daring to slight the care of my energies. A very little while after we had returned to the drawing-room I made my apologies to Mrs. J. and withdrew, Mr. Putnam accompanying me along the balcony to the parlour window of his own house; and having called for a light he left me. I took my proofs and my candlestick and went up to my own room, and there I worked till my candle was burnt down. Then I slept like a top till this morning, not quite so early as usual, for it was light enough to work several minutes before I was ready. I worked like a beaver till breakfast. I did not go out to walk, in the yard or elsewhere, after breakfast; but in the course of the morning I lay down on the aforesaid divan with my head on my pillow and took a good nap. Can you understand that, what with watching and what with working and not having too much sleep these two nights, I might be in want of such a refreshment?

“The sun has just sunk behind the hills. I have been doing this afternoon what I hope I will never do again—riding behind horses that have once run away. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop came in their carriage to take us; and though I knew they had been run away with a few weeks ago, and that these were the same horses, I went with Mrs. Putnam. I am thankful I am home safe. We had no disturbance, but I had little pleasure. The horses have never behaved well since the accident happened—we heard enough about that during our drive; and I thought and I think, I will never put myself in such jeopardy again. The afternoon has been perfection; but for my fearful feeling how I should have enjoyed the drive. We went round by New Brighton and home by the Clove

road. We are engaged, we and the Rhinds and the Bownes, I believe, to visit Mrs. Bishop next Tuesday afternoon. People are very polite and kind to me.

"It is amusing how Miss A. wants to make an 'old girl' of me. Mrs. Putnam said Mr. Putnam was laughing about it. She will have it I went to school with Mrs. M. I told Mrs. Putnam how it was.

"I spoke to Mrs. Putnam frankly this morning, as I hinted I should; so I am at ease. The reply was calculated to make me so. She says I am not at all in the way (indeed it is impossible for a stranger to be less so) and that my companionship is pleasant to her; and that there was so much annoyance with Mr. Irving's proofs, though they were taken charge of by a friend. So I resolve myself quietly to be like the Yankee's mill; and I have a great deal that is very agreeable in my way of life here.

"*Monday, Oct. 7th.* Yesterday was beautiful. I omitted my walk upon the piazza, but we had a beautiful one to church and back. N.B. I rather give the A. a wide berth. Dinner was rather late, waiting for a Mr. Hunt who, however, did not come. Instead of him arrived a Mr. Grey, Horace Grey, a Bostonian formerly,—do you know anything of him? It was curious to hear them talking of Capt. Grafton and his sister, and of *the Wormleys*. Mrs. Putnam knew them (the latter) so well abroad, and Kate Wormley has been a correspondent of hers this ever so long. Mr. Grey is nothing in particular. We had a long dinner of three courses. The time between dinner and tea I spent in my room. When I went down to tea Mrs. Putnam told me I had had an invitation to chocolate from Mr. J. His first words, after due salutations, had been, 'Where's Miss Warner?' He

has, it is said, \$200,000; and the business of his life (after the care of his money, which he holds with a pretty tight grip) is looking after a young son of his not three years old. His wife almost seems to be a person of less account in his esteem. And he has, this Mr. J., one of the most silly laughs you would wish to hear—what the French call *niaise*. So you see, however flattered, I am not much honoured by his predilection.

“My opinion of the value of good children’s stories is rather on the increase.

“Quite cold this morning. I was fain to put on my merino. Finished my proofs as usual before breakfast. I had so small a parcel to go over that I allowed myself to lie in bed till only a few stars were left visible. There were 700 competitors for the prize for the Jenny Lind song! When told of this, Jenny, according to Mr. Putnam, lifted up hands and eyes exclaiming, ‘Then there will be six hundred and ninety-nine disappointed.’ E—— S—— was one of the six hundred and ninety-nine, and has been making a fool of himself since the decision, trying to get it in some sort reversed, or *counterparted*. Mr. Putnam was on the committee. He has heard Jenny every single time she has sung here. The successful poet is Bayard Taylor,—the young man who travelled over Europe on foot, having but \$150 to set out with; you have heard Mrs. S. speak of him; she has his travels, or had them.

“Query, as to the expediency of writing everything to you, and leaving myself nothing to say. I am in ‘*the snowstorm*.’ Mrs. Bishop saw Mrs. Codwise in New York the other day.

“*Tuesday, Oct. 8th.* My dear Annie, I got your

welcome letter last night. How could mine have been delayed? They went from my hands in very nice time, I think.

“I have thought in the course of this journalising for you that my relations might convey quite too glowing an idea to your minds. Pray disabuse them. I assure you I do not feel much like a lion. On the contrary I have rather too much of your distrust of my own *consideration* among people—rather springing from pride than humility I am afraid. I am kindly and politely treated, certainly; but men and women must be brutes to refuse me that. As to my being ‘appreciated’ and ‘enjoyed,’ I’ll promise you nothing. Father must not expect anybody to equal *him* in such displays of discernment and good taste. My music *is* appreciated. Is n’t it odd? Mrs. Putnam was saying the other evening, quite coolly, and not by the way of compliment, that I seemed to draw out the tones of the instrument in such a manner, whereas other people make a noise; she did n’t know, she said, ‘whether it was the choice of my pieces, or that I played so beautifully.’ I confess such testimony gives me pleasure. Also Miss Mary B. was sent down to hear me. This is the day for the grand entertainment at Mrs. B’s. It will be quite a gathering if all go that are asked. Mrs. Putnam and I were going on with our ‘Bibliothèque’ and our knitting yesterday afternoon, when two of the Miss R’s. interrupted us. The evening spent in proofs.

“Up again this morning by starlight. Then after dressing I sit down correcting, when the sun is yellowing and flushing the white sides and faces of the houses seen from my window, and touching the tree-tops. I put on (these two mornings) my merino and big

shawl, and by breakfast time am cold enough. A cup of good coffee would be a blessing, but we don't have it. I am unreasonable to wish for it, we have enough other things; but after two cups of coffee which I did have Sunday morning, I saw everything in rose-color, as I told Mrs. Putnam. Unluckily it had the effect upon her of not making her see at all—she had some trouble to find the hymn.

"Miss Sedgwick's novels are *inexpressible*.

"N.B. *No Money* came with your letter. Now see to it and send me some promptly. I have two or three little odds and ends to pay.

"I am in the 'Nancy' chapter—the sick-room, you know,—and have n't reached the 300th page yet. So I do not think the book promises to be overwhelmingly big.

"No news of Aunt Nancy? Where are all the people? I am, since three lines back, all dressed for Mrs. Bishop's, and in very good mood for the same. I just wait to finish and seal this letter before going down to the parlour to let Mrs. Putnam hook my frock. My dear Annie, dear father, dear aunty don't I send you dry letters? Anna's are moistened with some delightful drop of sentiment, or seasoned with something a little *recherche*! Now that sounds unfeeling; but dear Annie I can understand your 'Thou,' and feel your dear little bit of Sévigné —Gen. M. is affable. Dear little H. is lovely. My dear love, to all his family. I am multiplying 'dears,' but nevertheless my *dear* aunty, take good care of yourself, my *dear* Annie take good care of father; and all of you love me much more than I deserve. Thine,—Oh thine!"

"*Staten Island, Oct. 10, 1850.*

"I sit down to write to you with my faculties in

anything but working trim—not but that they may be fit enough for a letter. For aught I know that goes on the better when one's wits are a little dreamy. Judge of the condition of mine after you have read the following recital—nothing striking, let me premise.

“We rode in the omnibus to Mrs. Bishop's,—Mrs. P. and I, two Miss R's, Mrs. B. and Miss A., and, joining us immediately from the boat, Mr. Putnam and a Mr. MacLachlan, an Englishman, I believe. Nothing striking in him either. I forgot Mr. B., who is not significant. We jolted along, a drive of about two miles, debouched at the court-yard gate. Mrs. Putnam ran on ahead, and when we reached the door, we, the rest of the ladies, I heard something said about putting the old married ladies in front and I found myself leading the van with Miss A. I confess to you I was childish enough to be displeased at this. I rather sheered from my consort and entered ahead of her. Trifle as this was, it had somewhat of a settling effect upon me. We made our toilets and came down to the drawing-room, where some of us looked over engravings for some time, in a sufficiently uninteresting style. Also the most was made of a large kate-did occupying a bunch of flowers on the centre-table, the pet of the mistress of the house—for the time. The Miss R.s had a butterfly and Mrs. Bishop a kate-did. I sat with little to say or do, after the engravings had been discussed, till Miss A. and I struck up a conversation across the centre-table; and I must own the best talk I had during the evening was with her, except a moment or two with Miss Clinch. Miss Clinch was much the most attractive woman there, after Mrs. Putnam; not young, but clever and agreeable-looking. One Miss R. was rather stiff not

having enough substance to bend, and the other, though making noise enough, made little worth hearing. Mrs. B. is I think nothing in comparison with her sister. Mrs. Putnam is a handsome, lively, agreeable little woman as you will wish to see. Mrs. B. seems a well-meaning, good-natured *mère de famille*: there were also a German Mr. and Mrs. T., and the party was joined some time after our arrival by Mr. R. and a Mr. B.

“Well—at last came coffee, two cups of it, good and strong, biscuit, sandwiches, and cake. And I would have enjoyed that if I had not to all intents and purposes eaten it alone, being at the time connected with nobody. After tea I played—Miss R. sang—neither very well—a little talking—Mrs. Putnam trying hard to get up games and finding it hard work. Mr. Putnam at last called upon me to play something more, and pressing it, I complied with my usual good-nature, and had the satisfaction, as usual, of hearing ‘the piece’ stop people’s tongues. That blessed piece captivates all hearts. I wish I had half a dozen such. Then Mrs. Putnam got us to playing hunt the ring, which I slightly detest; Mr. Putnam was our best player, really performing admirably. Our ring was broken up by the superior attractions of hot oysters and chicken salad, cake, brandy peaches, and wine. After the supper redeeming the forfeits,—but the gentlemen were refractory, and unlike wise men were not willing to play the fool; so it cannot be said the forfeits went off brilliantly. At last, not at all to my sorrow, the party broke up, and we set out on our starlight *walk* home. This was the best of the whole evening. I don’t know in the darkling how people arranged themselves, but I presently found

myself with Miss A., who inquired in a whisper 'if I wanted to walk with that Englishman?' intimating that if I did she would retire, or if I did n't she would stay by me,—I don't know which. Now as I had no earthly objection to walking with 'that Englishman' or any Englishman in decent society, I answered without any acknowledgment that I did as I was bid. Presently Mr. Putnam, I think, took Miss A. in tow, and he certainly called upon me to take his second arm; but I declined, saying that one lady was enough for a gentleman to take care of. So I moved on by myself among the other people, till Mrs. Putnam discovered I was alone, and called to 'the Englishman,' who without any particular display of gallantry had gone on before, that 'here was a lady astray.' So he had to come back and take charge of the waif. We presently struck up a conversation and went on quite swimmingly, I enjoying the kind of pleasure one has on breaking new soil to find it is not hard ground. Before we had discovered that we had talked out, Mrs. Putnam happily exchanged partners with me, giving me Mr. R. and taking herself Mr. MacLachlan. And Mr. R., who has been all over the world, discoursed to me sagely about California, till we reached our own gate. Mr. B. was quartered with us, Mr. MacLachlan with Mr. J. I left the people in the parlour, and taking my proofs went up to my room. And then, even that night, late as it was, I worked a while at them before I went to bed. A little overslept myself, but finished a good parcel of proofs for Mr. Putnam. Coffee in the morning again. Meant to have gone to see Miss A.'s shells, which she had kindly invited me to do, but got ready too late. Took up the 'Red Rover,' which was lying

on the table, and was in a wrapt state all the afternoon,—so warm, with that and the weather that I dressed myself in white and was comfortable. O the inexpressible charm of the sea, and its thrilling adventures and chances, and the display of fine character in intelligence, coolness, and command! The interest of the love-story is absolutely nothing—it is the fine naval characters and doings. Enchanting. Mr. and Mrs. J. to tea. Coffee again. And a great deal of music. Mr. J. is really a deep and true lover and appreciator of fine music. Unfortunately in his singing and whistling, which he does with feeling and a fine ear, he cannot rest without playing the buffoon. Accordingly he either imitates the extravagant action of the stage, or saws the air with his imaginary bass viol and violins, so that the whole effect was ludicrous enough. I had to laugh or keep away my eyes. His last achievement was crawling at full length under the sofa, from whence he cautiously emerged, as the thief in Don Giovanni, or something else, does from his cover, singing the thief's song, 'It is time to return!' I laughed till the tears came. Mrs. J. said I would grow fat if I stayed upon Staten Island. Mr. J. kept me *reading* music—mostly Handel's. He will have it *all* other musicians are nothing at all before him. He recommends to me to 'addict myself to Handel'; if I do I shall be the greatest performer in New York. He's an extravaganza. But for all that he really sang part of the famous song in Handel's 'Samson'—'Oh Loss of Sight,' etc.—in a way that, keeping my eyes from him, enabled me to form some judgment of the unearthly beauty and grandeur of that master's productions. He would give the musical introduction and interlude really exceedingly

well. When they were gone, it was eleven. Too late for proofs, and I had a large bundle of them. I went to bed, thinking I wanted to wake up extra early. And in truth I was at work by candle-light some little while before day would serve me; I finished a good parcel of proofs by breakfast time, though I have some twelve or thirteen pages to do yet. Coffee again this morning, though too weak to put any one in a fever. Now have you any correct notion of my state of body and mind at present? And will you ever be able to read this scrawl? O what a scrawl! Many thanks for the box and *the money*, and your dear letter. I cannot compliment father's with being any more than a scrap.

"*Saturday, Oct. 12th.* (Got no further.)

"*Monday, 14th.* I go back to last week. Alas! You must be expecting this letter, while it is still on the stocks. Friday I wrote none. Mrs. Putnam was going up to the city, and I thought I would go too, and see if I could beat up any friends for my time of need. We left here in the one o'clock boat, and dining before that, my morning was no great things. I marched straight up to Mr. Parmley's and made an appointment for Wednesday at three. Went to C. C.—not at home. Found Mrs. Skinner—very cordial—she and the doctor at dinner—he looking dismal. Low-spirited and *that*—as one of our acquaintance might express it. I sat and talked a long time, till I thought it was time for me to proceed down town again, to meet Mrs. Putnam and take the last boat for the Island. So down town I trudged; but Mrs. Putnam had already gone home in the five o'clock boat. Mr. Bridges, one of the young men in the office, shewed me to the armchair behind the curtain; and another

clerk, whom I afterwards found was Mr. Saunders, knowing me, it seems, delivered me my bundle of proofs. Presently Mr. Putnam and Haven made their appearance, and the former took us to the Fair of the institute, whither Haven much wished to go. I lacked a knowledge & the time, both, which are necessary to enjoy it; so I did not enjoy it much. During the sail home Mr. R. gave me the pleasure of talking to him, and of being reminded forcibly every now and then that his lungs enjoyed the society of tobacco.

“Muffins and tea, and then proofs.

“I learnt at tea that *Miss Cushman* and another lady were coming to dine and spend Sunday night here; and others were probably to meet them. *Je pris mon parti*. I generously announced my purpose of seeking quarters in the city for the time they should be here. It was not necessary, they said, but I knew it was best. Mrs. Putnam lent me a nice little travelling bag; I buried myself in the ‘Red Rover’ all the morning, then packed, dressed, dined alone (Mrs. P. having gone to the city), and finally took my place in the three o’clock boat. Am I not getting to be a woman of business? Again I had Mr. R.’s company, only during the first and latter part of the sail though. Luckily he rode up, while I walked. I had to stop and get my proofs. So I went in at Mr. Putnam’s ‘office,’ went in behind the counter, and marching boldly up to Mr. Saunders at the desk, demanded my papers. Is n’t it comical? They were not arrived from the printer, so Mr. S. obligingly sent for them, while I sat down and waited in company with Cooper’s ‘Deerslayer.’ I saw Mr. Putnam, too, and Mr. Saunders brought me a fine bundle of proofs, and then I

trudged on with my heavy travelling bag (I had put too much in it) all the long way up to Bleecker Street. I had misgivings of heart as I drew near, but however I went on, and had not the slightest reason to repent it. Mrs. Skinner has behaved to me with the frank pleasant kindness of old times. After dinner Dr. Skinner being gone to Chi Alpha, and J. taken his moustache to see Mrs. Viele, Mrs. Skinner lit the low gaslight over the dining-room table for me, and went with the lamp into the parlour; and then for ever so long I corrected proofs, and wrote the date, to which I added nothing, in this letter. Dr. Skinner greeted me with pleased surprise when he came home and found me there. I told him I had taken refuge with Mrs. Skinner. He said he was glad I had, but he was 'sorry' I had anything 'to flee from.'

"They have not commenced as yet the paging of my second volume. There will be about 350 pages in each—not too large, that, I am sure. I am in uncertainty whether I shall see you very soon or not for some time still. Mr. Putnam was to speak to the printer about it. I told Mrs. Putnam when I came home to-day that I felt excessively like a bad penny. Yours truly, S.

"Mrs. Skinner would have had me stay with her but she has not at this moment a servant to bless herself with.

(Written inside the envelope.) "The word or the prospect, is, that the printers will take as long for the second volume as they have done for the first. Mr. Putnam says if I like I might go home for a week or ten days, receiving proofs all the time, and come down again for the finishing, when my presence would be most desirable,—perhaps to

look over the *plate* proofs, the contents, etc. So that suits me delightfully. And so, if nothing happens, as you say Thursday is father's reference day I will be at Mr. Putnam's office some time before three o'clock, for I would much wish to take the early afternoon train. Father must, if he pleases, and if it is possible, arrange to meet me at the said office a little before three—I will have my baggage sent to the station-house by express."

Her old self still. The dislike of trivial things, the impatience of social manipulations; the cool self-possession with which she "read music" (and such music) to a stranger. But *that* she could do splendidly well. Through it all, the conscientious zeal with which she kept up with her work and finished her proofs on time, even rising "by starlight" if need were, to correct them. She was at Staten Island some three weeks; but the rest of the proofs were done at home. We had both wished to keep our names in hiding: and so when it came time for a title page, we borrowed from two of our great grandmothers,—I going before the world as "Amy Lothrop"; while for a long time my sister was known chiefly as "Elizabeth Wetherell."

CHAPTER XVI

WRITING, WRITING

Two or three weeks after her return from Staten Island, a new journal book opens thus:

"*Oct. 30.* Aunt F., A., and I took a pleasant ramble this afternoon. Sat on the rock over 'Eureka', and saw the Alida go down. A. had, as usual, her little basket and picked up hickory nuts and butternuts, and we stopped here and there to crack and eat; the sweet pennyroyal reminding one of Canaan. A very beautiful day—the hills in very rich colour—many of the leaves are off the trees; those remaining being of a uniform warm hue, red brown, and orange; mellowed and rich where the sun catches them. Looking towards the western shore, the slopes and hollows of the hills were very much in a hazy neutral tint, but the tops and ridges shewing the sun-lit colouring were exquisitely marked out by it, unless here and there where the sun could not come, and an edge of deeper and more defined shadow stood out upon the warm mountain side beyond. Oaks, some of them, in mingled green and brown still; hickories orange and brown. A large flat grey rock, spotted with black moss, and at the edge of it, springing from a heap of dead leaves and fruit-ripened cacti, some bunches of the pink corydalis. Warm, or rather mild, with a somewhat chill south breeze, per favour of which the sloops walked up very prettily. I went up and down the walk before the house a long while, weaving."

"Weaving" the threads of her next book, *Queechy*. And there follows a "brief," to use the lawyer's word, of the first chapters; covering a page and a half of the journal. A few sentences may amuse the reader.

"A. and her grandfather—G. Carleton and nutting—Bryant's 'Death of the Flowers'—Frank's raillery on what Mr. Carleton had been about—Mr. C.'s reply that Mr. C. would be a better man if he were oftener about the same, &c. Hall and A. and Mr. C.'s interference—the present of birds shot, and A.'s taking of it."

So she runs on, mapping out roughly perhaps a third of the book. I do not know what was her first chosen name for the heroine; only an initial is given here. Then the journal begins again, but with no new date.

"We are contemplating an attack upon father in the way of a conversation, to find out what may be his purposes for the coming winter, for at present we are in a dismal state of incertitude. If we wish to spend the winter at West Point, arrangements cannot be too soon made; if at New York, ditto; if here, ditto. But till we know, nothing can be done. West Point promises, could we but get there, by far the most pleasure; New York the most advantage in the way of work and facilities for work; the Island, alas! looks to me a dismal place for us to be locked up in for the winter; without a grown servant, without books, without a piano, without church, without a friend's face, without anybody to get wood but father, without resources to draw upon but the Bible, the Penny Cyclopædia, and imagination; without ready money to go to market, without earning anything, without any brilliant prospects for the future,

unless indeed the Wide World should prove to us a richer storehouse than it does to most people. Well, we are strangely cool, but it may be in part because we are strangely cold. I have been all but thinking of a governess's place—anything but living on nothing, or on borrowed money."

Certainly "imagination" was not cold, when she wrote this, depicting in most vivid fashion, as she liked to do, whatever there was of good or evil. But there was no evil on its way to us; and the blessed things in store, those she could *not* imagine. There was many a sweetness in our life, even then.

"*Nov. 1.* A. sent a bouquet of flowers to Rebecca, in which were the following: Roses, Agrippina, Lamarque, and Monthly, most lovely together—sweet scabious, of two or three colours, dark and very rich, beautiful purplish rose, and light bluish purple; verbenas of nine or ten colours, or shades of colour—Gilies, Xeranthemums, of two colours, yellow and white; Sweet Alyssum, Mignonette, Woodbine,—pretty well for the open air at this season.

"*Nov. 2.* The threatened conversation was held yesterday morning. A. left it pretty much to me. It issued in little satisfaction beyond the two facts, that Father thinks of going to New York for the winter, and does *not* think (so far as appears) of going into any business to maintain us there. His book—and the property here—and some incoming costs which will actually accrue nobody can possibly tell when—*voilà tout!* I have been again this evening seriously debating the question of a governess's place, but A. is against it, and so are several considerations. The difficulty of securing time enough to write—the nameless and unknown annoyances inseparable from such

a situation (Anna imagines me tagging down Broadway with six children after me), the breaking up of our home circle—and not least in my regard, the unhappy effect upon one's mind and character. O, I should dread that. A. advises that we go on working at home, and let things come to a crisis if they will, and in that determination I believe I shall rest my mind for the present. But alas! home has ceased to be very lovely to me. How I do enjoy myself when I get away from it!

"I am correcting the proofs of my book—a great pleasure almost over. I began six weeks ago, and three of them have been spent with Mrs. Putnam on Staten Island. It seems likely now that they will not want me down there again for this business. I finished to-day the 267th page of the 2nd volume. How odd, how odd it is! That it should actually have come to this after all my waiting and doubting! It is a real and very great present blessing."

A page and a half of Queechy "brief" comes next. Then:

"*Nov. 5.* No proofs this two days, failing which I am apt to feel like a person a little thrown out of working habits by too much excitement or pleasure. Accordingly, or however it be, I have done nothing to-day but read 'The Caxtons' aloud to Aunty and Anna, and take with them and Emmeline and Sam a long ramble in the woods. Over the rough ground of this Island, up one stony declivity and down another, the surface an alternation of stones and dead leaves, the ground under the last being near or far from the foot as the case might be. Anna, with her little basket, gathering hickory nuts, butternuts, and the superb many-coloured leaves of the woods. Sometimes stop-

ping to crack and eat a nut or two, which tasted strong of Canaan, and perhaps between the nuts might come up the sweet breath of a pennyroyal near by. Thick fog enveloping the distance and softening the vicinity.

"Mem.: that we burn tallow candles these many weeks; our oil-can being at the grocer's and no money existing to fetch it thence full. That Mrs. Miller is yet unpaid for Marvin's board of a month, and Sam has not had a cent. That father wants clothes immediately, and we proximately. That he has got ready money from Smith for his journeys to New York, till we don't know on which side is the debtor's account, father having luckily done law business for him. That father has also borrowed from Mr. ———. And that I have last night suggested the expediency of father's taking an office at once; which proposition he seemed gravely to entertain. He is in the city now for to-day and to-morrow perhaps, and perhaps more."

Then Queechy "brief."

"*Nov. 7.* Father came home, and not very bright, or with not particularly bright news. Yet nothing very gloomy either, only he has somehow rather quieted my spirits. I got my last proof today, the *end*, as a note on the margin from the printer considerably informed me. Mr. Putnam told father he was afraid the book would be too large still; a pleasant and inspiring kind of remark, seeing that in the first place it is all set up, and in the second place if it were not, it would be impossible to abridge it much except by horrible mutilation. So my spirits were quieted, which before, under the influence of plenty of proofs, 'The Caxtons,' and the prospect of father's taking an office, the prettiest little dinner in the world which we had today of coffee and drop cakes, and a pleasant

walk up and down in the fine fresh evening air,—my spirits, I say, were tolerably near par.

“F.—at the S.’s; told father that when A. answered her letter she would come up and spend a day with her. Cool, and how cool such things make me,—and Anna; albeit she be a far less good conductor of mental caloric than myself.

“Alas, my poor little book,—art thou too big?

“The beautiful landscape in the beautiful stillness this evening after sunset—the crescent moon high in the southwest, and one bright star beneath—God’s temple—how fine—how fair—all things *there* obey him—the moon and the stars and every flying cloud move in the paths he has pointed out to them. Man is the only blot on the picture. There is a spring loose, and the whole machine is out of order.

“Oh my book! If this should fail, I might not be able to go on writing. God’s will be done.

“*Nov. 11.* Hills quite bare—only here and there a spot of reddish brown. Yet not dreary, in the beautiful weather of these two days,—quiet, mild, a delicious softness flung over the landscape, whether of air or light, or both—the gentleness of winter’s extended hand. The European maple at the foot of the lawn is, and has been for some days, most beautiful; mingled green and gold its leaves are, but from a little distance only gold—a bright glowing spot when everything else is dim, the leaves beneath it like a dash of sunlight on the ground. Weeping ash green yet; elm ditto, though turning. Roses and scabious and sweet Alysum hanging their leaves after so much frost—it is time—verbenas in good colour yet, and little Johnny Jumpers as pert and hardy as if there were no such thing as frost ever in the

world. A week ago the hills were yet lovely; very many of the trees bare indeed, but enough left in yellow and reddish brown to give a rich warm tint to the hillside. And the soft November air and light are very beautifying. Yet it is chilly today withal, and I think promises snow. Anna writing and I weaving. May a blessing be on both!"

Queechy "brief." "The hints to C. about the country admirer—acted upon by him in grave and observant waiting"— And so on, for near two pages.

"*Nov. 12.* No lamp oil yet. We are burning up our tallow, and then I suppose the children may burn the oil. We cannot indulge in chickens because we cannot afford to feed Sam and Emmeline on them. We are like to want bonnets and out-of-door garments, and we know not yet when or where we shall get the money.—Father is very busy; trying for a rehearing of his G—— case, to obtain which he must find two sureties in the amount of \$5,000 to secure the interest accruing since last April, and which a sale of the property might fail to liquidate in case of the rehearing; trying to make arrangements to sell the property, a heavy task I fear; writing for the Observer, from which writing is to come the rent for McLean. N.B. If Cronk had not broken into the house last winter there is no telling where we should have found the first fifty dollars of our rent, which Cronk's brother paid to father, by way of damages. In all this business, and more, of course, offices and references are not seen to; no knowing how things will be, or *where* we shall be, if we live. We cannot go surely without some provision ascertained for our board. Meanwhile I make myself pretty quiet, only I am or have been worrying over

my new thread which I am afraid wants knotting. Also want of wood, and Father has no time this week, nor for the first half of next, to get us any; we must depend upon Sam; and suppose there came a snow? Tonight, and today, burning willow wood that will not burn. Anna wanting spirit, and I—I don't know what I would do but for writing, and yet even that doth not much rejoice me. I hope it will be better when I get at it."

This sounds (what I could not else have said) as if "Queechy" was pretty well mapped out before she really began the writing. The brief goes on.

"C. obliged to go to England—asks A. to go with him—she cannot—then he will leave his mother to look after her, and return as soon as possible"—&c., &c.

But it was a sort of back and forth map; for just here, following the above, come bits of the winter journey home, and the ministry of the fur cloak.

"*Nov. 19.* Father going down this morning—the watch ran down in the night, so we had to rise very early lest we should be belated. It was very early. I had some time to myself before breakfast, in the dark, then the pleasant, pleasant candle-light meal, in our little sitting-room; and plenty of time afterwards for me to do up my butternuts for Mrs. Putnam, and for Anna to write to another Mrs. Putnam, Fanny, and choose out the *cards* for her; almost all this before we blew the candles out. Why was it so very pleasant, all this early candle-light doing? It is stirring, it promises a long day, it is cozy, the servants are not up, it is cheerful, for it wants the associations that cluster about the daylight and the evening hours; it is *new* time,—fresh and unspoiled; it is *additional* time, redeemed from sleep and nothingness; the sun

is not up yet, saying 'work'! but the long shadows from the setting moon lie yet on the lawn saying 'It is not time yet,—what you do now is clear gain.' Sweet early rising by moonlight! after one *is* up and dressed.

"Yesterday afternoon came a notice from McLean to quit the premises immediately, according to the terms of the bond, because the quarter's rent is not paid within the ten days after it became due. Happily Father was not in New York, so he walked up to McLean's by moonlight (which Anna was afraid to have him do) and told him how he had been disappointed. So McLean for very shame could do no more."

(The property at this time was in the hands of a receiver.) "Aunt F. was excited and worried; A. and I pretty quiet. While Father was gone, Auntie was saying something about suspense,—'if we were only rid of suspense!' 'But don't you think,' said A. submissively, 'we ought to get *accustomed* to suspense?' They thought Father was away, and very likely meant to carry their threat out.

"Nov. 22. Have finished today my first chapter. I wonder how it will work out. Our Penny Cyclopædia we have got this week, but my book is not out nor have I learnt the fate of my prize essay. Not too much at once; but if I do not get said Fifty Dollar prize, I do not know where A. and I, to say nothing of Aunt Fanny, are to get winter hats and cloaks, &c., &c. We do not know yet either in the least where we shall, if we live, spend the winter. But I thank God for such pleasant work, and means to work, as we enjoy. If we only have his blessing on our work, it will do."

Queechy brief:—"First evening of A's seeing Mr. C., &c."

"*Nov. 25.* We cannot go to West Point this winter—no place for us. So it lies between New York and here. Father says New York, but he is not in business yet, and we cannot go till he is, and nothing is yet done about rooms. So there we are. Shirts wanting, and no cotton—cloaks and bonnets and dresses wanting, and no money. I am writing, writing; have no idea of how much worth."

"*Nov. 30. Saturday.* State of affairs: Two sticks of wood left, and two fires to keep up besides Father's;—tomorrow the first of December, and a great gouge in the axe, rendering it difficult to cut with it at all;—less than two pounds brown sugar in the house—ditto white—one whole sperm candle left, and a small quantity of tallow—no oil that will burn."

Q. brief. "The Bible authority for English.—Christmas evening"—&c.

"*Dec. 7. Saturday evening.* Father brought home word that I have gained the prize for the patriotism essay. One of my first thoughts, the wish that there was somebody to tell it to. He had been too busy to go to Putnam's, so don't know if my book is out yet. Not too many things at once. Has been rainy and sleety weather this two or three days, and poor little Sam out getting wood ever so long today. How to stay here, or how to go to New York, both seem a little inexplicable. No rooms seen yet, that I have heard of—no references actually taken. One may as well sing *Vogue la galère*.

"*Dec. 9.* Sky threatening snow; we went out, every one of us, Sam and Emmeline and all, up on the South Crag, and there drew bunches of dry stuff

and pitched them over the rock where Sam could get them at his leisure;—light firewood, but better than nothing. Got a fine exercise and walked afterwards. Our late dinner was just ready, coffee at the fire, a dish of liver, covered up, hot graham cakes, celery, on the table, when Mr. S. knocked at the outer door. I looked through the window and saw it was he. None of us were dressed. Aunty in a fit of distraction, trying to get out, with no reason in the world knocked over first *my desk* and then Anna's chair, and then succeeded in making her escape. I went too to dress. Anna picked up desk and chair and let him in. I dressed and came down, but the whole affair had an air of a kind of sadness.

"*Dec. 10.* A. and I went out and gathered dry branches again, or I don't know what we should have done. Writing away, she and I, hard.

"*Dec. 11.* Father came home *without my book*—was to have come from the bookbinders today, but had not. Mrs. Codwise had been dwelling for two days on the proposal that we should occupy their cottage on Staten Island for the winter! There is good society there, she says! Does she think we have grown Polar bears, in our poverty? . . . Nobody seems anxious to know whether we are coming to town, except dear Miss Murray. Those people! Anna says one can understand how Sodom might have been spared if there had been ten righteous men in it. Out pulling branches today in the snow—A. and Sam and I.

"*Dec. 15.* Snowing in the morning by turns, so that we feared we might not be able to go to church, but quiet and pleasant—concluded to venture,—A. and father and I. The rather depressing effect of

going over there *walking through* the people, through such a heyday of life, as A. says, and yet *not touching it*. We go in and come out, and the effect rather is that we have nothing to do with the world. Every human tie, out of our quartette, is so broken and fastened off, as A. said. Five years ago, and we were hardly left at home two or three evenings in a month (with the Church evenings), and now nobody almost is anything to us.

"Dec. 17. Expected my book by Father. In the afternoon got nicely washed and dressed a little before it was time for him to be home. The pleasant moments of waiting for something pleasant, when one's business is put away or done up and one sits down to be quiet. But the engine was out of order this evening, and he was late after all. He brought my books! All of us charmed with the beautiful style in which they are brought out. One lovely red-edged copy I gave to Anna for a Christmas present; and she said she had seen nothing in a long while that had so reminded her of old Christmas times as the look of those red edges.

"Dec. 22. Sunday. Perfectly quiet weather, chilly and looking snow-fashion. We went to church. But somehow it was not enlivening. Did n't have a very good sermon, *that* would have been enlivening. I was in rather a nice mood as to letting the world wag and not minding things, and so I went, and so I came back, and yet whether we talked ourselves into it or however it was, somehow the infection reached me after all. We were at the house, but there was nothing to remember with particular pleasure after we came away. Our spirit thermometers, Anna's and mine, would both seem to indicate a fall of tem-

perature these two Sundays Mrs. — asked us to come there Christmas day, telling Aunty also that she *gave all her servants leave to go away*. N. B. We do not want to go, nor mean to. Mr. — said as we were coming away, he would not ask us till he knew whether he would have a turkey to give us. . . . Well, I took it all pretty quietly, and yet after I got home I felt *cold*, and continued in a kind of cold fit most of the day. A dismal kind of feeling,—when what should be the warm moving currents of feeling seem to stand still at their source; tears enough to wet my eyes, not to run over. O world! what a strange world it is! . . . This is a poor state of feeling—and with all the delightful and most uncommon good things that fill our lot! But somehow sometimes it is like the beauty of a winter landscape—cold and calm—calm because there are no leaves to flutter and no birds to sing.

“*Dec. 30.* A lovely winter day—a fresh snow fallen to the depth of four inches. Anna and I wanting exercise went out, and shovelled it from a long piece of the path. The sky an intense blue, even in the south, and down to the horizon—a little flake of a cloud upon it—the snow most exquisite—very light and dry, in the early morning, sparkling as if set with millions of diamonds; the long shadows of tree and hill very blue, almost Prussian blue; the ice piled up at the boat-house, and now and then the floating ice carried about by the tide making a pleasant crackling sound. We had a fine exercise—spirited young ladies—doing what others would not do, either from want of energy, or fear of compromising themselves. Tambouring a collar for Emmeline and one for her mother.

"*Dec. 31.* Did not go out. Anna had cake to make. I made bread for Aunt Fanny, and then went to tambouring. Father came at midday—brought a quantity of things for us from Mrs. Little,—a fine turkey, three cocoanut and mince pies, cakes and cookies, a card of iced sponge cake—McCheyne for me, and Rutherford to stay a while. Dear Anna had charged Father to get McC. for me on her account, and she had meant to please herself with surprising me, putting it on my chair tomorrow morning for me to find when I came down. I would have been much gladder of all these good things if I had been sure of the motive that sent them,—doubting it to be for easing of her conscience; and lacking the principle of kindness to move my gratitude, I did not feel very bright, and could, I think, have cried if I had been alone. Am I growing misanthropical?"

No, not that. But we had been testing our friends in a rather severe and searching way; and the heart that was always so unselfishly true to others, felt disappointed and sore. Weary, too, I fancy, with long privation and hard pressure. But she goes on:

"Much interested and pleased with the notices of the 'Wide, Wide World' that Father brought home;—wish I could feel sure of succeeding proportionately as well in my next. Also my prize essay came home, but Father did not get the money for it—next week. So he did not get the desk I wanted for Annie. I felt happily among all these things, or thought I did, that Christ was the only pillar of my hope and happiness. Prayer very, very happy tonight.

"*Jan. 1.* It was a pretty thing, the reading of the notices of my work that Father had brought home,—from the *Evening Post*, Boston *Chronotype*, Com-

mercial, and *Literary World*. The three first, which Father had copied out, were already read—there was some delay about cutting the leaves of the other. I had gone upstairs, and I heard such a shout! and coming down, Anna opened the door to tell me they had given me a column and a half! and an extract!! It must not be read till Aunty came, who also had left the room, and Father's manifest eagerness to get and keep hold of it was such that A. relinquished the pleasure to him. Aunty and Anna so interested, even excited, and I too, though taking it outwardly, perhaps, more quietly. But I lay awake, and thought about it after I went to bed. Thank God for every promise of success and encouragement; and oh! for the spirit to thank him, should both fail!"

Was it any wonder we were excited?

"This is," said the learned *Evening Post*, "a regular two-volume novel by a native author, but whether an old or a young hand, we are unable to say."

"It will be popular, or we are much mistaken," wrote the *Commercial Advertiser*.

"It will be a very popular fireside book," adds the *Chronotype*; the *Literary World* copied in a long extract from Miss Fortune's "Bee." Could New Year's day help being bright? She says:

"Today quiet and pretty happy, because my mind was so. Working a good part of the day at Mrs. Miller's collar, which at last finished. . . . We have done little to celebrate the day, beyond giving the neckerchief and a plate of cake to our neighbours (in the tenant house), and for ourselves, eating Mrs. Little's pies and cake and drinking coffee; and as we do the last every day, it is nothing striking. But I am so quiet, or so something else, that New Year

and Christmas do not even make me feel melancholy."

"It worries us," she writes, January 6th, after detailing some trying things; "we are so near being in want; we should have been suffering long ago, but for Anna's earnings. And now we are almost out of both kinds of sugar and of candles,—we shall be out before Father gets home from New York.

"Last evening after supper Anna and I wrapped up and went out in the snow, taking several turns down to the dock and up the carriage road. The hills looked exactly as if they had put on mourning—nothing but white and black (it was after sundown) a crape-like dressing of black tree stems upon the snowy face of the rough ground, while on every slope and edge of the mountains the folds of the crape lay sombre enough. Curious effect, precisely as I have described it. I remarked that it was better going out in the morning now, the sun is quite desirable to cheer up the landscape—it was very cold and lonely and wilderness looking. Wonder what our dear friends on the other side think of us, and how if *we* were there and the ——'s here, what energetic efforts we should make to draw them sometimes into a region of light and merry-making. Not that we are dismal—I am not—but *other people would be*; and *we* are cold. Stood and heard the jingling sleigh-bells of the West Pointers coming home from the 'Cruciform'—being the first Sunday in the month, they were late. Stood then in the bathing-house walk and viewed, with odd moralising reflections, the strange old house where we live. How exactly like us—Anna was saying—exactly like a house where poor people live. From that point of view especially,—

the discoloured stone end of the house, and bare front walk, looking as if it was not troubled with attentions, and with a kind of uncompromising, cut-loose from-the-world air—it is just like us. Not ragged yet, not out of repair, though in want of paint; the very little garret window was tight in its place. But the beautiful elm at the corner, with its fine display of branches and their exquisite fringing of tiny stems and sprays, was a little out of keeping, seemed as if it might claim better company. The old forlorn willow, naked and despoiled of two of its great branches, and hanging its head now habitually on one side, was quite at home indeed. Came in not exactly enlivened. Yet I am very well content to be here, things as they are. I am very unreasonable—and ungrateful *not*. I am content and happy.

“*Jan. 7.* Shall I ever forget the pleasure of this evening? I had been walking up and down the path alone, in the afternoon,—Anna could not go out—then I came in and ironed two shirts—then we had our nice little hot dinner of toast and cold turkey and hot coffee. Then came the evening, and we wrote. But we were out of lights—not money enough to buy any, unless tallow, and did n’t choose that. Aunt and I stinted in white sugar for our tea, and the brown all out. Father had but two cents more than enough to go down! No oil—no candle—only one, or part of one sperm, and we dared not burn that out. So when it was four or five inches long we blew it out, and sat down to ‘titivate.’ We had concluded to give each other samples of our *works*, and resolved to exchange chapters this very evening; so Aunt F. put some lard in a saucer and a strip of cotton rag sticking up at one edge for a wick, and by

this precious light we read, she my first, I her first and fifth, with oh how great pleasure. Then I must needs read hers to Aunt Fanny, so that pleasure was had over again, Aunt Fanny sitting before the 'Franklin' holding the saucer and coaxing the wick to behave right, which it would n't do, but flared up and sulked and went down and died outright, and being relighted went on in the same fashion. But I read when it burned, and stopped when it was freaky, and enjoyed it all very much. We mutually approved each other. O what good pleasure it was!

"*Jan. 11. Saturday.* Father has been in town ever since Tuesday,—came home tonight. I being in a writing fit, had lighted a candle as soon as it was dark to finish the passage I was upon. Anna had a headache. We thought he had not come by the first train; he was so laden with what he had to carry that he was forced to stop, forty times, he said, on the way from Cold Spring. N. B. We had been out of lights and sparing of our last bowl of sugar this week. He brought a welcome reinforcement in various kinds—tea, sugar, wine (for Anna) and oil; a book lent from F. B. and notices of my work from Mr. Putnam. He is in good spirits about it, Father says, and things look favourable. I thank God. I could have had no pleasanter news tonight than this, but I had not counted upon it. May I answer the goodness heaped upon me in some measure as I ought. Mrs. Sigourney, who is the lady that offered *the* prize, has written on that she wishes to know me—I humbly beg leave to decline and keep my incognito. Father thought he saw *the book* lying on the Bruens' table. And there stands opposite to me a great canister of tea, looking comfortable; father

and Aunty are busied with papers, etc., and poor Anna, having drunk a little wine, is I hope sleeping away her headache; and I on account of said headache have not opened my notices yet.

(Written afterwards.) "At last I got through with writing journal and notes, and then, though A. was still sleeping, I must open my package. Father had told me that Mr. Putnam had had some of the W. W. W.'s bound up in one volume, and had put up a copy for me along with the notices. I supposed it was an inferior and cheaper way of doing it up. What was my astonished delight, after untying the knot of the cord with the patience of pleasure, to find a most elegant volume, gilt most ornamentally on the sides and back, and with gilt edges. My exclamation roused Anna, and then we had the notices. Father read them, once or twice his voice almost choked off by the strength of what it was uttering.

"Well, I had an immense deal of pleasure. And poor Anna on the 'luxury' had too, making her head worse I suppose all the while, for worse it grew afterwards. And the vases, imitation of Etruscan, which Fanny Bruen had sent up, were unwrapped and set on the 'Franklin' and admired. In the package with my book and the notices, was a copy of 'Fadette,' and along with it also the first number of Mrs. Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*. We had wonderful pleasure. After father went to bed, Anna's head was so bad that she could not. She reclined on the 'luxury' and dozed till it grew easier, while Aunty and I sat over the fire and kept it alive, till Sunday came. It was about one o'clock when I went to bed. The notices were in my head all night. They kept out tolerably, Sunday, which was a very good

day, but Sunday night I think I did not sleep well again for sheer excitement. Resolved to keep my new beautiful copy for myself and to send my other blue, two-volumed one to Fanny P.; which I did, with a copy of Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard this morning, Jan. 14, by Father.

"Jan. 16. Mild hazy weather, and has been so for several days. This one like October in its colouring,—a thick haze and the warm sunlight shining through it upon the patches of snow that are left. Sky not like winter at all. A. and I in the woods—she hacking bits of pitch pine out of pine stumps;—I drawing branches to chop; getting them from under an old pine tree, where the very soil was made from the fallen reddish or brown leaves, a thick soft carpet of which covered the ground, and through it the *Chimaphila maculata* springing all around. I did not know there were so many left on the island. I suppose they may require such a very sheltered, warm spot. Very pleasant weaving too; seeing pleasant things through the branches and the light and the snow and the pine woods.

"Mem. Did not recover from the effects of Saturday night in several days.

"Jan. 17. Ice broken up a good deal, and crossing in boats.

"Jan. 25. Mrs. Codwise spoke to Father about the W. W. W.; asked if he had seen it? Father said he has seen some notices of it in the papers; she said they were reading it aloud, and some young lady staying there would not give them rest about it; there was a *scene in a steamboat* which said young lady recognised as like what she *had experienced herself!* Knowledge of the world, etc. Afterwards wish-

ing to ask if Father had seen a Mr. Blunt with whom he had business, she said, 'Have you seen Mr. Van Brunt?' 'Why,' said Father, 'you are turning a Yankee into a Dutchman!' I am inclined to think she must by some means have possession of my secret.

"Feb. 1. Sam brought the papers to the window while we sat at dinner, and, turning them over, Anna found a second notice of the W. W. W. in the Home Journal. Made my dinner go off very well. Father brought word at night that the edition of seven hundred and fifty copies is almost sold. Six weeks today since published. Reading tonight part of a chapter of Anna's,—the ironing, and the talk with Miss Easy and Mr. Ellis. Very much pleased, and Aunt F. the same; and then I think I don't know what about mine—*c'est a dire*, the present work.

"Feb. 8. I think it was this day (for I write weeks after) that Father brought me a very great budget of praise indeed from the Murrays—Mr. Murray and all—him especially. Miss Ogden had been remarkably interested in the W. W. W., very much engrossed with it, and Mr. M. had seen nothing of the kind in a long time that had pleased him so much. Father detailed a great deal. I longed, I longed, when I had heard it, that my talents might all be thoroughly sanctified. The next day, Sunday, in the afternoon, A. had been copying off some hymns for Emmeline's book, and left them with me to look over. I had not read two verses of 'We would see Jesus,' when I thought of Anna, and merely casting my eye down the others so delighted and touched me that I left it for tears and petitions. I wished A. might prove the author—and after I found she was, I sat

by her a little while with my head against her crying such delicious tears. It seemed to me as if other people find pleasure on the earth, and as if A. and I go skimming through the air to get it,—more refined and pure. Thank God for this.

"*Feb. 15.* Father came home with no particular news, and I felt rather down.

"*Feb. 22.* The edition is all sold out and Mr. Putnam is talking of another. Nine weeks since published; and sold with great liking. He has had repeated orders for more copies from Boston and Providence, and people have written to know my name,—Mrs. Sigourney among them.

"*March 1.* My secret is out. Mrs. Bruen spoke of the W. W. W. so as to shew that she knew it; and going to Mrs. Wilkes's she broke out the first thing about it. No book in *her* neighbourhood has made such a stir in a long time. Miss Few trying to read it aloud broke down entirely. That pleases me. Being out of print nearly it has been selling in the upper part of the city for \$2.50, and a bookseller let somebody *as a favour* have a copy for \$2.25. He said he had not had a book in I don't know how long that had sold so well. I thank God for it all, and pray for my entire sanctification to his glory.

"*March 3.* Father not going till mid-day, I read him chapters five, six, and seven of Anna's book. I do not know when I ever saw him laugh so, beyond bounds, as repeatedly in the cattle chapter. I had a very great pleasure indeed. He admired and approved exceedingly. I think he must have gone away with a sweet morsel under his tongue.

"*March 4.* A letter from Mrs. Sigourney asking if I had received the premium for my essay. So

delighted with A's book that it overshadows mine, for the present at least.

"*March 8.* Father brought us a quantity of paper and envelopes, seven hundred of the latter, three boxes of note-paper, and a half ream of letter paper, got at the auction store for \$2, and a letter to Mr. Putnam from Professor Gammell. How wonderful it is. May God give me his smile—I want that most."

Yes, it was very wonderful. Dear Mrs. Codwise was quite anxious lest my sister's "head should be turned"; but as we both assured her, the blessing was far too great and deep to turn heads. But wonderful it was. Professor Gammell wrote, after referring to his previous notice in the "Christian Review":

"I now write at the instance of many friends here—they are all ladies of course—to know who Elizabeth Wetherell really is, and also to express the hope which is here very widely cherished, that she will be induced to go on in the same strain in which she has so well begun, and either narrate still further the fortunes of her most delightful little heroine, or enter upon some new plot which shall develop similar principles and breathe the same pure and elevated spirit. She has succeeded, I think, better than any other writer in our language in making religious sentiment appear natural and attractive, in a story that possesses the interest of romance."

"The truth is," said the *N. Y. Times*, "that one book like this is not produced in an age."

"It is capable of doing more good than any other work, other than the Bible,"—so said the *Newark Daily Advertiser*.

"Private opinion and surmise state that it is written

by Miss Warner, of West Point; that it is a very extraordinary work, one of the most so that have been written in this country."

"She has few equals, and no superiors, on either side of the Atlantic," said the *Edinburgh Witness*.

One can understand, I think, how my Father's voice faltered as he read, and how the glad author prayed for fuller consecration to honour the blessing bestowed.

The book drew in all classes of people. A friend calling upon Mrs. George Bancroft one day, expressed surprise at seeing a book of that sort upon her table. With an expressive gesture the woman of fashion replied: "My dear, you know, one must read it!"

On the other hand, little four-year-old Henry Olin—leaning his elbows on his mother's lap as she and his aunts read the book aloud, twisting about with the utter fatigue of the long-held hard position, was advised to run off and play. But with another twist, the mite sighed out: "It 's so interesting!"

Another small boy, to whose home we went on a visit, planted himself near my sister, with hands behind him, and took a long, serious observation. Then turned away with the competent remark: "I should n't have thought she could have done it!"

Of course there were criticisms,—of the religion, the style, the story; but I do not think they disturbed my sister much. And as a rule, the critics found fault with yet a touch of kindness in their words; or we thought so. No one seemed really to wish to hurt us. Sometimes the comical came in, as thus:

"In the 'Wide, Wide World' cannot be found better undergarments and hosiery than at James E. Ray's, 108 Bowery."

This might have been a *hint* at Ellen's stockings.

In 1852 the book was already verging towards the fourteenth edition. So it was stated.

But meantime, in the spring of '51, we at home knew very little what would happen. Beautiful notices were not hard cash; and the book had been issued so very late that there were no January accounts coming in. It was with a little natural impatience, that in the spring my sister wrote her playful question to Mr. Putnam: was there hope she might thenceforth live by the pen?—or should she betake herself to needle and thread?

We made merry over the letter at home, laughing at the idea of *her* minute and painstaking stitches ever earning daily bread; but some one got hold of the letter, and made a fine serious paragraph therefrom.

Mr. Putnam wrote back (April 30, 1851): "Of the 'Wide, Wide World I have printed 1,500 copies, and about 1,400 copies of these are sold, I believe, so that a new edition of 750 or 1,000 copies has already been ordered. This I consider very good success—and such success as convicts *me* (I am bound to confess) of sad want of faith and good judgment—for I certainly did not anticipate the half of it. Your book has indeed been received with remarkable interest in various quarters, and I consider it to have been '*a hit*' in a special and emphatic sense of the word.

"I should not dare to offer even suggestions, touching the difference between pens and needles,—but it is fair to say that many have chosen the pen with less warrant and encouragement. . . . Minny wrote an analytical review (!) of your book, which I intended to send for your edification, but it has been

misaid. She and Haven were near quarrelling for the second or third first reading of the book—more complimentary to the book than to their disinterestedness.”

The journal skips on to July 30th.

“Poor journal too long neglected—writing and copying and other things have hindered. One gets tired, and how then write journal? But I have had a world of things I might have written—praises from every quarter, and multitudinous. I finished the draught of ‘Queechy’ I think the 13th of June; and began to copy a few days afterwards. I am now only in the ninth chapter. Slow work—don’t get done one sheet of draught on an average per day. I love to copy, but the whole thing has been far from interesting me like the W. W. W. I work hard at my corrections, as I did very hard at the original draught. The W’s were easier work. Aunt N. and the twins left us yesterday after a three weeks’ visit. Father is gone to New York today, and we are our old trio. We feel it. A. droops, and cannot get spirit or interest to go on copying. I feel it, and oh, were it not for something above the world, that changes not, what would life be?

“Aug. 2. Writing, writing today, and no exercise—that is, no row, because Mrs. Sandford came just as we were going to get ready. I feel the want of it, I suppose, for I feel down—down, down. Copying—finished the ninth and began the tenth. A letter from Harriet Schuyler day before yesterday—mighty kind and handsome—I want or would like to ask her here, but I am grown shy of making advances. And with so many pleasures, how cloudy life has grown—how empty. Nay, fame never was a woman’s Paradise, yet.”

You see, friends had died—or drifted away; so that, except our other dear aunt, there was scarce a person in the world—outside of our own circle of linked hands—who really cared much for her success. Nay, in some cases, there was a tinge of quite another colour. And then, while it was all a very great joy, it had not as yet a setting of helpful funds; the pinch held on, and for a good while we were very sober. Something of this was no doubt due to the reaction,—and I think in our hearts there was also a feeling akin to those misnamed “tears of joy,” which are really but tears for the sorrow that has been, that dared not come before.

I must have been spending some days with a neighbour, when this queer little note was written:

“Dearest A.:—

“Auntie wants to know *particularly* how you are (for me, I don’t care about it)—she desires that you do not disguise the truth for the purpose of gratifying yourself with a longer stay.

“Last night I was tired and sleepy and did n’t write much—I made myself a cup, otherwise a cup and three quarters of chocolate, over which I would say ‘delectated’—but I was n’t quite spry enough for that—then I got over a place in Queechy where I was stuck—and finally we went to bed, solving the algebraical problem of $1+1+a$ —you understand? It’s astonishing (to quote Mr. Carvill) what a difficult problem that is sometimes to work out! It was n’t last night, though,—but I cannot indeed give you the exact result, as the first 1 was an unknown quantity. Today I have been darning, digging, and finally writing, this long time, in delicious solitude—dinner, shirts, and further pen scratches being probably in the

future. Your little cat is comfortable—to all appearance—and I am thine. S.

“Sleeves and receipt I hope will wait upon you tomorrow.

“I am afraid you will suffer a scarcity of muslins! Send us word.”

It is addressed: “Miss Anna Warner, At Court.”

“*Aug. 5.* A Newark paper sent me by Mr. Putnam with such a notice of the W. W. W.!—above everything I have seen yet. Very grateful indeed—and I—what shall I say? My Lord and my God, sanctify me entirely to Thy glory. My face is in the dust, and I say, If I have done iniquity I will do no more. Copied out near seven pages.

“*Aug. 25.* Long Branch. A long break in copying and everything else but sewing, to enable us to get here. A fair journey down in the cars, without father and with Fanny and Ellen; then a hurried walk about New York streets after sundry things, especially night tapers, most essential to my comfort, which after many trials, at druggist, fancy, hardware, and thread-and-needle stores, found at last, at Rushton’s, corner Chambers St. Then a fair sail down in the *Thomas Hunt*, and the curious winding drive over the sandy ground to Howland’s, where we are. Father could just see us here and run back, to go with the first opportunity to West Point. We had our dinner, and dressed. To our much disappointment, Mrs. Wilkes’ friend, Mrs. Wharton, to whom we had a letter, is no longer here. After a little time to realise matters, I was somewhat inclined to feel strange and badly—to wish myself home—to think that our stay here would not be a long one. Tea made me feel better, and we went rather early to bed. My night taper

burned to admiration, the air was sweet and pleasant after a warm day; and I rested happily. Towards morning got up and looked out of the east window. It was not yet dawn, and there over the dark sea line, about an hour high, was the old moon, a fine crescent, with the whole round indicated; and upon the smooth sea was such a reflection of moonlight as I never saw,—not like that on our south bay, but I suppose from the damp atmosphere and the spray from the surf, softened to enchantment; and wherever there was light it was a dreamy light. The evening before as it fell late the spray made quite a mist along the shore on either hand, and the sun had set in the low west leaving such a crimson sky! And that unbroken hemisphere of the ocean line! Oh there is a great deal here for the eye. In the morning, a little after the sun was up, the reflection of his light on the water was glorious; a white band of light stretching quite off to the horizon, which showed bright *against* the morning sky in comparison. Spirits restored. Are you not glad we are here? said I, and so I feel. If it only does Annie good. Thank God for his mercies. And oh the joy of calling him my Father. My Father, keep me!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE RISING TIDE

THAT winter—1851-52—we spent in town; but I find no written record; we were the busiest of busy bees. Writing, correcting proofs, and practising the strictest economy the while. For my dear Father's return to law business had not been a success. The courts and methods had changed since he was a thriving young lawyer; and from henceforth we were breadwinners to the family,—so finding our beloved life-work doubly beautiful and sweet.

Many writers make fabulous sums—on paper; and some, no doubt, in truth; but such was not our case. We did receive a good deal: and just at first there was some Lord Chancellor's decision which (for a time) gave us a sort of copyright in England. But it took a long while, and much money, to merely fill the chasm years had scooped out, and bring our home affairs really up to the surface again. And while of course we did allow ourselves many a small extra, not possible before, we never dreamed of dressing or living up to the standard of my childish days. The lessons had been sharp; and we were anxious now to save, not to spend. We did receive a good deal. But the statement that owing to the enormous sales of the *W. W. World*, Mr. Putnam had paid my sister "ten thousand dollars above his contract," was as much news to us as to the rest of the world.

Some man wrote to my sister for money on the strength of that newspaper item!

And so, when enough had gathered at the old Chemical Bank, my Father sought out some safe investment whereby the little fund might grow, we keeping back just enough for easy running expenses.

Two or three absolute luxuries stole in. My Father got us a piano, per favour of an old bad debt; and this winter we indulged ourselves with riding lessons. Also with black silk dresses. The dresses were good, and convenient,—but shall I ever forget the glee with which we cut and made some most inexpensive grey riding habits; and then on certain days marched up Fifth Avenue to the old Dickel School, to take our lesson! Feet might be orderly, but spirits danced. And in the spring we took back to the Island a delightful little brown “Vermont,” our very own.

That was a happy winter, with little frills of society about our steady working life. We two lingered in town a while, after the others had gone home; and in April the journal begins again.

“At Miss Cadle’s. Here one week this morning before breakfast. Queechy lies here on the bed—six copies, sent up to me yesterday. It is published tomorrow. Five thousand, Mr. P. told me yesterday, are in boxes, to be sent or already I suppose sent off, to orders. A greater start than any book ever had out of his store. But he does not seem over sanguine; neither am I. He had not finished it, but rather seems to incline to the opinion that it is not so interesting as W. W. W. Minny, of whose judgment he thinks a good deal, decides that it is ‘interesting’—but not so ‘*absorbing*’ as the former. I am not sure of anything—except that I do not deserve it should

succeed—I am very sure of that! And of one thing more: that whether his child be at the moment pleased or no, my Father will do what is good for me. It is enough. And yet, if I am disappointed I shall feel it, I know. I thought on looking at Q. a few days ago, that it was decidedly better than its predecessor—it may be *too much better*, perhaps. As He will.

“June 5. *The Island*. Home these two weeks. Very busy sewing, and trying to get hold of a thread again. Father has received the amount of his claim upon Mr. F., and last week went and ordered home a stock of groceries, what has not been done in many a day, and has written to Mr. Roosevelt about our tea set, to have it back now immediately. How glad we were of both. Father brought, too, the water bottle I had wanted and thought I could not afford. He laid in a supply of sugars—half barrel of white, and another of brown, and fine-powdered white—coffee, rice, hominy, *rasins*, spice, maccaroni, salt, hams, smoked beef, and I know not what beside—to the tune of thirty-six dollars. So we feel quite rich, and I hope somewhat thankful. Today A. has received a letter from Mr. Hart, enclosing two notices of Dollars and Cents. I tell her not to quote me any more, that I am, as Barnum said, *nowhere*; and she asks me funnily if I am not contented with being ‘a perpetual well-spring of the most tender pathos.’”

Queechy met with great favour, and has kept it.

“It has merits of its own that are even superior to the almost faultless excellence of the ‘Wide, Wide, World.’”

“It is written in a more sparkling, polished, and vigorous style.”—So said the notices.

“The intense delight with which I have read your

never-to-be-forgotten 'Queechy,' wrote a lady from South Wales.

"I know not how to thank you for Queechy." So came the words from a Philadelphian. "It has given me greater satisfaction than even 'little Ellen Montgomery'—which is more than I expected to say soon of any book. When I say that your books give me exquisite pleasure, I deny them their highest and truest praise. They have done me good. They have made me a wiser and a better man—more strengthened to duty, more reconciled to suffering."

"Since first July," wrote Mr. Putnam (Aug. 17, 1852) "we have printed new editions of both Queechy and Wide World, and all three works are still, I am happy to say, in active demand."

This card came to her from England:

"Australian Line of Packets,
To sail in January.

For

Melbourne, Direct

The new British-built Clipper,
Fleda, A. I.

600 tons burden.

Charles Mathinson, Commander.

Loading in the St. Katherine Docks.

"This fine vessel has been built expressly for speed, and from her light draught of water will discharge the greatest part of her cargo alongside the wharf at Melbourne; and has superior accommodation for Cabin and a limited number of Steerage passengers.

"For freight or passage apply to

George Duncan,

4 New London Street,

or to

Alex. Glowdon & Son,
102 Leadenhall Street."

How amused we were!

So notices and letters came in, now of one book, now of the other, or of both at once.

"It is now nearly a year," wrote a stranger from New Jersey, "since I first met with your incomparable work, 'The Wide, Wide World,' which I read with the most heartfelt sympathy and delight. I immediately purchased it as a suitable gift for the thirteenth anniversary of *my* Ellen,—and recommended it to every one in whom I took the slightest interest,—and now every *reading* friend I have possesses a copy, and enjoys it as I do. During an illness of my husband (a grave man of fifty-seven), I read it aloud to him. Like myself and so many more, he was perfectly charmed with the faithful individuality with which each character was portrayed, and the lofty principles and scriptural truths inculcated in the volumes. My oldest daughter of twenty (not very fond of reading) is charmed with it,—and my Ellen (its owner) has read it three times over with renewed enjoyment, and I truly believe, profit. I have myself read it with attention three times alone, and as many times aloud, to a deeply interested circle of auditors; and each perusal gives fresh pleasure, and an increased perception of its value. Even my youngest, a boisterous boy, who cannot read, will listen to it for hours as a rich treat to him."

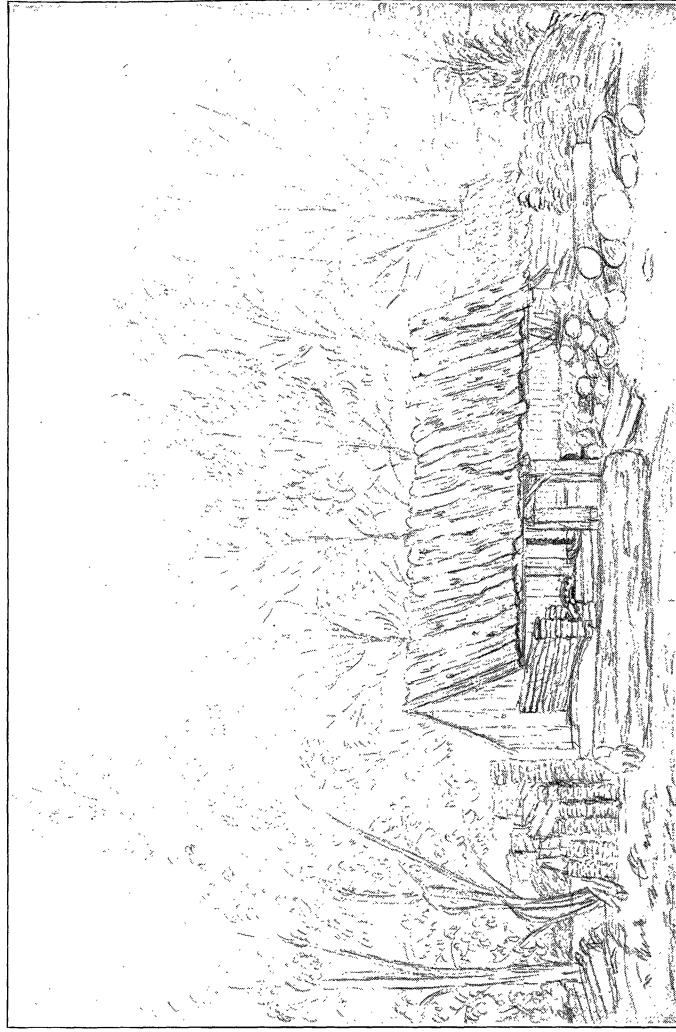
"Did your father tell you," wrote Aunt Fanny from home, "that Lipsy's new boat is lying at the dock with *Queechy* on it in large letters? The guard

asked him (your Father) the other day, if the boat was n't named after a book Miss Warner had written."

In the fair up-river region where the scene of Queechy was laid, that fact declared itself but slowly. My sister had not been at the place for ten years before she wrote the book, and of course drew no portraits, nor was held in very clear remembrance by the country-side. But the discovery once made, tongues—and feelings too—were well astir.

"I think it is very hard," said one good woman, "that Miss Warner should have held up my husband to ridicule,"—and my sister had never even heard of him! But feeling in general ran the other way. A little "Industry" on the hill near the sawmill, stamped its products "Queechy rifles"; the pretty "Whiting Pond" became "Queechy Lake," and enterprising tourists began to gather round the beloved old house, demanding to see the rooms, and keen for souvenirs. And the glamour of the story fell on even those to whom the place had once been home.

"I do not realise yet that I am really at Queechy," wrote our Aunt Fanny; "at least while I am in the house: out of doors I feel that everything is coloured by the book. The pines and hemlocks on the east hill, the twenty acre lot, and the seven maple trees, have an interest that they never had before. While I am upon this subject I must tell you two or three things I heard in Hudson. Miss P. told Harriet that she had got up at five o'clock to read Queechy, and was perfectly captivated. Told her she must let her know when Sue came to Hudson that she might come to see her, for she would rather see her than any one else in the world. Mrs. G. asked Ellen if she had heard of Sue's having One Hundred Thou-



The Old Saw Mill at "Queechy"
From a Pencil Sketch by Anna B. Warner

sand Dollars from England,—not from her book, but bequeathed to her. *I* suppose for her *want* of patriotism. Fan does not exactly approve Sue's plan of making her best characters English."

But one of the most delightful little things was about our other dear Aunty. "After she had read part of it in manuscript at the Island, she was greatly troubled for fear she should not live to finish the rest!"

As to Queechy, some nameless people we heard of, "denied that Sue wrote Queechy; laughed at the idea."

On the other hand, Mrs. G. "wished there were two volumes more."

Bits of fun came in with it all. A strange man (!) was—or thought he was—so smitten with my sister, that he persuaded a friend to write for him, and get permission for a visit. I wish I had her reply, which greatly amused the gentleman who wrote,—but I find just two mentions of the affair.

Aunt Fanny, answering a letter of mine, says:

"You must have been amused with your 'Philosophie,' to be sure. What did Miss L. say of him? Did she see through him? I wonder how many times more he will come before he stops coming!"

I do not know: my sister chronicles that desirable finish thus:

"I hear no more of Mr. Thing—alias Prof.—odious man!"

This also amused us much. Our kind correspondent in the firm of Nisbet & Co. wrote:

"I think I may say we have now got up a 'Wide World' fever, and it is amusing to stand quietly by and watch its fitful heaving. Albeit you get little good from it.

"I see the book placarded about in all directions and its pretty face exhibited in every window; while the literary pirates Bohn, Routledge, Wilson, and Clarke are cutting away at each other, and we are keeping a dignified watch over Queechy. I am told by a correspondent in the country that the trade in Manchester and Liverpool is literally inundated with W. W. W., and strongly advising me to bring Queechy down to the same level. . . . I have had to interview three different parties, and to refuse to sanction the publication of a Review by Dr. Trench—a brother of 'Trench on the Parables,' which I felt sure would damage the book.—I read the Review with care, and could I with propriety have copied it, I would have done so for your behoof. The only suggestion worth conveying to you is an exception taken by him to the marriage of Carleton. In England a marriage must be celebrated either in the Parish Church, a Dissenting Chapel properly licensed for that purpose, or the Office of the District Registrar. The only exception would be the private Chapel of a Nobleman. Now, as you do not mention any officiating Clergyman or Minister, he takes exception to *that*. And also the improbability of a gentleman's private chapel being built like a Moorish temple. We will alter the style from Moorish to Gothic to render it more natural, but we will leave the reader to guess the last, unless you suggest an alteration."

I have no copy of my sister's answer. But she was an extremely careful person when she set foot in foreign lands: took nothing for granted. And so after a light word to Mr. Watson, that she did not see how turning a Moorish into a Gothic temple would

make it *Christian*; she went on to tell him—and all whom it might concern—that “by special license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Englishmen could be married *anywhere!*”

To all of which in due time Mr. Watson sent brief response:

“I have altered the Temple back again to its old architecture! And there it will bide, for I find it safest to let you ‘speak your own words.’ So depend upon it you will be safe in my hands now.”

Talking of ‘pirates’—and *Queechy*—there were ten thousand copies sold at one railway station in England, but the publishers scouted the idea of sending the author a cent.

From home Aunt Fanny wrote: “Your Father has gone to Poughkeepsie again today, for the third day. He saw Mr. Ludlow in court, as usual. He could not say enough about your book. He seemed in ecstasies.”

In a letter of mine from town—“Mrs. Codwise talked to us tearfully of her delight in Sue’s success,—how not one of our friends had rejoiced more than she. Mrs. C. says not to have read the book is not to be in the fashion. Mme. de Gourlay says Miss McIntosh sat up till two o’clock reading *Queechy*. Miss Hedges came. She seems to like *Queechy* very much—says it has had the usual bad effects of novels—it has spoiled her housekeeping, made her cross to the children, and kept her up till twelve o’clock at night.

“We have seen few notices, as yet; but several people have asked Miss Bowen, ‘Is n’t she going to write another?’ and father met a little lawyer the other day in a captivated state of mind. He had

already bought four copies—one to send to Oregon. Crowen told Mrs. Ledyard the Thursday after it was published, that he had sold fifty copies. Pretty well for less than three days?"

Of course, in time, all this broke up our solitude, and both friends and strangers began to remember and look for us. And if I quote the old Scotch lines, it is with no touch of harshness, but only a smile and a sigh at the old, inevitable way of the world:

"When ye need na' their countenance,
A' body kens ye!" —

"Truly, Sue," I wrote my sister in July of that year, "I am beginning to feel that our Island is more like Robinson's after he discovered the savages, than before."

During that season (1852) my sister made several visits away from home; and her delightful daily letters are well worth reading; but I can give only one. It is so fragrant with her unselfish love.

"Pelham—Sept. 2.

"My dear Annie: I am here safe—safe and happy—I am thankful to say. I wish you only could have known how prosperous and pleasant my way has been, while you were perhaps fidgeting about me. Never worth while—till you know cause.

"I am welcomed as it was promised I should be. But how you were and are regretted! Miss Harriet woke up this morning with something upon her mind, and found out it was that you were not here. I don't come *another* time without you, she told the Primes today. Those Primes that went to the Cooper celebration with us—they called upon me this morning

and engaged us to tea for Friday. Tomorrow evening we are expected at the Priory—tonight is lecture.

“A charming cottage, a lovely family, the kindest hospitality, and very happy prepossessions in my favour. Oh, I am very glad I came.

“I had a pleasant day—a day to be remembered—on Monday. After my journey was over; for that was a little nervous, we went so dreadfully fast. Father told you I dare say how we managed; but could he tell the pleasure I had in hunting out and sending those books for you. And Layard! I hope your birthday was happy, though I was not there.”

On her way through the city, she bought for me “The British Essayists” in eight volumes; and Mr. Putnam, hearing they were for a birthday, added in a beautiful copy of Layard’s “Nineveh.” No such package of books had come into the house since I was a small child, and to *my* hands, never! Can anybody guess how it looked to me? The letter goes on:

“When I parted from Father I took ’bus and went up to see Miss Sands. Very kind and good as usual. To my delight, she told me of your book being so much liked—the Bethunes prefer it to Queechy. Dr. B. was reading it with uncommon zest. Mrs. Putnam greatly admired the preface to Q. which I shewed her, and spoke handsomely of your writing in general.

“I returned to Park Place in time and went with Mr. P. to Staten Island—in as fair a combination of light and hazy atmosphere and sunset colouring as ever I saw in that region—gloriously beautiful. Mrs. P. glad to see me, and exceedingly kind. The children are to return with me. Next morning I wrote

my letter to Mr. Watson, and enclosed yours and sealed it up ready. Then went to see Mrs. Codwise, and am very glad indeed I did. *She never got your letter.* Mrs. P. sent her carriage to fetch me back, and taking leave of her I went up to town in the eleven o'clock boat. Went to Carters', to Stewart's, to Beck's—and ordered my purchases to Miss Sands'—having first requested her permission. Then to Mr. Putnam's for my bag, which he offered to send for me, and then finding that I was going to Taylor's, said he was going there too, and went carrying said bag for me. So we dined, he on what pleased him, and I on coffee and sandwiches and ice-cream, which last I took partly on principle. Then he went with me to the station and deposited my bag. Then I went after one or two little thread-and-needle matters and Aunty's gloves and back to the station at three o'clock, to await the time of getting tickets and taking seats. In a little while came in Miss Fanny Schuyler, who was there with her mother, father, and Miss Bolton the younger. So I was cared for at once and thereafter, and had no more trouble (except a little bit when the two trains were racing,) but a world of pleasant talk. Only, how you were wished for.

“*Mr. Putnam would be glad to publish ‘Mr. Rutherford’s Children’ as soon as you can have it ready. So with that piece of delightful news I think I may leave you. He wanted to know if my first volume was near done, and said it was time.*

“Yours dearly, with all love to Aunty and Father,
“Susan.”

“Mr. and Mrs. Putnam fell quite in love with Aunty.”

I am so glad to tell this—and kindred things—

about our dear Aunt Fanny, my only mother from my baby days. We had been hurt and troubled by words in the preface to "Le Monde, le vaste Monde"; words which a stranger might think implied that *she* was the original of "Miss Fortune." The translators had asked us for a sort of life of my sister, which was refused. Whereupon they made it up for themselves.

"*Sept. 16, 1852.* After sundry days of hunting through old letters and trying to get ready, began to write actually. Beat my brains hard and worked through near half a page. Went to Fort Putnam with the little Putnams.

"*Sept. 17.* Deserted my yesterday's sheet—wrote off the substance of what I then wrote upon a new one, and near finished out two pages. Went to tea at Mrs. — with the infant Putnams."

This was "The Hills of the Shatemuc."

"*Sept. 18.* Lost the day and wrote nothing.

"*Sept. 20.* M. & H. coming to spend the day with our juvenile guests, their mamma invited herself to spend the same with ourselves, consequently the statement runs thus: — Mrs. S. — a day.

"*Tuesday.* Got on three pages, the limit I had fixed for myself.

"*Wednesday.* Ditto, ditto, ditto. Made up my mind that three pages a day is not getting along sufficiently fast, and that I must write my old four—or rather, not my old four, which was sometimes five, and six, alternating with less than four, but a regular sheet's worth."

She wrote on *very* large note paper in a very fine hand, and lines very near together,—so that her four pages meant a good deal.

"*Thursday*. Wrote four. Ending the first chapter with no very definite idea what the next was to be.

"*Friday*. Just got to work, when a horrid man came from Philadelphia to negotiate with me in behalf of the Saturday Evening Post, and stayed enormously—till towards eleven o'clock. Nevertheless wrote my task, about.

"*Saturday*. Wrote my four pages by half past one. Have written a letter to Harriet Schuyler besides, Thursday and today.

"*Monday, Sept. 27*. Four pages.

"*Tuesday*. Four pages.

"*Wednesday, Sept. 29*. Finished that chapter and began Chapter four. Wrote in all more than three pages, with dreadfully hard work. Very tired, I suppose. Father came in the afternoon from New York and brought a letter from Sampson Low, Jr. in New York, desiring to see me—one brought by him (Mr. Low) from England from Charles B. Tayler, an author, but really I am not quite certain of what; a very handsome and kind letter;—a note from a Southern gentleman enclosing a notice of Queechy written for the next Southern Literary Messenger, and desiring my acknowledgment of the receipt of the same!—a civil way of getting an autograph; a basket of peaches from Mr. Putnam and a letter, saying that it is too late to bring out a 'juvenile' by Christmas, but that he would like to print two or three of them for spring publication, and that February would be a good time to begin printing the larger work. Reasonable! Resolved: To let the juveniles alone till I get my draught of this done. And besides all these, English copies of Glen Luna," (Dollars and Cents)

"and two more of the W. W. W.! Glen Luna beautiful. Excited, rather, with all.

"*Thursday, Sept. 30.* Not very well, I think; in want of exercise, so not in fine writing trim. Wrote slowly and little, before dinner, having begun late, but after coffee made up three and a half pages. Wrote to Mr. Low, asking him to spend a day here. Alas! Took a good row this afternoon.

"*Friday.* Wrote, with much ado, at least with some ado, almost my four pages. Took a good row, but unable to do almost anything else. Wasted the evening in light reading.

"*Saturday.* Accomplished but three pages, and those by the hardest. Can that be worth much which it is so excessively difficult to produce? What do I want? Rest, I think, sometimes; and perhaps spirits—spirit for my work at least. I am glad now when I get through my task and can come downstairs to my German and music and reading. At least I am when I can get them, but when I go to row in the afternoon it must be done so early that it swallows up nigh all. Went again this afternoon. To write with such labour depresses me. Not finished the fourth chapter yet.

"*Monday, Oct. 7.* Three pages, not without difficulty—got too tired to go on, and after dinner was still too tired. So stayed at three.

"*Tuesday.* About four pages. With more ease and pleasure.

"*Wednesday.* Up late and began to write very late, yet about finished or nearly, my four pages. Anna is agoing again, to my gladness. I do not know at all what work I am making—but there seems need enough we should both work, for there is little pros-

pect of much coming in from other sources. We have been talking a little, privately, about winter arrangements in the city, and it is not easy to come to perfect conclusions. Only it seemeth to me that we should do ill to stay here, and that we *cannot* go to any boarding-house whatever.

“Thursday. Four pages. Finished chapter five.

“Friday. Did not feel very well, and began very late, yet did my task. Read German afterwards. Made Bible notes this evening. But I get so tired! Yet I am unwilling and it seems to me inexpedient to change four for three.

“Saturday. Very flat spirited in the morning—dead-spirited—insomuch that I had little mood to write and actually lost an hour or so for sheer want of life. Felt better when I got going, but after all was not able to finish my task. Ought to have finished my sixth chapter, but stopped short of that. A little more than three pages. Very tired this afternoon.

“Monday, Oct. 11. Four pages and finished Saturday’s quota. Spent the evening writing three notes. Long getting to sleep.

“Tuesday. A little done over, or not very well. Sat with my head on the ‘luxury’ cushion and dozed, instead of writing. But mended enough to get through three pages. Writing downstairs today. I think I get too tired in my long pull upstairs by myself.

“Wednesday. Not very well yet, as appears by my work. Only two pages.

“Thursday. Not quite myself, but better. Three pages. Finished Chapter seven. Expected Mr. Low, who did not come. Had a good exercise in the woods cutting and clearing away.

“Friday. Three pages. Then had to go out in the woods. Pulled branches and went about, here and there, till found by Sam who brought the intelligence that a gentleman had been at the house an hour or an hour and a half. Everybody had been out hunting for us. Home I came. We had locked up everything, so that Mrs. Miller had had to let the stranger in by the tea-room door. I was in a calico working dress, merino sacque, worsted cap, white handkerchief round my neck, clump shoes, and very old kid gloves. So I unlocked the door and came in to receive Mr. Low, and then went off to change my wood trim. Was n’t much pleased with his Englishship. Thought he did not appreciate his privileges—at first, especially; and I suppose it might puzzle him to know what to make of us. The rug had been turned upside down for fear of fire; one desk on the table, another on the ‘luxury’; and we, A. and I, carrying candles in and out of the tea room. An under-bred man. But he is willing to engage, nay he did engage, to take, if I would write it, a volume from me and pay me for each edition of three thousand the sum of £50,—the books to be sold at half a crown. He promised to take it, without seeing it. But I don’t think I’ll give it him. Paid me £20 for that first little edition of the W. W. W. He only stayed to tea.”

How well I remember it all! Tea in “the old room,” but the talk held chiefly by the blazing fire-light, and with no servants to run in and out. Very strange it must have seemed to eyes fresh from England; where (we are told) everything is always in order, and the correct thing always on hand.

“Saturday. Seven pages and a bit more. A fine work in the woods.

"*Monday, Oct. 18.* Got through two pages, by the help of a broken morning. Evening, got hold of something and wrote pleasantly another two pages and a half.

"*Tuesday.* All of one page! Dull—unable to write. Had to write a note to Mr. Low, from whom I received an extraordinary letter, taking for granted my acceptance of his propositions, and saying my work (unwritten and unagreed for) should be announced in England for early publication! He sent me Mr. Tayler's 'Thankfulness'—which is a little thing with not much in it.

"*Wednesday.* Four pages. But too tired in the evening to do anything, not with writing so much as with working in the woods these two days, a little too much.

"*Thursday.* Four pages and a half. Writing a good piece of it in the evening. A piece that I like.

"*Friday.* Went over the river and returned the Miss T's call. Wrote near three pages,—what I like. Not over well, I think; I mean, myself personally.

"*Saturday.* Wrote only a few finishing words of chapter nine before dinner. After dinner began chapter ten—in the evening took a great start and finished nigh five pages and a half!

"*Monday, Oct. 25.* Two pages—and a letter to Mr. Tayler of England.

"*Tuesday.* Four pages, and a letter to Mr. Carter. Great working in the woods these days. But German, and music, even, go to the wall.

"*Wednesday.* Wrote none till after dinner. Yet finished four pages. Going out in the woods takes a great deal of time. Anna writing too on her part,

and chacune ne sait ce que fait l'autre. Pasting a few texts.

"*Thursday*. Mending frocks and making notes, and it is now a quarter past ten, and we are going out. That's the way the world goes at present.

"*Friday*. A page and a half. Then Mary Wilkes, and no more.

"*Saturday*. Writing to Mr. Watson, and sending it to Mr. Carter to be mailed. By the by, Father brought me yesterday a letter, very kind and promising, from Mr. Watson; the second edition (his first) of the W. W. W. is nearly gone, and orders given to the printer to prepare for another. An answer from Robert Carter & Bros. accepting my tender of the Bible book, 'The Law and the Testimony.' So that is grand, and I am very, very glad. If it have but His blessing.

"*Monday, Nov. 1*. More than three and a half pages—which will do, considering.

"*Nov. 2*. Not a page. I forget what was the matter. Texts, partly, perhaps.

"*Wednesday*. Three and a half pages—began Chapter XI.

"*Thursday*. Three and a half pages.

"*Friday*. About four, by writing late in the evening. Busy this week with texts.

"*Saturday*. Two and a half. Little at the texts either. Tired, I believe. Father came home yesterday. He has engaged rooms for us, three on a floor, with bath-room and kitchen privilege, in East Sixteenth Street. Unfurnished, and we to keep ourselves, and for One Hundred Dollars from now till May. Pleased with the prospect. But oh! the business on our hands!

"*Monday, Nov. 8.* Tired, I suppose. Only, *not* half a page—and nothing great in the way of texts. Pleasant letter from Mrs. Prentiss, thanking for the jelly and saying she wants to see us dreadfully. Evening, Annie and I exchanged chapters! I did not so much wish to read hers yet, but she would not mine without. Mine much approved. Not so striking, but more *promising*, they say, than the first chapter of 'Queechy.' Hers I approved, too. It does not try to do very much, but that is done strongly and like herself. I put her somewhere between Sterne and Charles Lamb; but there is one very Sterne-ish bit in this chapter.

"*Tuesday.* Got rested, and wrote near five pages, besides doing a quantity of text-work. Well tired at the end. And then a long, dispiriting talk which did not help me much. Aunt Fanny being in very low spirits, and none of us seeing where any money is to come from, for the winter or for anything, except from our poor little store which ought to be all laid away. But there will be provision. An enclosure from Mr. Putnam containing cards of invitation to informal literary assemblages on Thursday evenings. All of us pleased with this promise.

"*Wednesday.* Flagging again. A good deal of text-work nevertheless, but only two pages and a half of 'The Graduate of Wut-o-qut-o,' which Anna laughingly has dubbed my book. No reading to speak of—a word or two of German. Hard to do anything but work.

"*Thursday.* About four pages.

"*Friday.* About four pages.

"*Saturday.* A page and a half. Not very well, so a little hindered.

"*Tuesday, Nov. 18.* In all this week I only wrote by snatches or otherwise, a very little; and leaving half a page of that little, I have today re-written the rest, making near three pages. This evening a letter from Mr. Watson, begging me to revise W. W. W. and give him an *author's* edition—two rival editions having appeared. And then the texts, and our contemplated removal to New York week after next—so it seems as if poor 'Wut-o-qut-o' must have the go-by for a little.

"*Friday.* Have written none. Texts."

The last entry for several months. We were in town, writing, writing, and correcting proofs; entertained a good deal at other houses and doing a little of the same thing at home, but always—somehow—keeping up with the printer. His little messenger would leave a big roll of proof sheets at ten or eleven o'clock at night,—greeting our eyes when we came back from some small reception,—and then call for it before daylight next morning; but it was always ready.

That we could make little outlay, and no show, seemed a poor reason for not seeing our friends; and so we agreed to be quietly at home every Saturday evening, in our second floor front.

The room was not large, though it ran across the full width of the house. But between it and the back room was a very big closet, square and dark; the sides bristling with hooks for our cloaks and dresses. Could we turn this into a tea room? The darkness indeed would not matter, by night, but the dresses?—candlelight would just touch them up.

So we searched out some deep red canton flannel (a new thing then) and fitted up our closet with ample

hangings, which by night were quite velvety and effective. Three camp chairs were also sent home for extra seats; with a fresh supply of coffee and sugar, and a fine German coffee machine. I made cake, and when Saturday came made buns as well—or perhaps “wigs,” which always rose to the situation, and were a success.

Then we hung up our crimson, set coffee-pot and cups on a small table in the closet, with one of our old-fashioned silver candelabra and its three lights; while the other—and the cake baskets—took a stand in another crimson corner. I stood by the tea table, making my coffee and tea, and looking out from the soft shadowy candlelight to the brighter gas-lit room and the three dear figures there. So we awaited events.

I have no record of that first—or of any succeeding night—as to numbers and names, and both varied greatly from week to week. On a fine evening, thirty guests might come, and I remember one snowstorm through which just four men (two of them Englishmen) made their way to the house, and what a royal good talk we had.

No waiter was on hand. The guests and we together took away cups and brought them, and dispensed relays of buns and cake. Often a little knot of talkers lingered about my coffee table in the tapestried chamber, and took their refecation there. Formality and style were never invited, and came not in. This plan we kept up for years.

I said I had no record,—but even as I write what names and faces come crowding in! The Carys (Phoebe one of the brightest of talkers) and dear Miss Haines, and Mrs. Doremus. The Kirklands, Morgans, Huttons, Bigelows,—the beloved Prentisses, with Fields,

Hitchcocks, Smiths, Lilys, and Putnams, and Hedges—all passed now beyond the flood.

The evenings at Mr. Putnam's were one of our very great pleasures that winter. His position as leading publisher in New York brought all noted strangers within his reach; and so among artists and professors, ministers and men of science, you would see Thackeray one night, and Lowell another; and run the risk of being asked (as I was) by George P. Marsh, just back from foreign duty, "what I thought of the state of Europe?" Poor young me!—I did n't know Europe *had* "a state"!

But when you stood in the not over-large room among perhaps seventy people, you felt they must be all good talkers—they made so little noise. People wanted to hear as well as to speak; and there was just a soft buzz of conversation all through the rooms.

The night of the first reception, just before arrivals began, the oldest daughter of the house decorated the front door with a notice (happily discovered in time by her father) "Nobody admitted who cannot talk."

They were the very pleasantest assemblies to which we ever went; and with an almost none-such host and hostess. There one night Mr. Putnam shewed photographs—an absolutely new thing. And some one (by the way I think it was Mr. Marsh himself) told his belief that one day New York drawing-rooms would be decorated with scientific implements and machines, in place of the then style of adornment. To what a degree that has come true!

March 15th my sister writes:

"And the go-by poor Wut-o-qut-o hath had. But one evening have I a little done at it. Now we are in the midst of the Law and the Testimony—head 9,

going through the proofs; head 10, not all pasted; head 11, not ready for said operation; and in head 12, I am half way through the Bible in a new revision and collection of the same. And tomorrow we are engaged to spend the day at Paterson. So just at present there is something of a press. But ahead there is some work done. The *juvenile* is in the fourth chapter, and my hands cannot get at it. Never was such a winter of business."

Again the months go silently by, without record. Then, with no explanation, comes this:

"*The Island*. Aug. 27. Alas! alas!—what a set of months and days between the one entry and the other! How oddly I am just taking my place again where I was then, and where have I not been since then!—what aches and pains and weariness of heart, and final giving up the struggle only even just now. How much long unknown pleasure, marvellous sweet and spicy to taste, how much strange hope and fear, and oh! what aching! what long aching. And now I have come to the mind that God knows best; or perhaps have been brought to it perforce. The Law and the Testimony is weeks ago out of our hands, and advertised for publication Monday week. We have not seen our copies yet, and have mooted the question whether we shall have the author's half dozen, or only one apiece. I am writing Wut-o-qut-o—finished Chapter 18 today. The first volume of the juveniles, is going through the press, 'Mr. Rutherford's Children'; and another, 'The Christmas Stocking,' is afloat in our brains, and even beginning to form itself. Nora goes charmingly in the Happy Valley, but we have not ridden today."

The said well-named Happy Valley was the centre

of our riding ring—or two rings; for my Father had cleared a second one through the surrounding woods and rocks. We never went off to the mainland unless we had some good escorting friend. But in the Happy Valley, all sweet with pines and cedars and hemlocks and sweet briars, we rode every fair day. Going down generally by about half past six; one of us mounting at the house and riding Nora round the “looping” wagon road to the Valley, while the others came after, with books and work; all of us (the women) in riding trim. Then while one took her rounds among the trees, the others sat and worked or read. I always kept a special “Valley” book for these times, while my Father amused himself with axe or hatchet, but always close at hand for any demands from the rider. I wonder if in these independent days girls know how sweet a thing a father’s care can be?—making them not womanish, but only more womanly.

We would come home about eleven o’clock, go for a dip in our river bath-house, dress—and be ready for work. Spending half the day getting ready for the other half—as we truly said; but it carried us splendidly through the summer heats.

The journals cease abruptly with that last date, and for several years I find no more. Letters only, tell the course of things. And even letters were not so many; for in some of those years we more often left home together. They were eventful years for us, wherein we were once more put to school; a post-graduate course in some of our old lessons; with others demanding yet deeper study, and more humble prayer.

When my father’s kind friends assumed the title of our landed possessions here, stepping in between him and the men who had driven him so hard, there

was just one mortgage remaining to be paid off. And bit by bit it had been cleared away, until now the last payment fell due. This was in 1857. It was a very "tight" year said the monied men; hard, at times, for even the wealthy people to get hold of ready cash. My father's friend had died, leaving to his son the care of our small matter; but we felt no uneasiness on that score. Then one day this gentleman sent my father word that the last payment would fall due on such a time, and he could not meet it. A part he could furnish, if we would find the rest.

There stood the question in very plain black and white. Should we let our home go; or take what we had laid by, purchase the Island over again, and begin life anew. We were not long in deciding. Every cent we had at interest was called in and handed over: and we faced the world once more, with hands almost as empty as on that memorable day when we coloured our first pack of cards.

I suppose "bad years" are especially bad for selling books. Then the Lord Chancellor's decision was revoked, and no more copyright dues would come from England; we could have only what English publishers saw fit to give us.

So we worked! Big books, little books; now and then an article for some paper or magazine. We corrected compositions for a certain school; we wrote dictation papers for the teacher. We made our own dresses, and kept the household bills at the most modest figure. But never forgetting what my sister repeats so often, how good God was to us. What can equal the sweetness of that constant thought? or steady one's heart, like the quiet words, "Your Father knoweth."

CHAPTER XVIII

GOOD YEARS

THE winter of 1858-59 we were at the Island,—delighting ourselves much with “Say and Seal”—the first book we had written together. We loved the region where the scene was laid, we grew very fond of our people; and the fun of being busy on the same piece of work was great. If we over-worked, it was done unconsciously, between pleasure and pressure. And now the journal begins again:

“*Jan. 3.* Read Aunty the second ride chapter. Very much pleased indeed! A. and I walked up and down and round the lawn. The grass overlaid with thin crusty snow through which the foot passes at every step. Black hoods and lion’s-hair cloaks. What hermits!

“*Jan. 4.* Last night and today snow near a foot deep. Fell without wind, soft and still over all—most fair and smooth. Leaves and twigs piled up with caps of snow. Then the wind would come and take the tops of a few cedars and shake a cloud of snow from them. Shovelled snow. Bad wood these days—poor fires, cold room. Bad for work. But work very sweet.

“*Jan. 5.* Very disturbed with anger at the uncivil ways of Cath. and Lawrie (the servants). So that writing and everything was hindered for a good while. The general effect most distracting and somewhat disheartening; but there is one stay. Shovelled

snow with A. Saw a mole running over the snow. At sunset, an exquisite rose tint on the top of the snow-covered hill back of Gouverneur's. The first sunbeams this morning laying the lines of fair yellow light all across the lawn from between the trees, and revealing the very slight undulations of the surface.

"*Jan. 6.* Read Aunty the *walk at night*. She took it more coolly than we expected—so much so that we questioned if it would do for me to go on reading to her."

Naturally the hearer took imagined scenes more quietly than did we, who lived in the midst of things.

I think it must have been that winter, that I gave her a paragraph Testament for which she had wished,—for under the same date she adds:

"My superb Testament!"

We had always a laugh at her about the many Bibles she wanted; craving every fine new variety or edition, as other people collect copies of Shakespeare. Now a small volume, because it was so light to hold; then a big miniature quarto with Bagster's imprint, because it was so perfect in references (as it is); then a copy with interlined blank leaves, a Testament in two volumes—finally a Bagster in soft covers, which has more of her marks than any other. But for real study, the Miniature Quarto kept its place.

Next day she writes:

"Aunty thinks well of that chapter nevertheless."

And the next: "Aunty thinks quite great things of that chapter!"

But we *were* working too hard; and the word so often is:

"Below par yet, with too much work I suppose.

Have written mighty little today. A. and I have been sadly jaded this week."

"*Sunday, Jan. 9.* A pleasant day of reading the Bible—very pleasant. I did not read so very much either, but it was a more uninterrupted and unmixed pleasure than sometimes. And how much, much greater and richer that pleasure might be—may be, if I live and all goes well. My precious little Testament at night. In the morning Dr. Bushnell's sermon on 'The Kingdom and Patience of Jesus Christ.' Rested somewhat today. A very cold day indeed. Mercury 16° in the morning.

"*Jan. 10.* So tremendous weather that it is one of the days when it is a business to keep warm and a business that *cannot be done*. Thermometer 3° this morning. Tonight it is more and more. Thermometer at zero. Hardly ever felt the cold *walk in* as it did tonight the early part of the evening. Aunty sitting at the fire holding her nose. I in a rocking-chair leaning back towards fire, both my hands put backwards towards it. Write as we can, but it is under the weather. Very beautiful out of doors, but do not think of trying it.

"*Jan. 11.* 'It is milder!' I exclaimed, allowing my head to touch the wicker—'it is milder! I can lean back in my chair!' That happened some time in the course of the day. The morning was in a sort frightful. Aunty sat up last night and kept fire, and near 7 A.M. the thermometer stood in the room, at the cupboard, at 28°. At 11 A.M. in piazza, at 30. Impossible to be comfortable in this room. Impossible to do much work or to go to New York. It is much milder tonight. We have been in a sort of state of siege—rarely have ever felt anything like it.

"*Sunday, Jan. 16.* Not faithfully made the most of. A fair day in all its opportunities—rather a broken day in its enjoyment and use. Reading the first chapter Micah—very hard to understand—with part of second. Mild weather. Sundays are far too good to be so much lost!

"*Jan. 17.* A little disordered today, so could not do a day's work. Headachy and rather sick at tea-time—better afterwards. Very mild weather. Am loving the Bible very much, and 'ladders' of verses. My little Testament is a perpetual source of pleasure.

"Card for Mrs. Kemble's readings, the whole course, from herself through Miss Haines—because of our last summer's notes. Now, while we are locked up here! But Pattaquasset is better."

I am not sure that in this perplexing, unreliable world of people and things she could ever have kept her strength; even with less work and more play. She ventured too much upon those she loved and trusted. And as in the old time, she broke her heart over the peccadilloes of imaginary heroes and heroines; so now, when she put the same faultless standard for people of real flesh and blood, and they came short, the pain was great. Always setting her dear true heart upon something that slipped aside and fell to atoms. And then the head ached, and the hands hung down. Just now, some letters had given her much trouble.

"Not sound yet," she writes under January 18th; "have n't done anything of a day's work. Lay awake last night writing letters—indignation or truth letters, or what not—and today have been under a sorrowful feeling about the one that came last night and provoked those imaginary ones. . . . Read Aunty at



The Study in the House at Marlaer's Rock, in which most of "The Wide, Wide World" was written

night the Christmas evening chapter; she was very much pleased."

Next day she writes:

"Have done but a little day's work, being not quite well. I can't forget the sorrowfulness and strangeness, the want of kindness in that letter."

"*Jan. 20th.* Most beautiful and mild—perfection of winter weather. A warm coloured mistiness sometimes in the distance. At about 5 A.M. it was rare; the morning star, brilliant and large, an hour or so high, and the moon nearly full, on the other side, throwing such a flood of light and short shadows from the cedars on west of lawn. An hour later, the clock, the echoing gun, the reveille beat, with the moonlight fainter and the star higher. A good day of work. Felt better. Piled wood (for exercise). No servants in house; coming tomorrow."

There could never be anything on this earth much fairer than those old morning hours of work. At tea the night before we prepared a little pile of bread and butter, saw that our kindling basket was full, and had our small tea-kettle filled and ready on the hearth, in the old Revolutionary room that was our study.

In the morning I was generally up by half past four; and by the time my sister came down the fire was burning, the kettle near the boiling point, the tray of cups and saucers in place; and the green-shaded student lamp gave out its soft invitation to write. A delicious cup of tea, with the much-relished bread and butter, came first however; and then two busy (but silent) pens kept company in the delightful work. No disturbing doors or questions, no creaking shoes or stairs, no unsympathetic knocks. The fire

sang and snapped, the coals dropped softly; the noiseless pens covered sheet after sheet of paper with their black marks.

The journal gives other touches and tinges of the home picture.

"*Jan. 23.* A pleasant day of reading the Bible, and 'ladders.'

"*Jan. 24.* Rather dull—Mondayish—why I hardly can tell. Then had no tea for dinner, but roast mutton and vegetables—and so, did n't write *one word* in the afternoon—of book. And am not very bright this evening. They wanted to try doing without tea at dinner. I don't very much believe in it, while we are working as we are; and with most things rather depressing than otherwise *besides* our work. With no other stimulant, I think tea is good—at least comfortable.

"*Jan. 25.* Not very smart today. Mild, exquisite weather. A. and I with Willie on Point Comfort, gathering brush and sawing boughs, when Lawrie came across the ice from W. P., came up and delivered his budget there. Four letters! From Lippincott with \$54, for which very thankful, and felt the great sweetness of being immediately provided for at God's hand. From Miss Haines—inviting us to spend next Saturday and Sunday, the monthly holiday—must go. From Irving Place, inquiring, anxious, inviting, etc. Fourth letter from Hudson. Beautiful out, but constant patches of glare ice through the woods.

"N. B. Tea for dinner again!"

Next day:

"Below par today,—very dilapidated after breakfast, which is not a good way to feel. Tea and Indian

cake for dinner, hurrah! The other dinners can't get on with this work. No use to try. With no stimulus from without to the mind, one is fain to take a little, harmlessly, for the body—and the mind. Writing has rather lagged—I get tired. I think I want a change."

And to slacken work. With "Say and Seal" in hand, and (for quicker results) some books for children too, and with bundles of school compositions sent up from town for us to criticise and correct,—no wonder she was tired. For if this last-named business refreshed our funds, it did no such kind office for our wits; it was drudgery, all through. And so, to cheer on the physical powers, we fell into very unwise "tea" habits,—though the real joy in our book-work never changed.

"*Jan. 27.* Writing not very thriving; a piece to do by myself in chapter 58, and getting ready besides for New York. Packing, machining cloth dress and petticoat waist—and tired, and resting and reading. At night read Aunty two chapters—the ride from Mrs. Somers, and Merchant of Venice—she very much and altogether pleased. N. B. I think them myself splendid—so does Anna. A private confidence. Was not always perfectly satisfied with my own part—but nevertheless! To bed at twelve after a delicious cup of tea with A. Sad habit of taking tea just before going to bed. But she gets tired, and tea sets well."

Then next day.

"We are sadly jaded, both of us I think we must want a change. Even writing does not always refresh—on the contrary, I am sometimes so tired I think of the time when we shall stop for prayers, or

something else. Hard to help it, with the compositions. Sat over a novel, getting rested."

The record of that visit in town is full of pictures of what used to be, peopled with friends long since passed on before. We were to stay with Miss Haines, but she was busy when we arrived. Then after tea, and rest, and dressing—

"Dear Miss Haines came for us, and we went downstairs. Judge Haines—Bishop Boone (of the China Mission)—rooms sweet with flowers. Large basket on piano—magnificent—on table a stiff bouquet of Japonica, blush cactus, orange flowers, with heliotrope and soft border on edge of small white flowers—plants in library. Henry Scudder and wife—the C. Fields and H. Fields—McIntosh, M., J., and H.—Dr. and Mrs. Adams—Doremus—Nixon—and others Pleasant talk with H. Scudder and Bish. Boone—A. & I managed to hold up our heads and go through the evening. Mr. Brown, missionary to Japan, and wife.

"*Jan. 30th.* Pleasant dinner—Bishop Boone charming. Monthly holiday and *short* table—beautifully spread. Tried to rest in afternoon. Evening—to hear H. Scudder in Carmine Street Church—charmed! Something like the preaching I like—something like apostolic times.

"*Jan. 31st.* Mrs. Kemble's reading—'Much Ado About Nothing.' Very fine. Then call and visits—then Home and dress and dinner. Dress again for party at Mrs. Doremus's, Dutch Dominies. A party for Mr. Brown—So, so, and Dutch.

"*Feb. 1st.* Mrs. K's reading. 'Merchant of Venice.' Made it too much Shylock. Had a little bit of Pataquasset today. Miss Haines speaking of not looking

forward, living by the day, and the pleasantness of it—"Then I don't know but tomorrow I may go home!"

"*Feb. 2.* Must leave Miss H. Pack up and write till lunch—after our chops and tea and tongue, bid her a most loving good-bye and set off with John. Leave our bags, and then on to business. John to come for us tomorrow again with horses if fair. Miss H. wants us to go and see everybody. 'Do, my beloved!'

"*Feb. 3.* Read aloud first two numbers of 'The Minister's Wooing'—much amused. Invited to breakfast at Mrs. Cyrus Field's tomorrow.

"*Feb. 4.* Evening with Miss H. to Mrs. Kemble's reading. Richard II. Splendid!

"*Feb. 5.* Comes Hannah early with note from Mrs. Kemble and Miss H's offer of John and the carriage. Accepted.

"A. and I ride (cars) down to Stewart's—business, and walk up home. Dress and go in the carriage to Mrs. Codwise's—not in—to Mr. Dunning's—and then up to Mrs. Kemble's. She very sorry, engaged particularly—had not seen any one that morning. Back to Miss Haines. A pleasant visit there. Home to dinner, try to work. Come the Miss Gilmans to invite us. Then comes Mrs. Kemble!

"Down we go, and had a very pleasant call indeed from her. Pretty well stirred up, we go back to our work. Dr. Watson came to tea—asked him about Mr. Linden."

This was a medical or surgical question—about gun-shot wounds, that our "shooting" incident in "Say and Seal" might be in all details correct.

"A pleasant day," she writes of the following Sunday, when we had gone with Miss Haines to

church. "Quiet and sweet hours. Miss Haines most dear, most kind."

"Feb. 7. Miss H. sent tickets for our hostess, with ours, to go to Mrs. K's reading. We went—she met us there. First part Henry IV. Reading most superb."

After a tired morning (Feb. 8) she gets into "luxurious ease of body and mind. Read Testament and write till dress to go to Miss H's to dinner. Richard and carriage came for us. Mrs. Kirkland at dinner—and everything remarkably pleasant. I feeling well enough to do my part and enjoy it. Then to Mrs. Kemble's reading. *We* all were in sofa seats. Play, Romeo and Juliet, and exquisite baskets of roses and rose buds in front of Mrs. K's table. She read very splendidly. Mrs. ——— annoyed me twice *in the reading* by addressing whispers to me, which I did not answer—as to some one's remark that the reader had got ahead of her, the speaker, in size—adding something about 'enormous,' and another time asking how she could pronounce 'wound' so, when it rhymed as it did in the couplet. Quel horreur! Dear Miss H. brought A. and me home.

"Feb. 11. With Miss Haines to the reading in the evening. Winter's Tale. Most superb! The first time perhaps she ever really overcame me to tears. (Mrs. Kemble, I mean.) Pauline and Hermione very touching in last scene.

"To Ward school in the morning with Mrs. A. and Mr. Varnum. Well pleased. Talk with a class of girls about 'What is the worthiest object to live for?' At the end, shaking hands with them all round, one said, 'I am so much obliged to you for your beautiful books!'—covered her face, and burst into tears.

"*Feb. 14.* To Mrs. K's reading—2nd part Henry IV. Very fine indeed.

"*Feb. 15.* In the evening to the reading. Henry V. Most beautifully read.

"*Feb. 18.* Hamlet in the evening,—the last reading—superb! Mrs. Kemble's graceful farewell and thanks—rudeness of audience in not quelling disturbance. From reading to Mrs. H. Field's for the end of the evening, tho' people were going when we got there. Mrs. Kemble called on us in the afternoon. Anna dressing—I had a most pleasant visit.

"*Feb. 19.* In the evening with Miss H. to Mrs. Cyrus Field's. A very pleasant gathering—the pleasantest that I ever knew there. I hope I did n't talk Professor Smith to death.

"*Feb. 22.* Five o'clock had a carriage and went to Mrs. Field's (H. M.). Most kindly received, and pleasant evening of talk.

"*Feb. 23.* The morning lovely with spring. Tried to work a little. Luncheon at one—then John with the carriage—and we drove up and down and paid calls. Home, and really wrote for some time. Dinner at six. Dressed and went to Mrs. McCurdy's. A Mercer Street party for Mr. Clark—with some of the other clergy. Very tired, and almost meditating an escape from the hubbub and heat to the dressing room. Talk with Mrs. Brace about Adirondacks and camping out,—Prescott and his way of working,—Mrs. Stowe and Uncle Tom and Eva. Got into the cooler little back room and rested with a charming talk with Mrs. Hutton about her reading the W. W. W. in her kitchen, to her black woman and Irish woman and two little children—all enchained. About the dog story in Carl Krinken, and the hymn story—

about true self-denial, and inward cultivation of piety, and other things, agreeing with me. A pleasant bit of talk with Dr. Skinner.

"*Feb. 24.* Out for a walk—Bridgeman's, Badeau, Mr. Dunning—Home, and dress, and a lady, and an invitation to lunch tomorrow. Then lunch today. Then Mrs. Field and we talked for hours—a good talk, an earnest talk,—duties, responsibilities, way of meeting them, life-experience, our works, Miss Bronte's, etc., etc., etc. Talk, till the continuity and excitement of it made me real tired! tho' the talk was truly interesting and worth while. Then Mrs. Cooper, whom we sat and listened to. Then escaped—got a little piece of writing done before and after dinner—very tired—tried to rest—young Mr. Sheldon here. I am so easily tired!

"*Feb. 25th.* Soon after one went with Mrs. F. to Mrs. Perkins' to luncheon. About two dozen ladies. Talked and looked at engravings before lunch. A handsome table—oysters stewed and fried. Chicken-salad, ices, wines, biscuit glacé, coffee, chocolate, sandwiches, and cakes which came after the time. If I gave a luncheon!

"Then upstairs the ladies gathered in a sort of circle round two or three of us, who discussed woman's sphere, etc., somewhat warmly, much to the interest of the rest. Mrs. F. and I the chief talkers. Mrs. Hewitt invited us most earnestly to her party Wednesday.

"The Fields most kind," she says later—"don't wish us to go." And again, "Mrs. F. and we had a dish of talk,—she spoke of our being so unlike other people—how and wherein, not told.

"Mr. and Mrs. F. went to Mrs. Jaffray's great party

—we had not strength to go, nor to Mrs. Robinson's either."

March 1st she writes:

"A. and I took carriage at ten, and drove to Chambers Street. At Cold Spring wait half an hour for wagon—a boy to drive—afraid, but go with him. Muddy road—disagreeable—walk part of the way. Home at last safe, and very thankful. Very tired, but both bore it pretty well. Home looks very odd after New York."

"Home looking a little lonely," she says next day. "But God is very, very good to us that we are so comfortable."

"*March 3rd.* Wrote letters—read light reading—Pattaquasset a little. Snow came on in the afternoon—we could n't go out, and A. and I went to work for exercise. She made biscuits, and I made sponge cake. Wrote in the evening—but I doubt that's being a good plan. A quiet, comfortable day. How good God has been to me, and to us."

O it was true! But schooling is schooling, and not all lessons are joyous in the learning. It was a hard year for us. Needs were very pressing, and work almost incessant, with no hands but our own to earn. Such a condition of things can often be met and tossed off, where plenty of spice and sugar drop into the daily cup; and truly, the exquisite natural world about us, the dear home faces, and the exceeding grace of God to us, did keep our life fresh and rich. But some keener things than money troubles came in, and weighed heavily on my sister's strength.

We took our exercise that year, chiefly in garden work; and her journal records the beauty of the days,

the springing of the flowers, and the coming of the birds. But the refrain too often is:

"Quite tired this evening."

"Very dilapidated in the morning."

"In the evening so nervous I did n't know what to do."

So that *her* part of the garden work was often just watching me, and noting the exquisite doings of the spring.

"*March 8.* Wrote in the morning. A check from S. & C. for \$57, and a desire for 'Hard Maple,' and for a new series of juveniles. A great blessing to us, every way. Afternoon went out and 'ticed' about, while Anna worked; I did n't feel able for much exertion. She dug, and I walked and sauntered around, seeing what should be done; and trimmed the cottage rose by the door. Daffodils and narcissus above ground, and tulips breaking through. One poor Johnny Jumper out. Seven wax-wings came and sat on the walk-elm—what brought them?

"*March 9.* Not fit for out-of-door work, so corrected papers and copied a little while Anna was out this morning. Wrote and copied afterwards, and walked a little with her late in the day. The buds on the trees are swelling beautifully—the grass on the lawn shewing promise of green—ice floating on the river. Spade deep, no frost, in one of the upper borders. Looking over this week or two, 'Debit and Credit,' 'The Laird of Norlaw,' and Miss Bremer's 'Father and Daughter'—the last very poor, the first amusing, the other a 'mess.' God is very good to me these days.

"*March 10.* White frost in mornings—and when the sun is up a little way, long strips of warm light

lie over the grass—and between them, where the shadows of trees stretch along, lies a white shadow of the unmelted frost-work, fairy-like and exquisite.

“Sunday, March 13. A very beautiful day. Spring stillness, spring warmth—(door and window open much of the day)—the soft spring veil over the light. Looked out at it thinking of the words—‘Walk before me and be thou perfect’—in a ‘ladder’ I was pondering. How the world without and the world within went together! The 31st Psalm *very* beautiful and good to me today. A fair sabbath-like Sunday. Very beautiful, exceedingly. A day to be thankful for—but oh a day that if its gifts had been thoroughly appropriated should have transformed one into an angel! Anna brought in alder flowers.”

Speaking one day of our work, with which (that day) she was well content, she says:

“But the sweet way with this as all things else, is without impatience or anxiety to look for supplies and prosperity and success from God alone, and with a mind contented to let him give or withhold. O to live so!

“March 28. Hoped for a nice time of writing. Perhaps I was too set for it. We spent the first hour or two of our time in doing what after all need n’t have been done—which disappointed me much; and I did n’t just recover my due quiet poise of spirits for some time. N. B. That an impatient spirit is not like to be a successful one in anything.

“April 16. Read to Aunty the banana chapter. She was n’t as much interested as I looked for, and even thought (or said so) that the book was not so interesting since about the climax part.

“Next day. Thought of Aunty’s opinion about

Pattaquasset a minute after I woke up, like a wet blanket.

"*April 20.* Wrote, on our last chapter, but tho' I was impatient to finish it, we did not get it done.

"*Next day.* Glad to have finished that chapter. May the book have the blessing of God.

"*April 25.* Not too promising weather, but we got off on the 8.38 train. Came down very fast and very shakily—disagreeable; we were at the end of a car, and it swayed to and fro more than was pleasant. Did work at Stewart's—took car and came to Miss Haines'. There rested, and looked over MSS., and had nice lunch, and saw her, and rested, and dressed for dinner. Mrs. Dwight here—we went into her room and had a pleasant chat before dinner. That was for half past five—Professor and Mrs. Smith—Dr. and Mrs. H. Scudder—Professor Guyor—Professor Gajani and wife—Dr. and Mrs. Doremus—Mrs. Doremus elder and daughter—Mrs. Fondey—Miss French. A pleasant dinner and evening. A. and I bore the day well."

Three days later:

"No rain. A. and I had the carriage again—went out and finished up business. Home and ready to start. Lunch—beefsteak and chops and stewed oysters, and tea and cream, and bread and butter, and bananas and oranges, and a basket of nice fresh cake. Talk to Miss French and get more 'papers'—and ride down to 3.15 train. Tired and timorous—but get somewhat rested—and came up and home well and safely. Thank God for it. Home in house-cleaning disorder—window in back room broken through and not masoned nor carpentered yet. A. and I a little *flat*—coming home to odds and ends,

things undone that we can't do. And the papers lie on my heart, too. Should n't!"

Next day:

"In a worried state of mind, decidedly, which is indeed very wrong. Tired, and wishing Mignonette to get on, and loaded with all these papers! And the masons and the carpenters, and Duncan and Berrian, all to be owed something soon, more or less. Wrong, nevertheless. A. and I calculated the work of the papers—I sorted one division and corrected one bundle. Looked over MS., which is resting and sweet work. Very glad and thankful to be safe home. How ungrateful I am!"

April 30, she says:

"Warm, June-like, beautiful day. But I am *so* tired. So very, very tired. What shall I do?"

The day's record ends with this:

"Dear little gold-crested wren on the piazza roof before breakfast, hopping about and picking up bits of the maple stamens I believe; his sweet food. Two spots of gamboge on sides of breast and one on the head. There's a lesson for me."

"Remember," she writes after a walk one May day, "remember the pause of minutes in Happy Valley to hear the choir of birds—oh wonder! oh glory!—we all stood and listened and looked at each other. Remember the partridge that shewed herself to us on a tree while we sat in the pine wood."

Again: "Weather perfection. Woods in full leaf. Birds crazy."

"O work, work!" she says another day, "and the letters I have to answer! and the sewing to do, and what not!

"*June 8th*, with the house full of guests.

"People are enjoying themselves, and very pleasantly. Immense approbation of Victoria cake and things. Anna stays at home and cooks and I go.

"*June 11.* They went with Father in the *Powell*—and I was tired enough and busy enough to feel relieved, on some accounts. Sewed, sewed, machining today—getting ready for Mrs. Donaldson's. Pleasant note today from her, claiming us till week after next. How tired A. and I have been and are. Out picking magnificent strawberries. Mrs. F. said last night she had never seen such berries except in England. And she said she had *never* seen a table where things tasted so good. She had seen some of course more splendid. Very disagreeable feeling of the little amount of money on hand. It is very little."

June 14 she writes:

"Off in cars. Very warm and moist—trying—but we had a breeze in the cars and came pretty comfortably to Barrytown—my thoughts sometimes where they had better not have been—and sometimes saying over the title of Dr. Bushnell's sermon on 'The Personal Love and Lead of Christ'—words that were sweet to me.

"*June 25th.* Pleasant talks we have here in the family, very pleasant. Miss Ward, Mrs. Astor's grand-daughter here this morning—her amusing surprise at finding we were Presbyterians—*so* surprised. 'Why?' 'They were so Calvinistic and so strict!'

"*June 27.* Breakfast at 6—cars at 17 minutes to 7. Beautiful run down in the beautiful morning—home before 9. How thankful and glad I am—O how glad to be home safe. God help me to be thankful—to be pure—to be faithful—to glorify him in all things always."

This visit was followed by a short stay in New York, and a much longer one at Saybrook, with guests at home between whiles. But we were too overpressed with work and responsibilities, and trying things from without, for such small festivities to have much lasting effect.

Meantime, the copying of "Say and Seal" went steadily on. It had to be copied, because of the two hands in the work, which the different handwritings would make quite too plain. "Mignonette" was our first chosen name for the book; but Lippincott objected; it had been used—for something. We next sent him "Love and Reason"—then the name that stood; our town of Pattaquasset (Saybrook, Conn.) having been in the old patent of Lord Say and Seal.

We did a great deal of rowing these days. My sister delighting herself between whiles with "Tale of Two Cities," and "Never Too Late to Mend."

"*June 29.* Sunday. A very pleasant day this was in part, with Bible studying in view of our S. S. and Bible Class projects—but I let one or two thoughts come in and be indulged that I should not—and they hurt my day."

The day so carefully prized that it *could* be hurt. Then in town:

"*July 10.* Promised hot day, but I felt nicely. As one, too, who taking the trials God sends and letting fall the good he sends not, looks to him for sufficiency and treasure."

Again: "Strolled out towards evening to Home Crag and hill beyond; very precious. Also Bible truths were precious to me, and realised to be so.

"One or two ladders of verses were good to me

today—that on ‘God my exceeding joy’—and on ‘made to drink into the same spirit.’

“Pleasant influences of the day—a bit of Dr. Bushnell’s sermon on the ‘Love and Leading of Christ’ very sweet to me.

“A good day—though business did poke itself into my head more than it had any right to do. Yet a day for which to give thanks.

“*Nov. 6.* To Dr. Adams’ church with the Fields. A clever sermon—well spoken—but leaving the hearer unimpressed with the awfulness of the subject—‘every one of us shall give account of himself.’ Afternoon, with Mrs. Field to hear Dr. Bethune, on the immortality of man. Noble, yet bearing, to me, somewhat of the morning’s criticism. Not drawing one up enough. But the hymns were fine, and the benediction—the blessing of Israel—finely given, ‘The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give *thee peace*,’ set me to crying.

“The ‘Puritan Sabbath,’—can anybody describe *how* sweet it was? Not the tedious bug-a-boo take-off which is in many mouths, but the true. Does it linger on earth yet? and where? And oh how hard it is to keep hold of it, amid the wide-spread desecration!

“Through all the poverty of earthly means,” she writes one day, “I feel so rich in the Lord’s promises and in the Lord.”

Then one of her old fits of reaction would sweep in, and pain and loss get the upper hand.

“*June 30.* Walked with Aunties and A. to Happy Valley towards evening. It looked, O like an empty place or monument of past pleasant times—the horse paths, the trees, the pretty ground, where so many an hour more or less pleasant, some very pleasant,

we have had. It looked sorrowful—the place there,—the people and the pleasure and the spirit and the strength and the health—so faded and gone. I have grown so old in a year!”

Yet through all trying things and times, the old rule of “first the kingdom” never lost its place in her heart. Just arrived at a friend’s country house, she writes:

“O that God would grant me the lives of these people! and enable me to be, tho’ late, his faithful servant in all things and to all people. Grant it, and help me, my God, for my dear Saviour’s sake!”

“*Aug. 29.* O what a life I have lived lately, of depression and anxiety. Father has overstrained himself in working, and we *must* have help or break up here. The pressure of home affairs ever since we came home has been exceeding—too much for our strength. God knows all, and can take care of all—that is my comfort and trust.

“*Aug. 30.* Four o’clock—all the family except Father went out crabbing and fishing. I pulled the boat—then held an umbrella over me—thankful for any promising change and good to A. and me. The rest crabbed and fished (i. e., held lines and bait) for a great while—caught one crab. So thankful for this relief, for such it is. Distraction, sweet air, sweet light and beauty, rest of mind—all that, whether the cork bobs or not.

“*Sept. 2.* Copy. Proof from Lippincott and questions anew about title. Undecided. Looks pretty, the first chapter in print. Going out is telling on my good feelings, I think. I eat my broiled mutton these two days with great satisfaction.”

One tired entry follows another: rowing, crabbing,

correcting proofs; my father laid by from much doing, and no man to be had.

"Read Katherine Ashton these days, and enjoy it very much. Don't know what I should do without fictions."

The same child yet!

"*Sept. 15.* Anna is very troubled, half sick, with a finger into which she ran a sliver."

Next day: "Last proofs of 'Hard Maple'—A. too sick with her finger to correct them. I'll do it, expect to."

So our small working force was diminished by one, and for many weeks. And when at last I got leave to do anything, it was only with the left hand; with which I copied and wrote for nine full months.

"*Oct. 20.* We have perhaps \$80 in the world—and winter arrangements unmade—and the book delayed. But One knows.

"Dressing and packing till near time to go to train, twelve o'clock. Dr. Scudder in the car—he and I talked furiously a good deal of the way—then I asked him to go on reading—and I mused."

In town and going from one friend's house to another, she writes:

"Cars to Mrs. Skinner's—where arrived with very glad and peaceful feelings—and for a minute standing at my window, had a nearer glimpse of heaven than I often do, with the prayer,—Keep me as a child, true, faithful, and pure, so that when I get home I may have nothing to do but to drop the old and take the new!—Could hardly remember afterwards the prayer distinctly which had been so happy at the moment."

Herself still; afraid to state even her own thoughts

incorrectly. And this also is a touch of old times.

"*Nov. 19. (In town.)* Stood up by my gas light after A. was gone to bed, reading in 'The Initials' till quite late—and got into bed sorry and sorry for my self-indulgence and wrongdoing.

"*Nov. 23.* Home, and then called down to see Mr. Tom Appleton."

A most comical interview. We had heard so often of the man, and never exactly met him; but one friend after another had said to us: "Do you know Tom Appleton?"—"Don't you know Tom Appleton?"—"O you ought to know Tom Appleton!" So that curiosity, and amusement too, were a little astir in us. For me, indeed, with my arm in a sling, and pain and weakness my two hand-maidens, there was little to do but look and listen,—and our friends too were rather quiet,—but the scene was amusing enough. Not David with his sling, and Goliath in his armour of brass, were more unlike, than this utter man of the world and my dear sister, to whom the promises of God were sweet. And I think a little perception of this may have put Mr. Appleton not at his best. Almost his first remark was a commonplace pun over my suffering hand, and when I answered "yes, I had been told that before," there was a hint of mortification in his reply—"I suppose you have heard it very often." Further on he remarked that "Paris is the place where good Americans go when they die,"—and finally came this most comical clash of swords:

"Miss Warner, do you know that you are very like Florence Nightingale?"

"I have been told so."

"The resemblance is striking. Have you ever seen her picture?"

"Yes."

"Horrid, is n't it?"

"No," said my sister with kindling zeal: "beautiful!"

Then each realised what each had said; and the "well of silence" was profound. O how I wanted to laugh! But Mr. Tom Appleton was too much of a stranger, and nobody led the way. All through the rest of his visit, every now and then my one free hand went up to my mouth to hide the laugh that wanted to come. It was all so like my sister! Her eager admiration for Florence Nightingale, putting quite out of sight the unlucky slur upon herself. The sparkling eyes as she started forward in defence, the quick energetic utterance, the utter unconsciousness and forgetting of herself. Mr. Tom Appleton met his match for once. Of course it was only a bit of left-handedness in him.

"*Nov. 29.* Reflection first—that after one has certain needfuls and desirables for one's proper personal care and living—which may be in very plain and inexpensive materials, money can *in that kind* do little more! I realise it now. We went after breakfast down to Stewart's and the Bank and Ball & Black's—getting myself the indulgence of much-wanted sleeve-pins; my conscience felt it somewhat as an indulgence afterwards, but I wanted them."

That winter of 1859-60 was most happily arranged for in town; and a good deal of society work came in our way, which was no doubt a great help. But it was a strange, mixed-up year. I was in the doctor's hands and could do but little; friends who had been dear to us were caught by cross-currents and drifted

away; and my sister as usual took it hard. Setting her heart eagerly, as in the old days, upon what she wanted; yet fighting loyally for true acceptance of the Lord's most perfect will.

"If it pleased God," she writes, "I could wish for the dear love of a friend—but as he will! Even so, God rules all. O child, why are you weary?"

"Mrs. Cruger arranged all about the Thirteenth St. house this morning, to my great joy. And oh to my great thankfulness to God,—may he make it stand, if it please him. How he has taken care of us every day since we came hither, and how I have doubted and worried and feared, and still he has provided! Now trust him, in shadow and in light! henceforward forever."

Very characteristic too, was her disappointment at Christmas time. On the 21st she says:

"I went down to Stewart's and up Broadway, getting a few little things to send the children at home. Looking at Bibles—wishing to give a full set of the Paragraph Bible to A.—but I must not! \$16.50 is more than it would be right to spend." Then,

"*Dec. 24.* Engaged to go with Mrs. R. to 6½ service A.M. tomorrow at Dr. Muhlenberg's. A heavy, heavy package lying on our trunk at night—did n't open it, but it had a pleasant savour of Christmas—in the spiriting effect of which went to bed.

"*Sunday, Dec. 25.* Up and ready in time. Walk thro' darkling streets in early morning—sweet chanting—greens prettily disposed dressing the church—sweet boys' chanting—pretty, pretty, and pleasant. Home and opened package. Two splendid pieces of worthlessness—from Miss ——, that was the bitter-

ness of it. Almost enough to make one doubt the depth of the love that sends it. And when I had been longing for a paragraph bible to give A. and would value a thousand useful trifles, to have a quantity of money thrown away on what I never wish to look at!—the books for people that do not read, and worlds of art for those who have not eyes—that are those splendid publications.”

There was never room in our eager life for anything but the intrinsic. As we said to each other one day, it was the state of a ship with her decks cleared for action.

“So goes out the old year,” she writes *December 31st*, “but we so tired and in such confusion that we did n’t too well realise anything.

“The year gone!—which has done great work for us, for me. Separated us more from earthly hopes,—brought me nearer, I think, to the hold of unseen realities—or at least to God and his love, and to absolute trust and submission to him. A year which has seen us tried, broken, kept along, cared for, relieved, guarded, provided! Thank God!—and may he keep me near to him, faithful to him, always!

“*Jan. 2, 1860.* Gave Annie her trunk before breakfast—real nice! and a wise thing. She gave me bonbons—not having been able to suit herself *yet* with something greater. The other house to breakfast at nine o’clock. Home to dress, and gave A. her pin. Like it very much, both of us. A. very nice in dove-colour silk with cape of same—I cool in pompadour with low neck, hidden by my rose-de-chine Shetland shawl. We sat in the blue room all day alone, working at proofs. Saw the Capt. first in the hall, where table set for great dinner. F. at **four**

o'clock—very short, very good little visit. At dinner talked a deal and got on very well. Dinner at 7 or 7½—tea at 11.20. Late doings!

“*Jan. 11.* The carriage—which was delightful. Errands for Mrs. C.—York St. to find Mercy, whom found and engaged. Home, and no range fire, Mrs. Martin sick. In desperation, made it myself—then came Hannah and made it fairly. I had sent home a chicken and oysters. Now I prepared the former—I shrank from it, and all but gave over—but I did draw and wash and cut up the thing—or half of it—and we had it fricasseed, with tea, for lunch. Too tired to wash dishes then. Sat and worked and rested till growing dark—then washed my dishes, made cocoa, and took it.

“*Jan. 29. Sunday.* Reading to Mercy in Saints Rest—which she enjoyed and which is gloriously fine. It did *me* good. What a thing, to write such a book which for ages after goes on quickening, refreshing, converting other souls!

“*Jan. 31.* Not brilliant for work. Wrote a while—A. and I went out and walked—home, and dress, and Gertrude Livingston—who kept me past dinner hour. Then Mrs. Morgan for another long time. I too tired to be brilliant. Get to writing at last, and in comes Harriet Whetton. If *this* was the way, we should have to take a reception day or do something desperate. Then soon darkness comes on—and tea—and the evening work must not last too late. Almost done.” (Say and Seal proofs.) “Projecting ‘Wych Hazel’ already. Have not the greatest spirit for it. But we want money—and if God will bless it—it is blessed. We are very poor just at the present time.

"*Feb. 1.* Work, work, and get off all the last of the copy and the preface. Poor little book, which I love very much.

"*Feb. 5. Sunday.* Aunty, A. and I to hear Dr. Bethune. A real ambassador's message, faithfully delivered, very fine and effective. 'This is a faithful saying,' etc. Indulgence in wrong thoughts today—and purpose of heart at night to be and act always the servant of God."

Another day, with one of her old impracticable wishes, she says:

"Have a care upon me of doing something to bring our end up again—but it's a bore. Would like to be put into society and pleasantly kept in it, more or less, without any exertion—receiving entertainments, but giving few, and going about in a carriage. That is what I should like. A. has very little strength to do anything, and I not much.

"*Feb. 19. Sunday.* Read a book Miss Haines lent me, Professor Phelps' 'Still Hour.' A wonderful book; it made a good day for me. It went home, and shewed me far wrong and out of the way, in that matter at least. So tried to come back—and had a day for which I should thank God. A day of opening my eyes over again to see what the Christian walk may be—and of setting my hand and my foot thitherward.

"*Feb. 25.* (One of our simple 'at home' evenings.) Got things in very nice readiness, Aunty and we, and the evening was a pretty one. Mrs. Olin first, then Miss Hedges—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Field, Gracie and Alice—Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Miss Naudain, Mr. G. Douglas, Professor Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. Field, Dr. Hutton. That was all, I believe. 'Wigs' and

coffee, very good. The gentlemen had a pretty good time—Mr. Douglas was the last one here.

"Next day. Met Hannah going to put up Mr. C's room—spoke to her about religious joys and duties—she began, poor thing, to cry. She used to go to the Communion, when she lived at Mr. D's—never since. Poor thing!

"March 1. Reading 'Quits' a great part of the day—delightful! Have not read so delicious a book this long while.

"March 12. Mrs. Jaffray told me a pretty thing about a boy's interest in 'W. W. World.' Ah, that little book which I prayed over! Truly, 'God is the Judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up another.'"

In May she writes of a service in Dr. Bethune's church, when we had had some new lessons set us:

"Text from Rev. xxi 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death,' etc. And hymns—'There is a land of pure delight,' 'High in yonder realms of light,' 'Jerusalem my happy home.' It was hard for us both, and the question comes up, why we have had this pain and pleasure again at this time? But I can leave all in God's hand now—and it is sweet—but the day tired us very much."

A friend in England, unknown except by letter, had sent her a box of English books. At home at the Island now, she says:

"I delectate myself with my box of books, at times when too tired to go on with work. Sit down beside it and open one and another—sometimes, finding it hard to settle steadily upon any one to read. Have begun 'North and South,' and read two chapters in

'Julian Home.' What a precious box to me! the leaves all uncut.

"*June 3. Sunday* (at home for some reason). Quiet reading, and praying over it. Hosea in the morning, looking out references, and after dinner a little of Spurgeon, which I like, and Bonar on Leviticus. Trying all day to get a clearer, more assured and calm state of feeling—and I know not how or why, towards evening it came—more peacefully sweet than I have known for some time. I thank my God, who by whatever means gave it. And by his grace I will keep it, to live, even here, near him.

"*July 7.* After tea A. went down to fish. I got in the boat and pulled a little up and down—at intervals resting and reading the meditation in Morning and Night Watches—and praying—good under that evening sky, and very good to me.

"*July 9.* Reading seems the best medicine for me, or one of the best. I seem to have a kind of hunger for it, and it soothes and fills me. After tea went out crabbing—mais point—and then I rowed them, Aunt and A., up and down under a twilight sky. Air soft and delicious—clouds beautiful, great grey draperies of them, with the sky between or in other quarters so clear and fair. Pretty, pretty. Feel better.

"*July 20.* (Coming home from a visit to Wildercliffe.) Pleasant and sweet our visit and intercourse has been! A rest, and a good of great value. Good journey home, without evil or fear. I glad, and in good spirits and mood eat my raspberries and tea;—then taken aback by Lippincott's statement of \$1,500 due to us. I had looked for something like a thousand more. Greatly taken down for a little, and

shewed it. I said God's will be done, and felt it—but the loss of my visions of a little rest and ease and elbow-room, I also felt. **This** must set me to work."

(Next day.) "God knows best—and I am happy in him—in his word—more than for a good while past. . . . Feel I must work, and ought to be brave. Must be economical too, to make our funds last till we can get another book out. A little mortified that 'Say and Seal' should not have done greater things. And *had* had a vision of giving A. for birthday Thier's 'Consulate and Empire.' Can I now? I doubt. I must be very prudent. But I am happy—and hope by faith to be happier."

Of a Sunday, later, she says:

"A good sweet day—seeking to know more of 'the kingdom,' in my own growth and life and standing."

Through all that summer and fall, guests were coming and going in very lively style. People to breakfast, and people to dinner, and people to tea, and for the night. Involving, of course, not merely "waffles and coffee" and their confrères, but rows on the river—scrambles among our rocks—and dressed-up excursions to West Point; with talks and discussions about all sorts of pleasant and worth-while things. The surface conversation of so many houses never had place in ours; with two such eager, earnest hearts as my father and sister, commonplace found no footing,—and in her gayest days my dear Aunt Fanny had never talked either dress or gossip.

It was all very good for us, I suppose; and certainly enjoyed; what though it interrupted other work, and taxed our strength. But it was a whole-

some tonic for heart-fatigue and care. So were some books.

"I am reading Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*, and Russell's *Diary in India*—and began a while ago Conybeare and Howson. Like them all dearly. How good is reading—how much I need it."

"Am thinking," she says (Aug. 21), "of the possibility or eligibility of our making a child's paper and printing it ourselves—to begin with at any rate. Some means of getting a better income with less hard work!"

"Wych Hazel" went on as steadily as could be expected in the circumstances; and exercise was plenty and varied. Riding on horseback, rowing, and many long walks among our rocks or at the Point. Crabbing was one of our special open-air diversions; but my sister makes one comical private note:

"Going crabbing tries my temper more than most things—getting moored and all that, I mean, and being advised and interfered with."

"Oct. 7. Well under way with Wych Hazel. But oh! the other work to be done—and done by me! letters, sewing, winter preparations, reading that should be—how much of all these. And strength is so insufficient. Only when I ride, it is tripled. Reading *Villette*—how fine! it is stimulating.

"Oct. 15. They all went over to see the Prince—I stayed at home. . . . The guns of the salute made me feel not pleasantly—something in the bringing the Antipodes of society, so well known in imagination, actually so near—it stirred me."

There was little to stir one in the actual scene, however. The English party, in rather rough and ready travelling dress, rode up two and two with the

West Point officers in their spic and span appointments. Up the hill road, from where the "Harriet Lane" lay moored. Hill and plain in a glory of October light and colour; and some seven thousand people spotting and framing the green.

In such a throng one picks out few details; little absurdities, perhaps, are seen soonest. As we stood watching the review, a small scamp of a newsboy paraded past us, fluttering his big photograph sheet, and announcing:

"'Ere's the Prince o' Wales! Only ten cents!"

Then two or three English women, of a type one sees less often now than then, made themselves conspicuous.

"Why don't they have a horse for him?" one cried; "he'll catch his death of cold, standing about on the damp turf. But there's no system here, about anything."

And as Gen. Scott in the old Continental uniform came by, the same good lady exclaimed:

"O, the bombast!"

But it was a pretty picture, on the whole, and I hope I may be forgiven the thrill that went through my heart, when as the battalion marched by, the young descendant of George III uncovered to the Stars and Stripes. It was well and gracefully done, by the whole party.

"Oct. 16. Busy, I forget how—till Aunty, Anna and I went to Lookout Rock to see the going off of the Prince. The Daniel Drew came up and lay at the opposite dock, and after waiting a while, the Prince and suite came down the hill and embarked—band playing, and the battery giving tongue as soon as the 'Drew' fairly was off. How fair! sky veiled

with cloud, blue in south—hills in excellent colours—guns *reporting* through the hills, and smoke a beautiful cloud, hanging on the face of the Point—lastly guns from the heavy ordnance at the dock, where the smoke sat like a swan upon the water.

“*Oct. 23.* Set about writing—pondered and cogitated and wrote a while, and then found we were knocking our heads together. Somehow we do that in this book. Got into a little of a muss—then got out of it and went on. Machining after dinner—then the woods! Father and we. Such a time! The target field—pine trees down and trimmed—a big bonfire and feeding it, with green brush and dry brush—cutting cedars—clearing the beautiful ground,—fair weather—the river soft and still seen between the trees. Like a dream, so beautiful it all was. Worked hard.

“*Oct. 24.* The day is, sewing, writing, machining, and woodwork—or rather, the days are these. Went in the morning today, Father and Harris and all. Went on with yesterday’s place of work. Such beauty! but I got myself spent with work. Reading the Prince of the House of David still—and I like it. That is, I enjoy it very much—more, I believe, than in the abstract I like the book. Writing don’t get on very fast. In the evening Anna reads Amyas Leigh to us—I like that too, very much. And sewing gets on the while. Work is pleasant—and days are sweet, and the name of Jesus is precious, these days.”

After the next day’s work, she says:

“Home to reading, rest, and coffee—and writing and machining—and tea, and reading, and sewing. Were ever such busy people! were there ever! Kind

letters yesterday from Mrs. Prentiss and Mrs. Cummins of Baltimore.

"*Nov. 4. Sunday.* Not quite so sweet a day as last Sunday. I spent too much time trying hymn tunes with Anna, and thereby robbed myself. I get tired, and *she* gets tired and unfit for anything of serious work—so there is temptation—but I gave it too much of my day. Sundays are good days to me now—good and not too long. And the name of Christ is more near and dear than sometimes. I think that book 'The Prince of the House of David' has had a pleasant effect on me at least—whatever the book in itself be—and it is not faultless. I was not reading that today." It was the "Divine Human in the Scriptures."

In town two days later:

"Felt singularly happy this evening—partly from gladness at having the journey nicely over and being well here, but I rejoiced, greatly, in God and my relations to him, and went to bed in a sweet state of feeling.

"*Nov. 17.* John took us to the station—a good ride up—and at home! Oh how sweet, how pure, how still, how comfortable, how lovely! If we *could* stay here this winter. I thought about it. I cannot see our way clear, that it is best. I cannot. We are pretty tired today. But oh how sweet home is! how good our own tea and coffee, and cold veal! It's odd, how much better our table is than anybody else's.

"*Nov. 27.* Read the P. of the H. of D. still these days, by turns—it has been good to me, though I would not put it in all hands. Have taken to reading the newspapers—times are so interesting. The South

making a great bluster about going off from the Union."

In town for the winter: "Think we are in a way to be very comfortable—and I am thankful. Without the presence of God I have nothing. *That* I desire.

"*Dec. 23. Sunday.* The day on the whole a very good and precious one. Of all things now to be more and more near my Lord.

"*Christmas eve.* During a pleasant chatty call from friends, the door opens and in comes the waiter woman bringing in—I saw what immediately. Imagine the largest kind of soap bubble suddenly vitrified, and that some fairy had engraven with mimic stars. The same fairy having twisted an arch of vine stems has touched them to gold with her wand and suspended the glass bubble there; and in it floats a tiny gold fish. How exquisite! And how sweet to know Christmas eve, by a tangible evidence, that somebody is thinking of us lovingly. It was very grateful."

Speaking of other gifts that came New Year's eve, she adds:

"So ends the year '60. A good year, in which God has taken gentle care of us—all the year through. Which ends in very sweet resting in him, and desiring him only and above all.

"*Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1861.* I will speak good of this day. The old year is out and the new has come in, with great rest and joy in God. The desire of my heart is unto him and to the remembrance of his name. His name is good and precious to me; to know him and to do his will, I desire above all things in the world. The past year has somehow done a good deal of work for A. and me. We have had, pretty present-giving—Anna's lorgnette and Russell's

Crimea—Aunty's dress, night-gowns, cap pins, cap, and Spurgeon—father's 'Nature and the Supernatural' and figs—and my buckle, slippers, chocolates, hood, wrapper. Aunty very pleased.

"*Jan. 5.* Duty to go out. So went, alone, to Mrs. Prentiss—saw her, had a nice long talk. Her experience in defalcation of friends, Mrs. M. to wit., etc., very strange. To Miss Hedges, and saw her. Then a minute or two with Miss Haines—and home to lunch. Clam soup, delicious, cold coffee warmed, and bread. Out then to get a table for father's writing, and bread, etc. Home, and finish a night-gown—hem it, that is. Anna and Aunty meanwhile go down and get a stereoscope and a half dozen views—which I am shown after tea. Oh delicious! oh delicious! What is so good? So ends this first week of '61. God keep us true to him."

Under date *Jan. 7th*, she writes: "Company day—glad to sit at home. Worked nicely at getting my morning dress trimmed over. Lunch upstairs of nice clam soup and coffee. Worth while to keep record of our meals, almost, with the expense, for a while. Mrs. A. and L. surprised me a little by coming—very benign. I am glad—I would rather be on speaking terms with the world. Also Mrs. Sturges and Mrs. Osborn. The day being sloppy and cloudy, and even rainy, nobody else. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss for a good long talk. 'All is temporary, but the bosom of Jesus.' Once know that, and the place of rest is found for all time."

Jan. 8th she writes:

"To see Miss McIntosh, who is in mourning for her brother. Sat a good while, she talking warmly about Switzerland. Thought as I came home, it would be

a good way when I feel good for nothing, to go and give somebody else pleasure. Before tea, Sophy and Mr. Herrick. Thro' yesterday's slop and slush, she was going about in tenement houses near the East river, doing good and preaching—in her way. And it was such a happy day."

My New Year's gift to my sister, of a stereoscope and six views, had great results. All Winter, we took our special little bits of rest and play, in this new found world of enchantment and travel. Sometimes at Anthony's standard house, turning over box after box of finest views; wanting them all, and coming down at last to one or two that we *must* have;—sometimes finding cheaper collections elsewhere, with here and there an excellent view among much comparative rubbish.

"*Jan. 9.* Threatening snow. A. and I went out when we had got the fish and breakfast things in order. To Dr. Gray—to Carters—to buy gas furnace and cooker.—To Stereoscopic Co., where spent a good deal of time turning over a tableful of 'views' thrown together for One Dollar per dozen. A. found a dozen, some beauties, with which we came home enriched. So lovely, so fine, so interesting, so instructive. Melrose, and the Castle of Edinburgh, and a street in Canterbury—and old buildings in Edinburgh, and others. I got a bit of the Mer de Glace.

"*Jan. 10.* Cleared off, or ceased to storm, and A. and I went down to look at that tableful of 'views' while yet they are there. And taking them with system, we went over the whole table! an enormous work, scarcely missing a dozen or so of them all. Selected a fine two dozen,—with which trophy got home at a quarter to three! The people that come

after us won't get *much*. Lizzie Donaldson, Lizzie Washington, and Miss Smith came to tea—three young ones. A pretty evening. Mr. Willy Donaldson when he came brought news that Major Anderson had destroyed Fort Moultrie and was bombarding Charleston. It was very bad news to us—and to me."

Next day. "News no news. No such thing as bombardment of Charleston or destroying Moultrie. *Threats*, and the real firing into 'The Star of the West' steamer by the mad rebels. Breathe freer, and feel like looking at 'views' again. What great pleasure! what exquisite refreshment! what rich instruction. And we have now in all got three dozen and a half, excellent ones, for Five Dollars. It's ridiculous, but so good. Cold weather. I went out of errands in the morning, alone—afternoon, sewing and 'views.' Old ruins, English and Egyptian and Welsh—and beauties various—ah, how lovely. I hope I am thankful."

Another day she says:

"Oh our beautiful views! O the delight of travelling so, and feasting one's eyes and heart with beauties and antiquities of many kinds.

"*Jan. 15.* Day appointed to go with Miss Ward and be introduced to Dr. Cogswell. A. sick with headache—too much to go. I went."

Dr. Cogswell was then Librarian of the Astor Library; and this meeting had most pleasant results. Dr. C. was exceedingly kind, setting apart for us a special corner and table, and permitting us to roam about among the books, and take down or ask for what we liked. Thither we went every week day; were often at the door before it was yet open.

Further on: "Copied some ten or eleven pages of Wych Hazel. Set myself a task of ten pages. Wish I liked the thing better—it don't satisfy me—don't seem strong and graphic and nervous. However—perhaps it will mend.

"*Jan. 18.* God is very good to us. We are enjoying great comfort in every respect, and a few months ago, how little we could guess what was going to become of us for the winter. It is a pleasant way, to live trusting him; but to do it in darkness as well as in light!

"*Jan. 20.* I went to Dr. Tyng's. Good, not great discourse—but I enjoyed the service, as I can sometimes, and I enjoyed seeing my dear Miss Haines up in the gallery, and knowing that she was in the church. How apt and strange now the petitions which used to seem to have such a far-away adaptation—'from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion'—and the words of prayer for Congress.

"I have found out that we are very poor—must work," she writes a week later:

"Just as I was thinking we had got clear of expenses, comes an invitation from Mrs. Astor for Wednesday week. Must go. I have no dress! Oh New York! Want the money for a dozen other things."

Robertson's sermons (one volume) were lent her by Miss Ward, but found small favour.

"They trouble me," she writes, "they are *false*. They are bad, though not written by a bad man; but one who *shaves down Scripture*.

"*Feb. 13.* Library in the morning. I am at Agassiz on Glaciers yet. What good times of study we do have. In our quiet corner, with luxury of

books and information-getting and quiet, and no interruptions! It's delightful.

"*March 13.* I went up to see Mrs. Kemble and saw her. A nice, very enjoyable visit.

"*March 16.* Library—nice study almost every day. Then, after lunch I went calling. To Miss Haines, and found her come home. Better, but she has been very ill in Boston, and is very feeble. Then I went to Mrs. Bancroft—a levee there. Mesdames Rutherford and Bryant and Gibbs and Valerio and others. Could n't get away soon. Then to Mrs. E. Smith to see about Miss Hedges' poor lost S. S. scholar—then home and met Anna near the door—turned about and went to Irving Place with her. Busy day—like many days just now.

"*March 17.* To church at Dr. Tyng's—my dear Miss Haines' sweet pale face was up in the gallery. I enjoyed the service. Staid at home afternoon and enjoyed *that*, with my Bible. A good and sweet day.

"*March 19.* Snowy day—went to Library, but not out again till evening—then to Mrs. Delano's. Just Mrs. Astor and Miss Ward and a sister of Mr. Delano there. How pleasant; one of the nicest evenings I have had out this winter. Talk, and talk—photographs and music (I like the first best), billiards and talk—nice little supper of oysters, etc.—talk enfin till when I got home was shocked to find it twelve o'clock. A very, very nice evening, and lovely women, all three. Russell, the London Times man, is come, to take note of us!

"*March 20.* Evening. I was willing enough to have stayed at home—but Mrs. Rutherford's night, and she had asked me,—dressed and went. Had a better time than usual—good talks—with Miss Wad-

dington and Mrs. Schuyler lastly and specially. Home by about twelve. Oh New York! But it is good too. I am happy this week. Has Sunday breathed its sweetness all over the days?"

Not much of the so-called "blue" Puritan Sabbath; still less of the merrymaking idea of today. A Sunday "with her Bible" breathes its sweetness through all the week. Sometimes we indulged in very old-fashioned athletics—as here.

"*March 21.* As A. wished to keep our appointment with the Morgans, I got ready and she and I walked up there to tea, through wind and snow—pretty thick. Then Father came for us and through the storm again we walked home,—a good earnest storm it was now, with snow under foot and wind at corners of street."

Next day sounds a note of jubilation:

"No engagement for this evening!"

Another Sunday:

"Got a little good reading—on lovely 'ladder' of verses in my Bible, and a good chapter in the 'Great Teacher.' . . . My ladder, 'It is good for me to draw nigh to God.' Stand by that, my heart, and mount."

"Ladders"—We had given the name to the sets of *thought* references in Bagster's miniature quarto Bible.

The days go on, with a pretty full freight; stirred and shadowed and vivified by the state of public affairs. Driving through the city streets one night to a lecture, suddenly the newsboys begin to shout: "Fall of Fort Sumter!" Or friends pause and cluster on the way from church, to tell of somebody's telegram. Or a young volunteer comes hurrying

along—a mere boy in uniform; and all hearts jump and eyes overflow. It was good to get away from town, and beyond hearing “extras.”

But the state of things made it extremely hard to get helpers in any peaceful ways; and household work at the Island came down upon our already full hands. What my sister would once have called “household drudgery.” Doubtless she so esteemed it, still, in itself,—but the stone the philosophers never found, lies close at hand to the believer.

“*May 11.* This has been a pleasant week,” she writes. “For almost the first time in my life, it seems to me, I have in the little matters of hourly work, lovingly done my work for the Lord. It has been sweet passing of days.”

Away on a visit to a family of Southern birth, she gives a picture well known in those war years:

“Politics oddly divided in this family. Mr. D. sensible and patriotic—Mrs. D. the reverse of both. Miss S. strong for right and honour—little M. violent against the one and the other. T. rather distressed than taking part—Mr. R. a fire-eater—Mr. W. desirous of entering the Federal army.”

After a tea-drinking at Mrs. Astor’s:

“Miss Ward pleased me much by avowing her trust in me, as a friend, if she wanted some one to confide in.”

“*July 2.* Rain! but we got ready, and it held up just in good time. Beautiful cool journey, and windy row home, but a beautiful, refreshing wind. Not refreshing, however, was the news at home, and the home pressure fell straight and with addition on our shoulders again. Catherine not good, and Harris going away! Well—but one does not know at first

how to get along. It is folly to be worried—for that is not all evil which seems such—but the look of it is not pleasant. We are very poor, too, and all *that* comes with its load—only I know the Lord will take care.”

They tell (in Punch or somewhere) of a small country shopwoman in England who being rebuked for the high price of her earthen pitchers, made answer briskly: “But think of the war in the Crimea!”

The ramifications of the work done by our war were endless. People did not buy books, for lack of heart to read them; or because the money must go to hospitals and the Christian Commission. The price of paper went up, for old linen and cotton of every sort were to take the same road. Rapeseed oil—(until then always used in our student lamp) jumped to eight dollars a gallon. The young men of the neighbourhood went off to the fight; while the women helped the old men wage the warfare with weeds and needs, at home. For two or three years we could get no helper worth having. We made our own garden, and my sister and I rowed my father across the river every day, where he went up the hill to post-office and market. Hard pressed we often were, but in those years nobody minded anything that did not touch the Country.

“*July 15.* I began writing, and got about four pages of a child’s story—Daisy.” (Afterwards called Melbourne House).

“*July 17.* Being a glorious day, with cool north breeze, I took the boat and Father and went down to Buttermilk Falls to see Miss Garrettson’s friends, Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Rowed to Cozzens’ dock and walked up thence. It refreshed me very much, my

visit, and being all Miss G.'s friends we came close together directly. Here is hearty unsparing service in the Lord's cause. Up and down the bank of the river and back in the mountains Mr. Adams goes and goes, preaching the word. I had a beautiful morning."

She told afterwards what duty work, at first, the visit was,—how as she pulled along the silent rock shore, she kept saying to herself: "Hoping for nothing again." So much one knows. This friendship with Mr. Adams became one of the closest and dearest and most blessed of any we ever knew.

"*July 22.* Wrote up nicely—sewed, and so on. News of a victory at Bull's Run, in the morning. It set me to praying. But at night, when we were sitting at work, Father came in with a report brought from Cold Spring, that our army had been routed and cut to pieces. Oh the pain of that moment! And the aching and anxiety that followed. We knew not what might be true. It was with us, as it were, all night—and Father said afterwards (I write later) he fairly ached at night, in the night, he did not know how he could bear it."

So things looked, to human eyes; yet that hard experience was a great, great blessing. It waked the Nation up.

"*Aug. 14.* (In town, on the way to Lenox.) After dinner A. and I went out to buy some warmer dresses than we have. But we are too poor—could n't afford \$3.50 apiece for them. Rather discouraging. Saw the remnant of Fire Zouaves come home—a sad sight. Not only browned and worn, they looked not happy, not bright, not *good*. They feel the contrast, no doubt, between this and their going off, eleven hun-

dred strong. Poor things, my heart warms toward them.

"Aug. 15. The Zouaves went through my head and heart at night—I was too excited for sleep for some time. But sleep came—and the early waking—day finest could be—coffee and beefsteak, and off. Cars started at eight. At Bridgeport changed cars for the Housatonic railway—one passenger car. We had a beautiful journey, through a beautiful New England country; but how strange it was! Virginia and the work doing there, and the feeling of the struggle for existence, made the landscape overhung. Meantime a man in the car carried on a great business in newspapers; amusing to watch him; doubling up and counting out and delivering quantities at every stopping place."

I am not sure if it was this man, or another, who had in hand the *irregular* paper business; not at stations, but along the road, as the train flew by among the scattered farm houses. Looking a little ahead, you could see some child or woman dart out of the brown doorway and speed down to the railway fence—the man twisted up a paper, flung it with good aim; it was caught up, and hurried away into the house, bearing—ah, who could tell what tidings!—for the dwellers there? "My eyes cloud up for rain" with the mere remembering it. And everywhere were flags: on the houses, on flag-staffs, on the gate-posts on the barns; floating out upon the north wind with their silent protest and promise.

We were going to Lenox. To the small neighbouring town of Lee, the Bull Run tidings came at nightfall.

"It was an awful night," the butcher reported

afterwards, in forceful vernacular: "Nobody could n't eat nothin', and nobody could n't sleep none." But thoughts were strong. Lee had already sent its full quota, in answer to the President's call. But when the morning broke over the little town in its broad green valley, sixty new volunteers took the "Owl train," and went down to the front. And the women got them ready.

"*Aug. 16.* 'We'll have many happy hours here, please God!' dear Miss Haines said last night. She sent us out this morning without her, she is too weak, to go to Stockbridge. Oh what a ride! what air! what lakes and hills! what Canaan reminiscences! Called to see Mrs. C. Field and Gracie. Home to two o'clock dinner—and after we sat on piazza and read Russell's letter, and sewed and talked. Mrs. Goodman here morning, and Mrs. Rackerman morning and evening—and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick at dinner time. It is lovely out of doors and in; and Miss H. seems much better. It is all so good to us! The blessing of God, may it be upon it all, and us all!"

"*October 17 (at home).* Such a day! The wind which had dried up everything, quieted down and October came out in some of its fairest. At seven and a half A.M. the boat and Father were to be at Cozzens' dock—Mr. and Mrs. Adams came—rested—then we all but Aunty set off. Fair sail round to De Rham's dock—a good deal of shoving to get the boat to land—then the walk—then the old place and Falls again. And I stood and thanked God for all his mercy to us since I saw those Falls last! So unchangingly fair had been the course of his providence to us, through all the hourly variations of

every day! It is a lesson for the future. And I promised to be all God's. The Lord keep me so! Then came, after our friend's great delight in the place, and some examination of it—(Mr. A. exclaimed as we came up 'This is rest!') our lunch. A. had made turnovers and gingerbread; I had made sandwiches. How good they were! and how relished. And then we sat and strolled and sat still again, to listen to nature and watch and take the good that was before us. Sweet and fair, good and rich in enjoyment was that time and the whole day. Pleasant walk home—lovely light and shadows on the mountains—leaves changing—which had given a sunny hue down at the Falls. So still and mild we had stayed two or three hours there. Rest at home—then early tea-dinner—plenty of talk about the sayings and doings of happy coloured Methodist people—prayer—and they went away home. I thought yesterday maybe the Lord would give them and us such a day for this work as today has been.

"*Nov. 8.* One of those days that one looks after with a little sigh, when they are gone. Wind lulled. I sent to the Adamses—he came and spent the day. We took Miss Garrettson to Fort Con, and Lookout Rock—going gently, and resting, and talking, and looking and enjoying each other generally. Then a somewhat late dinner—Anna's nice chicken and pies and chocolate cream,—and the good company. After dinner round the fire and talk till Mr. Adams went away in the edge of the day—and we talked more round the fire. Anna's French and brown bread at tea delicious—after tea views and talk.

"*Sunday, Nov. 10, '61.* A very good and sweet day. Spent at home because it was too cold to go

to church. Spent with the reading of the 'Higher Christian Life' in the morning—and with Bible reading and study and Annetta's lesson and singing and writing hymns in the afternoon and evening. A sweet day—unbroken in its rest and peacefulness and liberty of Sabbath occupation—a fenced-in day, very precious. Also Bible truths were precious to me, and realised to be so."

"Through all the poverty of earthly means," she writes another day, "I feel so rich in the Lord's promises, and in the Lord."

Then again, after giving a Bible lesson to her one little scholar, and a sort of "pastoral" visit to the mother she says:

"It is trying to cultivate the little field given me. How I would like to have a meeting with several, and a Bible reading—but perhaps I am not fitted for that, and the words I read this afternoon struck me—"not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, etc."

"Dec. 22. One of our very sweet and precious Sundays. Not too tired. Read and studied the 118th Psalm—part of it rather—then rested my head a little, and A. and I took a cup of broth.—Then after a while Annetta came and we had a nice lesson. Could n't go to see her mother—somebody was there. I think, if I may, to get Mrs. Miller to have a Bible reading with me every Sunday—I don't know whether she will—and then, if I can, perhaps to draw in some other or others. If the way opens for it—perhaps this is not the way I am to work. The Bible afterwards—hardly feel sometimes like exchanging the Bible for anything less good. A good day.

"*Tuesday, Dec. 24.* Christmas eve—and I sat

baking my bread in the kitchen, in the edge of the evening, the wild winter wind outside and kitty lapping her milk at my side.

"The kitchen not nice exactly, for the stove has been changing place today—and baskets of wood and kindling, and multifarious items of kitchen use were about in sight, and not stroked into order—attesting that our life just now is with realities. But I was thinking it a good Christmas eve—the best yet I ever had. No one before ever found me feeling so rich—with riches that the Lord has given me lately. Riches of trust and gladness, and hope in him—and rest from my enemies—all in him. I never felt less in myself—but I see that I have all things in Christ."

As I have said, it was very, very hard to get efficient helpers of any kind, in the country, in those war times. Prices of everything (except authors' work!) went up and up, and we were straitened enough. And yet to her, you see, it was daily the "more and more" of Prov. 4:18. Another day she says:

"A. and I went out in the snow and brought in pine kindling. Beautiful light and snow and rocks and trees, delicious air, and good exercise, and wet cold feet and ankles—the first cold, the latter wet. That's a drawback, yes ma'am, it is. Also the elaborate dressing to go out.

"*Dec. 31.* So ends the year. It has been a good one, a happy one, a quiet one—with little roughness even in it, and many, very many, and great enjoyments and advantages. Who can number them? Today has been busy work again, at Aunty's wrapper and at last Anna's Garibaldi. But *that* is not near ready for presenting—we see no good way but **to**

work a while tomorrow morning—if all is well. Thank the Lord for this year—how good it has been! And the problem at which I have worked for twenty years is, I believe, solved at last. I have been taught the secret, and I am wholly the Lord's. The Lord keep me. And he will. And his name shall be praised."

I must needs comment a little cautiously here, but I *think* she meant this. She had long trusted in Christ for salvation, she had believed that he would surely "perfect that which concerned her." But now she knew, that minute by minute she might have the victory; that minute by minute the Lord would bear her through, unspotted, if she trusted him to do it. "Thanks be to God, which causeth us always to triumph in Christ,"—that was on her banner now. Perhaps one instance will shew what I mean.

We had, one year, two unruly guests, whom a train of circumstances had brought into the house for a prolonged stay. And, while they were there, they must of course be civilly treated. But they made my sister nearly wild; all her keen perceptions of right, justice, and propriety being utterly outraged and under foot.

One morning the two had been especially trying, insolent to a degree. My sister went off upstairs in a sort of boiling-over state. Talking, thinking, reasoning with herself, did not one bit of good; rather, she grew hotter. And not one bit of cooling down had come, when suddenly she was called to dinner. She must go, must sit at the head of the table, and shew and offer all the little courtesies which to a guest are due. She must be the calm, dignified,

Christian, lady of the house. And there was no time to scold herself into order; nor for a prayer much longer than Nehemiah's; she must go, at once. What could she do? Just one thing, as she told us long afterwards. The Lord had promised to help his children always, in every case. Upon that word she threw herself now; laying before the Lord the temper and indignation, the sharp speech, the hot feeling. "Help—for thou hast promised!" was all she could say.

So she went down to dinner, with that cry in her heart. And if ever you could personify a fair, calm May morning, such was my sister in her place that day. You would hardly have guessed that winds *could* blow. I know, for I saw it.

"I have laid help upon one that is mighty."

"*Jan. 1, 1862.* 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore *hope thou in him.*' This is my motto—for the year beginning."

It opened rather roughly, according to human ideas; with the absorbing war-storm in the land, and just with us great pressure. We were at the Island.

"*Jan. 2.* Coming home tonight from our wood-work, A. and I,—we went out too late to gather brush. It was a wild wind, cold, sun gone down, Father coming from the barnyard with the milk and the pail for watering the cattle—it seemed a little bit sorrowful, or drear, to me. It looked as if we were poor! But that feeling went away in prayer. We are not poor, after all—and do not feel lonely. Nevertheless, it would be proper, we agree, to get a man from Miller to see to the cattle once a day at least. It is too much for Father. We tried to begin

work today, but I did little more than get in the traces. Between my 'Daisy,' the magazine project, and the S. S. books, which Mr. Wise wants for the Methodist Concern, and my Bible Lessons, I have somewhat of an embarrassment of work."

The "magazine" was only a child's paper we had planned, and of which on January 6, she says she "drew up the prospectus." But it was a great problem how to keep at least some writing hours free from intrusions. There was so much to do, and it must not all be left on Aunt Fanny's hands. We tried the French early cup of coffee or tea, and eleven o'clock breakfast; which did well enough for us, but was dreary and uncomfortable for the other two dear ones; while the ordinary breakfast, with one o'clock dinner, and all the preparations first and dishes after, seemed to cut the whole morning into bits, and leave us tired and dull.

"*This* won't do. So now we propose to try bread and butter and tea breakfast at seven, and then put away things and write."

I may say here that this plan worked splendidly, and for many years. Only we had to modify a little, and take an earlier start, as more and more of the business of the place came into our hands—and on them.

"*Jan. 8.* Oh busy day! and oh tired body! Tea and bread and butter at seven or near, write till somewhere towards eleven. Second breakfast, coffee and beefsteak and *snow-bread*—the most delicious thing. Then I wash dishes of last night, morning, and meal just over—having made bread first. Then A. and I go out and sweep a path in the snow through the old cow field to the entrance of pine wood—and

break up kindling. Lovely! almost beyond June. The smooth, even, deep spread of dry snow—the cedars and pines rising clear and green out of it and raising their heads toward the clear blue sky. Cold, but not seeming so. Then home—my hour—supper—and a tired mind and body, as I said. But happy in the Lord, and greatly desiring more knowledge of him.

“*Jan. 9.* Busy—but how sweet our days are! How willingly I miss the New York confusions and bustle and engagements. Today a slight rain in morning—clearing off to beautiful, mild, sunny blue sky; melting under foot. Bread and butter breakfast—write till too tired to write more—stir round and set table and dust and make my bed—dinner, or second breakfast—lose time then, with the dogs and one thing and another, being tired; at last get my dishes done and look at a paper. Go out with A. and cut kindling in the grape house. Too tired for much exertion. And there is the day! My hour, and tea, and here I am. Every day seems pleasant and every sort of weather, up here in the pale wilderness. But the days are short! Hard to get much done.

“*Jan. 10, 1862.* O how sweet the days are! But I was a little bit overdone, and felt not so work-worthy this morning. Wrote nevertheless a good portion; and after second breakfast and a while of rest, felt better. Got my dishes and things done, and then rested and read. It was what I needed. Anna went out to the kitchen and made crackers. I read ‘Typical Forms,’ and ‘Hugh Fisher’—a dear little S. S. book. Wrote last night to Mr. Putnam and sent it today with prospectus of our paper. This

is the first one sent. Maybe it will all come to nothing.

"I was so glad to have a day of rest," she says, the next Sunday—"I had looked forward to it—and its hours rolled away on such smooth wheels after all, and were so soon gone." And yet it was "a stormy day, cold rain upon the snow." And she "read little but the Bible."

"*Jan. 13.* Work as usual; and pleasant and sweet is work, if the eye of the heart be unto God all along. How gently he has guided us this winter, this winter that I dreaded! how pleasant, and enjoyed, and guarded, and supplied, our way has been; how bright with the love of him. So far, how sweet and good it has been; and we can trust him for the rest. Today, breakfast half past six, get to writing by eight; second breakfast as usual—dishes, etc., etc., go out with A. after kindling. Very cold and disagreeable to be in the wind; we came into the greenhouse (only a quarter covered in with sash, but the walls are there), and chopped and broke a quantity of kindling.

"*Jan. 14.* Wrote till about eleven—but bread, etc., hindered my beginning till near nine. Got my task done. Dinner, making up and baking my Indian bread, dishes, etc., kept me till time to go out, and we did n't get in till near four. So goes the day, these short days. The ferry-man not having been near us all day, we have not got Miss Haines' valise. We can wait—life is so busy and so sweet with all its business, by the blessing of God. O how sweet to me are the words of the Bible now! how delightful. We are all so tired tonight that we forego work, and have not even lit the lamp.

"*Jan. 15.* Breakfast at half past six, or there-

abouts—got to writing at eight. Wrote a large task, with less fatigue than yesterday—but two hours is as much as I can stand without feeling it. Was done before eleven. Got a little time to rest between dishes and going out. It was glorious out! A. and I plunged through the unbroken snow to the Home Fort; going down through the crust sometimes seven or eight inches. Brush too covered up to work there. The icy storm of yesterday has slightly dimpled the surface of the snow, making exquisite shadows, and left over all the surface a sparkling ice frost—beautiful to behold. The sunbeams streaming over this make a path of gold and diamond dust. We went to Cedar Grove and sawed and chopped cedar branches for the stove, and dragged them home.

“*Jan. 20.* Mr. Putnam sent me up a batch of beautifully printed circulars for our paper! with his estimates. I don’t know if it will go on. I shall try to do my part; then as the Lord will.

“*Jan. 22.* Cloudy still, though not storming. Wrote as usual—got done ‘The French Cap’—and began the next story on ‘the meek.’ Then while I was about setting the table, came the valise.” (Bringing belated Christmas tokens, and also some work we had undertaken, in the way of correcting compositions.) “We had second breakfast—and A. and I and Aunty were at the unpacking. It was nice, nice; we did not get out at all; but sat over papers and magazines and illustrations, till four o’clock. That is, after I had done my dishes, and seasoned the thirty pounds of sausage meat, and A. had prepared her pig’s head for brawn, which had been boiling. Dear Miss H. has given us a good time today.”

Next day: “Out in cedar grove with A. sawing

dry branches. Crust hardly bearing us, sometimes—and then we would go through inches deep. The tree sprays cased in ice, then bearing a light burden of snow from the last three-inch fall—most beautiful; and stirring, the clink was most delicious and silvery. Snow thick on the ground.

“Jan. 24. Very like snow, but not snowing yet. Before the sun got up, the old moon looked through a thickening veil of what seemed snow clouds. Wrote my quota—busy with arranging Father’s errands to Cold Spring—do my dishes—and out to greenhouse. Found the bucksaw was delightful exercise; so we cut up and brought in a quantity of dry wood for the kitchen stove. Out late—then had a boiled egg for tea. How pleasant the days are! how lovely the winter! how good our God! Father enjoys himself uncommonly well, seemingly; and great peace is in our household. Letter from Mrs. Prentiss yesterday, delighted with our paper scheme—from P. Carter discouraging it hard. Well—the Lord will arrange it. ‘He shall direct thy paths’—what a blessed promise that is. It should lay forever the spirit of unrest and fear.”

Again, detailing the press of rather humdrum business, she adds: “But it’s work, and it’s duty, and it’s good.”

Another day: “We went out to chop and saw kindling. Perfectly nectareous; not very cold, but oh very white and brilliant, and the golden touches of the sunbeams to the snow, falling through tree-tops on the smooth bright surface, were more heavenly than earthly. Morally, they belonged wholly to the unearthly. The snow has been settled and packed by the hail and rain storm till it is like the frosting

of cake; it will bear perfectly; and tho' with a sort of glacé surface, it is not slippery. The rain, etc., has indented it.

"*Jan. 31.* Bitter. Got my writing done nicely, resting in my rocking-chair. But I am not as strong as once I was. Letter from Mrs. — (an English correspondent), filled with politics, and accompanied with a quantity of 'Times' extracts—not complimentary to America; and *she* falls foul of Mr. Seward. I felt almost like having a cry when I got through—inasmuch as a great handful of reproach and misunderstanding thrown in your face, is disagreeable if you cannot immediately throw it off. And I can't write to Mrs. — just yet, and I can't set her wholly right when I do."

However, the day ends gleefully, with "a splendid time foraging." "Snow in some places under the trees deep and slippery. We even got on our hands and knees to climb up some ascents in the pine grove. How lovely! We sawed off great pine branches."

Athletics that will compare very favourably with tennis at 96°.

About the English letter.—It is hard for people to believe now, what some of us well remember then; the *hurt* feeling over such letters and papers. As if a trusted friend had failed us, in our sorest need. When the London Times threw mud rather promiscuously; and Mr. Gladstone wrote that the Government could not *possibly* succeed; and private correspondents sent such words as these: "We always *knew* that Republics had in themselves the seeds of decay." How *could* we be quite patient?—the pain of such things was beyond telling. For the Nation was on trial for her life! and there was enough at

home to make our hearts ache. One day my sister wrote (away on a visit):—

“Worried because the papers attack the administration so, and others in the house are dissatisfied; and I myself would like to see a little more of the Jackson spirit at work. But Anna says, ‘trust Mr. Lincoln’—and no doubt he don’t tell all he thinks.

“*Feb. 13.* Read, last night and today, A’s story on the ‘persecuted’ (‘The Prince in Disguise’). Very interesting indeed; I like it much. Surely there has been a blessing on these S. S. stories; they have run so pleasantly and through such sweet and blessed truth. If I were only stronger and able to work faster.

“*Feb. 18.* Have worked pretty well today, but lost too much time over ‘My Brother’s Keeper’—resting is very well, but one may get too much engaged and rest too long at once.

“*Feb. 21.* A pleasant day of work. Copied, as usual—dishes—copying after breakfast, and views, etc. And then sawing wood in the grape house. Cooler, and very pleasant. And that is the day! only views are very fine and precious; and my reading, by day and in the evening, is precious too; the ‘Book and its Story,’ and Macaulay’s England at night, with Mme. d’Arblay if I get too tired for something stronger. And the Bible is sweet—and my hope in Jesus is sweet beyond former time—and oh it might be so much more! My *hope*; I might say, my present joy, more truly or more exactly.”

We were working quite too hard. Partly for the needs be, partly because the work was so sweet; and also because at the ice-bound season interruptions from without were few. Besides our regular work, we took in other writing and head-work; something

that answered to what the masons call "chinking." It makes the wall strong, I suppose, but just sapped *our* strength. Never again, after that winter, could we ever dare attempt such long, steady hours of pen-work. It shewed less in the cold weather; but when the letting-down spring days came, then we knew our mistake.

"*Feb. 22.* Pretty well tired tonight. Indeed for two or three weeks past we have plainly flagged,—not so much in our writing work, that gets done—as in the energy and force and appetite of spirit and body respectively. Indeed it is mainly the body that is failing, I suppose; though the spirit feels it too then; and 'whiles' I have a tired spirit as well as body,—pleasant as all things in general are. It is the constant driving—or the changeless routine—or the real failure of strength as the season draws towards spring. We need all diversion we can get. And then,—I need to 'set the Lord always before me.' All is sweet, that is done consciously to him. Settled Miller's business. Such things are opportunities—every one of them; occasions to advance in graces—of gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, long-suffering. That promise of 'all things working together' is no doubt true.

"*Feb. 26.* As usual. We got 'The Little Black Hen' copied too today—that is finished. No, I am wrong, almost finished. Pretty tired tonight; we have felt rather too pressed with business, but getting off two of the books to Dr. Wise will be a great relief. Then we may take the rest of the copying more gently. We went out and sawed and chopped pine branches in the greenhouse. Pleasant. I read Macaulay's 'England' at evening with very great

pleasure; and sometimes in the day read and learn or begin to learn a verse or two of John's Gospel in the German.

"*March 1.* Feel rather better. My little 'peace-maker's' story is very sweet to me; and these two mornings I have written in an absorbed kind of way. It is very pleasant to write so; but it leaves me tired, those two hours of morning work. At ten or a little after, I stop and wash up all my dishes from the evening before—while Anna gets the breakfast. We went out this afternoon. Cool and fine and beautiful, and still somewhat springy. We sawed branches in the pine wood, and cut them up in the grape house. I have a little bit of expectation that the paper will go—I don't know, of course. O for the Lord's blessing on all our work,—and O what thanks are due to him for all the goodness that has followed and kept us this winter! 'The prettiest winter I remember,' as A. said.

"*March 3.* Head ached or was achy in the night—but grew better before morning. We made a change today, seeing that we have run down of late—and went out for our exercise at the hour when we used to write, coming in about ten o'clock. It was very pleasant. We foraged in the cedar grove—went in the pine wood and marked trees for Edwin to cut—home with a good preparation for the day. Meals as usual—wrote from two till seven, or thereabouts. wrote five pages. So it went very well. Courtlandt Gilbert brought a man who wants the place. Looks well. Can we pay \$20 a month?—and can we do less?

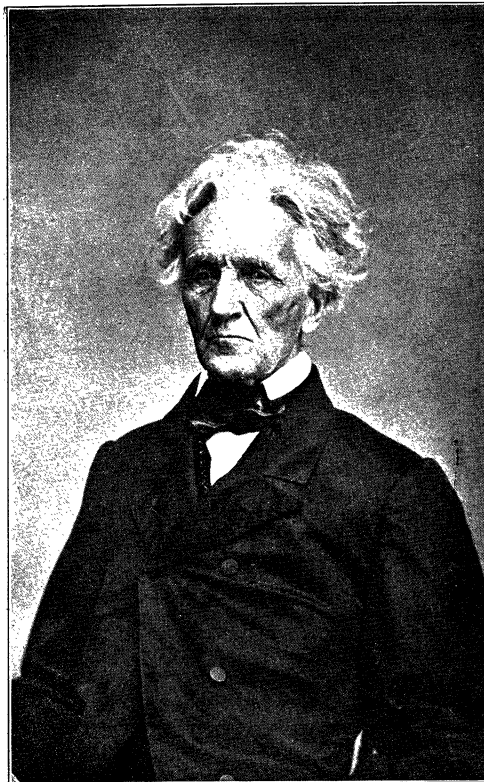
"*March 5.* Full of pleasant work. Foraging this morning—air mild, springy, pleasant, and the icy

top of the snow in the woods and on the rocks giving a beautiful glint of the light when the sun came out. Home, wash my dishes—second breakfast—views—sleep—writing—that brings it to four o'clock. Then I have my hour, and A. gets supper. But we don't eat porridge much now; we have all grown delicate, except Father. I wish I had more strength to write—but I have what I ought to have. If I only have the presence of Jesus—that is all I want. I have not had it so much lately. But with his promise I may, and I trust I will.

"March 7. Came President Lincoln's Emancipation Message. Could I be glad and thankful enough? When has anything so good been heard! So well done too,—so like himself—wise, moderate, sensible, firm. This was good news enough for one day. Work as usual. Anna has not been hindered, I think, from writing, one single day by illness since we began the new system of meals. How notable, and how blessed a thing."

I should say, perhaps, that as my father had grown older, and cares became a burden, we had taken upon our own hands all the business matters of the place, leaving him to give counsel when he chose, but to have no sort of care.

"March 31. It was a rainy day. Nevertheless, upon the middle of the afternoon or so, came a bearded wagoner past our windows, and it was the father of Ellis, our new man, with one of his wagons of goods and moveables. Ellis and his wife and their chattels were established here before night. And here ends the long and sweet time of our being alone—when God took care of us, and we were alone from all other help. It has been a sweet time! a happy time, a



Henry W. Warner
From a Photograph by F. Forshew

fearless time. I have slept quietly, and trusted in the Lord."

A man's strength at hand in the spring time, of course in a measure relieved ours; and yet brought in a new care. We had assumed the business care of the place, to relieve my father,—then found it was hard for him to give it up. And to lead—and yet where it was possible to follow—was our new lesson. A very hard one for my sister.

"*April 14.* Very weary, weary in mind and body. I giving orders to Ellis about the walks—then Father giving other orders—and I countermanding or objecting, and then Father very displeased or disturbed. I am very wrong—I must be—I consider my own pleasure. I am weary with the friction and trouble, together with the pressure of work and the fatigue of body, and the progress of affairs, and Aunty, and Anna. Aunty exceedingly tired, and not caring for herself; and Anna feeble, and worried for her and by everybody in turn. I will turn to my stronghold. I shall get grace there to overcome even myself."

We did a good deal of gardening that summer, both directing and taking hold. The glimpses are often characteristic and pretty.

"*April 17.* Working before breakfast again, and began sodding the old walk. I am glad to sod it up. I like to have the line changed—besides the improvement in beauty. I like the change.

"*April 18.* Beautiful sodding before breakfast. The gun fires at five; then we hear the sweet sound of the West Point clock striking six—seven—then if we stay long enough, we hear the drum after the cadets have done their breakfast, and the soft wind instruments at guard mounting.

"Mrs. Prentiss has written me with seven names of subscribers. She hoped for many more—and so did I. Nevertheless, I desire that the Lord's hand may guide us wholly, in this as in everything."

Another day: "Letter from Mr. Hasbrook—has three more names for the paper, and thinks more will be much more easily got when once the paper is a-going. Felt bright about it, and rather think it *will go*."

Next day: "We have but three hundred names and we ought to have five hundred. I feel disappointed and a little downcast—yet it is wrong. God knows what he would have us do—but I would be for having my own way.

"I remember that a circulation of only two thousand would give us some fifteen hundred dollars clear. Yet I do not know what is best. Then I have a hankering for the work, and for the large field of usefulness.

"*May 27.* It's no time *now* to put forth the little paper, even if we had names enough. It would be almost impertinent with the country in this state of expectation. We must wait.

"*July 3.* I had a full answer from Gray, the printer. the other day—and now I think to get ready some numbers of the papers, and some illustrations, and *begin*—provided the affairs of the country meet with no reverses. It's pretty work."

Yes, the work was of the rarest. The bits of needful study in all sorts of fields, the endless variety of topics, the perfectly set-free fancy and imagination; no one can tell how delightful it was. We did all the work, of every sort, except preparing the woodcuts; and the head of the printing firm told some

one that we were "the best business men he ever knew."

"*July 4.* A beautiful day. We very quiet at home—too anxious for our brave army to enjoy the day. Yet the news is of better colour and hope today,—what there is of it. Letter from Aunty, giving the most welcome news of her intended return tomorrow. How good that is. Also, a note from Mr. V—, at Cozzens'—proposing to call here tomorrow, with a large party of his family connections—mostly unknown to us. Could have spared that, really.

"*July 5.* Got our affairs out of the way, and we were ready for all comers in good time. But how I waited for the paper to come! with what miserable agitation! And how I felt when I heard 'Hail Columbia' struck up at parade last night, I will not try to say. But, thank God, the news today is very good; and I am happy. The people came, and made their visit satisfactorily, I hope—and we gave them superb raspberries and Virginia wafers.

"*July 7.* Wrote a good deal in 'Daisy.' Eliza gone home since Saturday—wanted very much. What to do? Want to go down to Cozzens' to see Mrs. Godwin who sent me a message from her mother—and Julia Bryant, and ask them up here to breakfast. Good news still from the army—but they and McClellan and Mr. Lincoln are on my heart. I long for the grace of God to be with them, and make them his instruments of blessing.

"*July 9.* Sent to Mrs. Livingston to come to the breakfast—then sent to the Rossiters for ditto—but neither of them could. So! Went to bed well tired. But A. and I practically set the table first—and I

made Brentford rolls, and she picked part of our raspberries. Does it pay? Yet it seems good to do.

"*July 10.* Misty morning—but they came. I moulded my rolls, got out spoons—and dressed—and then too utterly tired for anything else lay down on A's couch till the people were coming. The two ladies, Mrs. Godwin's daughter and little son, and Captain Nichols, of Fremont's staff lately.

"*Aug. 14.* Rhinebeck. Mrs. Bishop (Alonzo) Potter invited us to breakfast tomorrow.

"*Aug. 17.* A. and I walked to the cottage at half past eight o'clock. Miss Julia Stewart there, and presently Mr. Walsh and wife and friends. Altogether a goodly party of two tables. Talk went on very briskly and the breakfast was a success, I should think. Strong coffee and waffles and muffins made the eatable part very good. Cinnamon and sugar in a pickle dish, because dishes are scarce. The whole party picked lint afterwards till we came away. I drove A. home in the pony chaise.

"*Aug. 22.* The Island. Rainy day. Sent off copy for first number of 'The Little American' to Gray. So much is done. May God bless the work! May he make it a blessing!

"*Sept. 18.* Went about my despatches first thing and finished them up. Proofs, copy for No. 2—cheque to Gray—letter to ditto—designs to Mr. O'Brian with cheque—a word to George—and a word to Carters. Then I rowed the post basket and Father over the river. Was very nervous for fear the Daniel Drew should make her appearance before I got over—and I not strong enough to pull strongly. But all went well. Terrible work in Maryland—such fighting—and not over yet. Afternoon we sat in pine woods

and wrote. O pleasant. The paper is lovely—if the Lord will bless it.

“Sept. 19. No man nor boy to be had, for love or money. Curious! Even boys are taken in at the foundry. So we have our own work to do. I rowed Father over the river and then down to Gee’s Point to see that the steamer was not coming. Afternoon out crabbing—down below the boathouse—a fresh northerly breeze blowing, delightful, only I felt not strong enough to pull home against much opposition. Splendid sport—I pulled up a number of crabs, and lost some too. Charming writing. Exercise sets me all right.

“Sept. 23. The President’s Proclamation of Emancipation! O thank God for this! praise him for this! How I have prayed for this, or for the effect of this.

“Oct. 9. A bundle of eight papers came—sure enough. And they are just what we want them to be. Just right. Now may God give his blessing! I do wish it might do well enough to let us go on with it; but the Lord knows best. Perhaps in these hard times it will not even do that—perhaps it will not. I am fond of the little paper—dearly fond, already; nevertheless, let the Lord’s will be done.

“October 14. Busy today with a most sweet piece of work—writing an article on the Catacombs. I cannot tell how lovely and sweet the subject and the writing have been—leaving a kind of fragrance behind. O this paper work! It seems like a direct working for Christ—yet maybe the Lord will not have just this work from us, and I must not set my heart on it too much. But it is immensely sweet.

“October 17. Rather dull headed. Came Nos. of No. 2 from Gray and proofs of No. 3—and letters.

One from a lady at Newport, desiring her name to be stricken from my list, the paper being younger than would suit her daughters fifteen to seventeen years old. Another from Mrs. Lord, kind, but with no comment on the paper. I was a bit disheartened—foolishly, of course, but I was. I had been looking for expressions of pleasure and commendation from people—and the first thing is the withdrawal of a name. But on the other hand, Father says this is a delicious number. So! My other letter, from a person who was brought to Christ in reading the W. W. W.—a very remarkable letter—and one to give me great pleasure. Enclosed in a very kind note from Charles B. Tayler, England. Blessed be the name of the Lord!”

Next day, alluding to the withdrawn name, she adds: “I feel pretty poor tonight, in money; for I have not sixteen dollars in the world. That is, in hand; there may be some in George’s hand (our ‘paper’ agent) for me. And I owe the washerwoman a little sum. But then, I am not poor, for One knows what we want who is rich; and he will provide.

“*October 19. Sunday.* Windy—too windy for me to row over, most part of the day. I was not very bright myself today—but it was a good day—I spent a deal of it in quiet prayer. O for power and blessing to glorify God in all the rest of my life! for a blessing on our writings and especially, if it might be, on our paper, to tell the love of Jesus to many, many! O that I may be all the Lord’s practically, as well as in wish and intent.

“*Oct. 20.* Letter from George—two more papers discontinued. It struck very cold upon me. From Mrs. Olin, with a word of praise. From Alice Field,

with no word. Julia Sands, ditto. No word of commendation, that is. From Mr. Putnam with a wish that the paper were done in New York and on better paper. Altogether I was well disheartened and discouraged—nor have I got a bit of work written today beside letters. Yet there are three new subscribers!—and God has sent to me in these letters no less than fifteen dollars—which I wanted very much for immediate use. ‘O faithless and perverse.’ Anna has been working hard to keep up my courage. Lord, help me.

“Oct. 21. Letter from dear Mrs. Prentiss, heartening and comforting, with its strong sympathy and her Annie’s strong approval of every word of No. 1 of the papers. Felt much better—and thankful to have heart to go to work again. . . . How shameful to be depressed or doubtful at all about *anything*. Yet I was yesterday.

“Oct. 24. Out in the pine woods a good while sawing and chopping—In and made a tea cake for lunch—that and coffee we had. After that, got writing at ‘Daisy’ and wrote like a house afire—towards ten pages. Wrote again after tea with Anna ‘Breakfast-table’—but I had better not—I was too tired.

“Oct. 25. Nos. of paper 3 came—Father and Aunty delighted—I too! Well—if it pleases the Lord, it may do. Anna told me, this year had done two or three things for her. She is willing to sell part of the Island! and I have proposed it to Mr. J. today. And A. said that when we saw that company of friends at Miss Garrettson’s last summer—friends loving each other so much—there was, after the first feeling of pain, a quiet *giving up* of the like pleasure for our-

selves. She came square with the subject, as she said—and let it go! There's a good deal in that."

The schooling was constant, the lessons many and varied. She had had a class of neighbourhood children come every Sunday afternoon for Bible study. Now, the father brought word they could not come. She adds submissively:

"Well, my Bible Class was beautiful while it lasted!"

"*Nov. 9. Sunday.* Storm, storm—a beautiful, driving, wild storm. A good, sweet, quiet day. Precious because of its rest from weekday cares and thoughts. 'Sweet day, stay and don't go!' I said to it in my heart. Read, etc., quietly in the little sitting-room most part of the day. Over the Bible more than anything else. And I would fain 'see Jesus'—but I did not. Yet the day was good and fair. Ah I am not a hundredth part thankful enough."

In town:—

"*Nov. 15.* Through last night, when partly waking up, my thought was of the joy of knowing Christ.

"*Nov. 23. Sunday.* Good weather, but cold. To church of course. Mr. Prentiss again on 'sinless perfection,' as the one aim and object of a Christian life,—whether attained tomorrow or a thousand years hence. It seems wonderful to hear him. Anna said before coming out of church, she had felt like crying for joy. It was very fine preaching.

"*Nov. 24.* Lay on the couch, with Mrs. Prentiss talking to me and I to her, in very confidential style on her part. Anna and I cling hard to our friends—here I have so made a nest for myself already in Mrs. Prentiss's companionship and the peace and friendship and pleasure of her home."

We were to spend that winter in a cottage at Rhine-

beck, and my sister went first to see what things we needed to bring from home. The journals shew her identity in full force,—nerves and all.

“*Dec. 9.* Father went over early, but could get no note. So I prepared to go alone, seeing nothing else before me. When just as I was dressing, came Mr. Adams! Can I tell how glad we were, and eased! And I don’t know that I ever had so nice a journey or ever shall again. First, however, we had a good cup of tea—he and I and Anna—with toast which she made—then with no care, no fear, no annoyance, we went our journey, I did, I mean. Till Poughkeepsie Mr. Adams talked—then he read John Hunt’s life, and talked. It was so good—too good to be true. Then arriving—and welcomed—and the dinner with Miss Garrettson and Mr. Osborn, and the tea with Miss G. alone. ‘How pleasant it is to make tea for you two,’ she said. Then—in my room I sat up too long before the fire, praying for holiness.”

Next day, sending me her list of things to bring, she adds:

“I came up with almost no fatigue—because I had no care nor anxiety. One ought to rest in God with the same quiet absence from fear with which I came up the river yesterday. I see now what one ought to do,—yea, I may.

“Ever thine, in great comfort and happiness at this present—in good hope for the future, with love to Father and Aunty. Susan.”

I suppose it happens often, that nerves bestir themselves in the smoother spots of life rather than amid the rough going. I, at home, had no place for them. Sorting, packing—then a boatload on its way to Rhinebeck missed the train,—Saturday, too.

"You can imagine our dismay," I wrote her. "There were the bedclothes and the *freezables* all left. Well, there was nothing for it but patience, and hope that it would not grow cold—'in your patience possess ye your souls,' as I thought to myself. But I think moving is a luxury meant for people who have servants. I was so glad to have Sunday come, when business need not be thought of,—and a little sad to have it go. I thought as I sat at tea that these changings and removings were wearisome things—and then flashed to my mind with a sort of new light—"Lord, thou hast been our *dwelling-place* in all generations." Is there not an immutable answer for every mutable thing?"

Staying at Wildercliffe, working "hard" to get the cottage in order for us, she tells of one specially valued friend, giving him the soubriquet made up by his little niece.

" 'Misi Onkli' went away today. What is there about this man, that one must feel his coming and going so much? And his prayer this morning, after various thanksgivings—'We thank thee for this morning, just as it is, for all thou hast given us, and all thou hast withheld; however troubled, or perplexed, we may find ourselves, we thank thee for it all!' O these are words for a poor creature to say and live by! 'I am very sorry M. O. is going away today!' said Miss G. as I have heard her say before, and I could but in my heart say so too!"

Dec. 31,—she writes, with Father and Auntie both away:

"And A. and I sit here in our little parlour at work. Our home is sweet and pleasant—and our work—and our dear friend in the neighbourhood—

and I have joy in the Lord. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of this year! and shall follow us ever."

The journals cease,—and for the next half dozen years either none were written, or they were afterwards destroyed. They were years full of work; with busy winters in town, busy summers at home, a good deal of quiet entertaining, and now and then visits away. Our little paper lived two years; and then, with the pressure of war prices, had to be given up, for we had no capital to risk. It brought us much pleasure, and not a cent of loss. "Melbourne House," begun for the paper, was finished and published in book form; followed, later, by "Daisy," and "Daisy in the Field." In that decade also "The Old Helmet" was written, with various smaller books, and even a magazine story now and then.

In the summer of 1867, my sister went with Miss Haines to Trenton Falls, and then to Niagara. Her nerves in full play; so that drives were not a pleasure, and the Suspension Bridge a dread; but with eyes and heart in eager readiness for all they could take in. So soon after the war time, its influence lingered, touching even the guests at the Clifton House; "very different (they say) from what is to be met at the Cataract House on the other side, where quantities of rowdies and common people come from Buffalo and other parts. *This* is not a resort of common people. English—and rebs! Yes, that is the sort, only round the table are another sort—an army of black waiters. Such good ones, too. And how they interest me. I like to study their diverse physiognomies and indulge the fancied associations of their former life which these call up, and

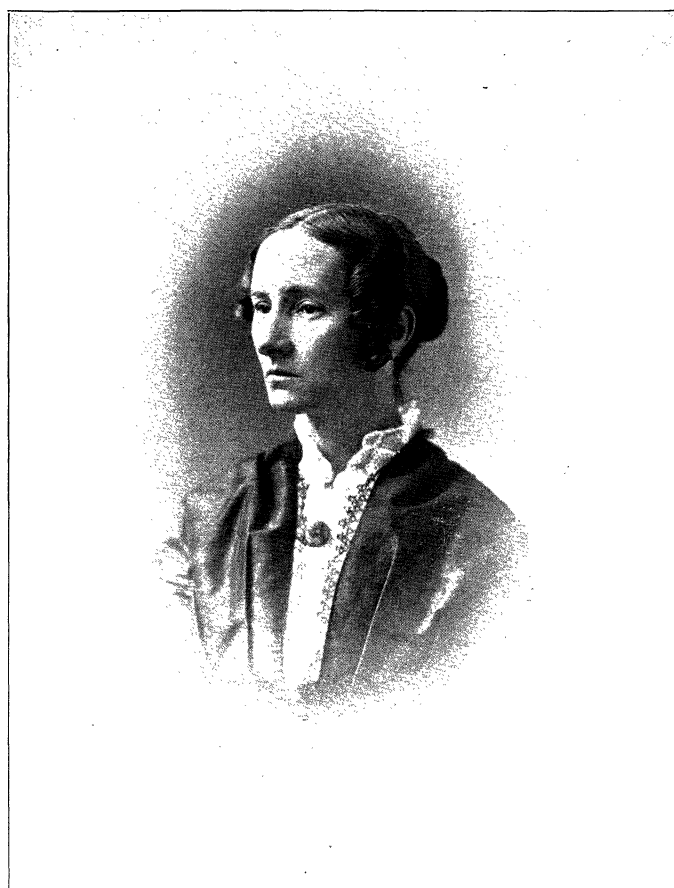
notice the traits coming out which I have learnt to know in Buckner and John. The quick deft hands—the quick observant or sagacious eyes—the mutual good-will and courtesy—the glance of intelligence—the smile of incipient fun. There is an English Colonel opposite us; a real John Bull, eating and drinking with a plenitude of comfortable enjoyment, and entering into pleasant social relations with countrymen opposite him, at my right hand, and secesh at his side at *his* right hand.”

Of these last she describes rather minutely several types, sometimes placing them too: “If she does not come from New Orleans, I am out in my guess”; and finally, after some dress details: “As she went on, gathering up her dainty robe above the lace petticoat (I don’t know if it were lace) I could fancy how to their sable dependents such figures had been once the objects of almost superstitious admiration and reverence; asserting by the very power of personal presence their right to be worshipped and obeyed. I am a long time getting on with my story! But when I see these people—these coloured people—about me, my heart gives such songs of rejoicing that their evil day is over. Thank the Lord!”

With glimpses and bits of vision from the omnibus, the party reached the hotel at one o’clock in the morning, and went straight to their rooms.

“Miss Haines opened the window, and we went out upon the gallery, and going close to the balustrade, and leaning forward till I put one of the great pillars between me and the moon (she was so low down as to dazzle one’s eyes) I had the scene before me.

“The eastern fall opposite, in full light—bright,



Anna B. Warner
From a Photograph by W. Kurtz

the water and the mist—and above to the right the misty column of vapour declaring the other fall on which the moon did not so much revealing work. I stood still and looked and said nothing. The impression—do you want to know it? of course you do—was not grandeur, nor power, nor vastness; none of these; but unearthly and perfect beauty. Unearthly and perfect. And you *not* by my side. Anna, I stood and cried—and cried. It makes me cry now again to tell you of it. They could not see what I did, in the shadow of the moonlight and my veil. And here the stricture comes over me again and I am no better than a child. I was tired too, you know; and except two prunes and two mouthfuls of biscuit, had eaten nothing since our two o'clock dinner; and fasting anybody will tell us, is a proper way to produce an exalted state of the nerves. At last, for we stood there, or I did, a good while, Miss Haines brought me a tonic. I swallowed it, but forbade her to speak of you, when she began. And at last I came into my room, for the moon was indeed low; but I cried more that night than I have done in a long while before.

“*Aug. 13.* I left off with Saturday night, or Sunday morning, about two o'clock, did I not? I got to bed at last and slept royally. Yet I was not late up. A beautiful morning; and indeed the light and the sun showed beauties that the moon and the night could not. I looked a few minutes—then turned away; I wanted my breakfast, and did not like using my eyes or my head much till I got that. When should I get it? I was not fit for anything. I took my pillow and doubling it up sat down by my bedside, and laid my head down upon it, there to wear

out the time as I could. I had taken another prune and morsel of biscuit before going to bed—that was all. I was in a state. Twice landscapes came before my closed eyes; landscapes which I had never seen; one, a group of two children jumping up and down, their garments fluttering. It was not till near half past nine that we went down, and at twenty minutes to ten that I got something to eat and drink. Fair coffee then, and good fish and rolls, somewhat made me up.

“But I could not have willingly listened to a sermon. So the rest all went to church and left me nothing loth, alone, in the big room which Miss Haines says is in common, and in the rocking-chair she had placed for me before the open window. There, having locked the door, I sat, with my book in my lap, little fit for much reading or thinking you may imagine; with that beautiful American fall before my eyes when I could bear to keep them upon it. For that day I was content with the American fall; and left the other for other times. If I could give it to you! It pours over a straight edge of rock, only at the edge and here and there deep enough to shew the green hue of the water; still at those places giving it in fainter or deeper touches and bands; while the rest of the sheet is broken into a torn sheet of foam, most like the cardings of wool, if you could imagine them of weight enough to fall apart from each other. There was a changeful light in the sky, the masses of fair weather clouds partly veiling it; and accordingly changed the hues and tints or the *shadows* of the falling sheet of foam. Sometime faint green alternating with purple neutral tints; as the day grew older, the shadows turned to cooler greys, or faint

indications of ashes of roses. Over this, upon this, veiling, dressing, decorating all this, softening all that might be hard lines or edges or forms,—the rising, rolling, changing, shifting cloud of white mist. Then with the knowledge that just round the corner of the piazza or from the glass door even I could see the other and greater fall, with its larger beauty—do you wonder that for the day I was satisfied to look at the one? I was *satisfied*. My sense of beauty was filled. I do not know if I could have enjoyed it equally if I had been that day in strong and clear health. As it was, in my dreamy weariness I lay and looked—and shut my eyes, and looked again—and the text came into my head to which Niagara will always henceforth be the commentary. I am afraid you can hardly understand it, even after all I have said. Doubtless, to those who love the Bible, Niagara is a commentary on some text or other; and different according to different minds and experiences; but this is mine. Fancy the unearthly beauty—fancy those delicate changing shadow tints—fancy the everlasting flow and beauty of that breaking foaming overflow of the waters—remember the glory of the other fall, completing the utmost wish of the beholder—and think if it was an unapt remembrance of the ‘fulness of joy, and pleasures forevermore.’ And that ever rising, and changing, and rising cloud and gushing of spray, what does that stand for, with the beat and the sound of the cataract,—but the voice of harpers harping with their harps and singing their new song—new, and yet ever the same!

“We had an excellent dinner, which a little more made me up; but I would not and was not fit to go out. The rest went to see the grave of Miss Ching.

I staid with the falling waters, and the beauty, and my Bible. And at evening the moon rose upon it again. But we went to bed in pretty good season."

The winter of '68-9 we were to spend at Rhinebeck, and my sister went first, to have things in order.

"*Nov. 28, 1868.* I tho't maybe Anna would come by the earlier train—the day quiet and fair—but she did not; and having no letter I sent Stephen to order the omnibus. I must go down to meet her—though in the uncertainty it was a bugbear to me, the long rough ride. Dinner without much appetite—and waiting, warming my feet; and the 'bus! Then going round the streets to pick up people—the old lady who wanted to be set down at the turning—the fat traveller, the fat and fair young lady in black, the mother with a whole load of children of various sizes, with their clothes full of cooking smoke. Let down my window, but could not stand it. However, the ride was not bad; the 'bus went better than the light carriage. Waited at the station, and tho't would I go home with Miss G. (as she said) if A. did not come? Then the train. I go out—they roll up close alongside—I push past some men to see,—and yes, I do see the tippet and the brown hat and the outlines that are like none other. And I am happy. The nine checks are handed over—the basket of eatables is *not* found—to be telegraphed for—we get in the 'bus, and Eliza; and happy, make the way home. Later, Mr. Millard called—and later, good Mr. Ackert after bringing the first load, went again and got the rest, basket and all! And I am thankful.

"*Dec. 12.* I am to have a Bible class of older scholars, young men and young women. Liberty given to conduct it just as I please. It started into

my head after dinner, to take my class a journey through Palestine, seeing all we could, and talking over all the history connected with each place.

"*Dec. 20.* Mr. H. came to me towards the close of school, to say that the *teachers* were very desirous of having a Palestine class. Of course I was willing—and Saturday evening, in our little room, was appointed and announced. The Lord make it good! If he will, it would be most delightful.

"*Dec. 25.* Very cold today—driving across the flats the wind was pitiless on my head and face. But the ride did not last long enough to make it a serious evil. I turned my face to the other side and looked at the magnificence of winter. And the thought, I have maybe never had it before, came sweet and rare into my heart—rather the feeling—that I belonged to Him who had made all that, and that his riches of glory and power were in such sense mine. 'Heirs of God.' I had a good ride.

"*Dec. 26.* Spent the day in study for my teachers' class this evening. Only three came, which disappointed me. Had a pretty talk about Beersheba. O how curiously little they know about even Bible things. My Christmas chair is absolutely delightful. Our new photographs and maps from Mr. Watson are unspeakably precious; and the study, how dear it is. How wonderful good the Lord has been to us; I would turn my advantages to account for others, if he will give grace and power.

"*Dec. 28.* Up early to write—yet with breakfast at eight do not get time enough. Don't get my six pages. Then at work the rest of the day, studying for my Saturday evening class. It will take much time—it will hinder my study for my third volume—

yet the call has come to me to do this, the promise seems of usefulness, and I cannot throw it off. It may be even good for my work. I am ready to believe so. At any rate, I have not sought it; it has come to me; and it is excessively pleasant, *if* I may be useful and blessed in it."

The "third volume" of which she speaks was one of a series, which grew up—I think from some work done for our little paper. We thought, that it would be good to go over the Bible story, for children; not in the least re-writing, adapting, or expurgating, but searching out and setting forth all the light which manners and customs, geography and travellers' explorations, really throw upon the Bible story. So we sent for books (sometimes to England) and taught ourselves first, from the best authorities we could find. My sister took the Old Testament, I the New. "Walks from Eden," "The Star out of Jacob," and "The House of Israel"; and this "third volume" of hers, must have been "The Kingdom of Judah." I may add that a gentleman fresh from the Holy Land, said that, next to the Bible, these books of my sister's were his *best* guide-books over there.

"Dec. 29. Writing in the morning—then hard study again. Tired. And the multitude of matters for this study is so great, one is in danger of getting nervous and anxious. The remedy is to do this as everything else, for my Lord, and depending on him."

Certain methods of study we used with our classes that winter had seemed to work so well, that it was decided to put the lessons in more permanent form, we taking counsel with our friend the minister of the church. And I am tempted to give the story of one happy day in that spring; the rather because

it makes first mention of a new member of our family. One who, beginning with extreme waywardness and wilfulness, soon won our hearts, developing later into the simplest-hearted believer; and who, with her most efficient hands, her true heart, and her childlike faith, has been for many years my greatest earthly stay and comfort. Called elsewhere "our new girl, Bertha."

My father and Aunt Fanny had gone back to the Island to oversee the early spring work; my sister and I still lingering at Rhinebeck.

"*Monday, April 5.* Mr. H. was coming to breakfast. So we waked up about four o'clock and did not go to sleep again. Got up in reasonable time however. Anna saw to stewing sweetbread and frying potatoes and making porridge—and I got the sheets of the lessons into order. There was a little that wanted to be done. Finally, put a wick in the coffee-pot lamp—pending which Mr. H. arrived. Meanwhile Bertha, whom we had got last night to go to church with her old shawl, had been detailing over the sermon, most extraordinarily, to Anna, half upsetting her; telling Mr. Harrower's words at much length and detail; and having come down with so sobered a face and bearing that A. feared at first lest she had a headache or a fit of homesickness; but the thing came out in an earnest 'Miss Anna! I wish I was nice like that minister!'"

"So we had prayers now with her and John in; 'in this quiet, cheerful, happy way,' as Mr. H. said in his prayer (or something like that)—and after, A. told him what Bertha had been saying. Then I shewed Mr. H. how to use the coffee-pot, which is to be left, along with some other things; and we had breakfast, with talk of Sunday-school and lessons

and other matters; and then we examined and tried A.'s new study method; and Mr. H. suggested additions, etc. Finally Mr. H. went, proposing to come back in the afternoon for the lessons and his Bible, which came to be written in. Then I worked and finished the MS.—wrote to Carters, and wrote sample pp. of the lessons, etc., for their examination; we had lunch, A. and I. At four o'clock Mr. H. came back; and we had just the nicest possible little time, of just such words and things as I could have desired. This was satisfying and good. Well, I am very, very thankful for all this. It seems just like a very smile of our Father in heaven. We were tired, when the day was so far over; and had our tea with steak and potatoes, roasted, and long clams just ready, when Miss C. came. So we kept her; and how she did enjoy the evening. And Mrs. S. came when Miss C. was going, and stayed rather late, for us."

Speaking of something that had grieved her:

"Quieter in the evening—trying to be 'a weaned child'—went to bed at last with a headache, tired and overwrought—but laid myself at Christ's feet and slept it away.

"*April 16.* (In the cars coming home from Rhinebeck.) The girls came to the station with me. And I had a ride of joy and enjoyment all the way to Cold Spring, such as I never had in the cars, or anything, that I know. Such thankfulness for the gifts of the day—such joy of trust in Christ and devotion to him and resting in his hand to be used as he should choose—given up to him for work in less pleasant and easy circumstances and without the advantages of the winter—but His, to do what and where and how he will—praying that he would be my sufficiency

and not let me lose, but gain rather; resting, rejoicing, trusting, thankful, glad; making Christ all my strength. A ride to be remembered."

But life at our Island was often such very unbroken work, in those days, that the coming back from the livelier stir of city or village life always tired her.

"The spring is pretty—the grass is green—but we *are* alone! Two weeks since I came home. Between that day and this, there is the sort of difference that there is between the landscape all painted with the setting sun, and the same landscape a little later when the colours are gone. The outlines are the same; but greys have replaced the crimson and the gold. Yet how ought it to be? The Lord is not bound by agencies. He can give himself without using his servants to be his messengers; why is it grey? We are not here and alone without some real purpose to be answered—some real good to be gained,—what is that? Is it to find my Lord alone, without adventitious helps and stimulants?"

"I can't count on anything now," she writes a month later. "Yet God can give what he will—and if he pleases not, why, then it is well too. I have been thinking, if this great loneliness and isolation is to make us do more work or do it better, with more entireness of heart or strength of desire,—why I am content. I feel the isolation and the loneliness very great indeed. And today, when the letter came from Mr. — and another from Mrs. Prentiss, I found the brush with other people's full, stirring lives had touched Anna with sadness. I can easier bear and feel it myself if I think she does not. Yes, we are alone, and more or less out of people's minds. Now the thing is just to take it, not be morbid, not

to think that would be good for us which God has withholden—Eve's mistake—and let Christ dwell in our hearts by faith.

"*June 22.* The atmosphere of the Island is very unmitigated work, these days. Yet how exceedingly peaceful and sweet and lovely and comfortable—and I desire not to speak nor think discontentedly."

Another long break—and the journal begins again with an Island winter.

"*Jan. 1, 1871. Sunday.* The new year opened for me with a disordered state of things. I had overdone my strength—the day or two past—and today was under par. Not suffering, but obliged to lay down my head and sleep a great part of the time. Reading a little in a quiet way.

"It seemeth not easy to see how I can go to church at all this winter. I could if I were rich—but I am very poor. I do not know—perhaps I might hire a carriage from Cold Spring—but not a close carriage certainly, nor perhaps a covered one. How could I stand the ride in an open carriage? But I am quite content, if this is the Lord's will. He knows what he has for me to do."

I give the record,—it describes in brief so many days that came thereafter. Pressure of blessed work, straitened means, head and nerves so easily out of order; and the childlike acceptance of what the Lord's will marked out. But strength was very much broken; and the healing and helping of change and society came but in small measure, in any way that gave refreshment.

"*Jan. 3.* I am writing now another volume of Matilda's story, to sell out and out to the Carters when done, for immediate needs. I want to stop

this selling of copyright—but it is difficult. Evils have a great tendency to prolong themselves. Writing in the afternoon on my beloved S. S. lessons—on Enoch. I get very tired, but the work is very sweet and all is lovely—except that the house is not in winter order yet.

“Wednesday, 4. So sweet and quiet and peaceful our life is, that it is hard to tell how much. It is all sweet, in a way. The morning, the work, the rest of the night, the study of the Bible, the still quiet peace of the outer and inner world. Is it not so always, as soon as God’s will is put really first and Christ is the satisfying and desired love of the heart? Is it not that which makes all so lovely? For we are alone, and expect to be; I cannot get to Bible Class nor meeting. But Christ is the rest of my heart. I want to know him—for yet I do so little. I want to taste the love I have been all my life, I suppose, unable or unfit to know. I want that! and to be perfect with the Lord, living in his light even now.”

One can but think of Psalm 4: 6—

“There be many that say, who will shew us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.”

“Friday, 13. Up and at my morning work again. O Gospel of Christ, how sweet thou art! How sweet the Bible truths and Bible words. And how unutterably sweet the particular truth that Jesus saves from sin. I have much joy of that. I do not think I have exactly entered upon the full experience of it, but the faith of it is a great joy to me.

“Jan. 16. Auntie says I look as if I were working too hard—look delicate—I dare say. I *have* been

working to the edge of possibility; and it is difficult and hazardous; one easily goes over the line. I try not."

Next day: "Had such a turn just after my morning breakfast, that writing could not go on; it passed off with a nap, and I cut my hay." (Working the cutter was one of our exercise ways that winter.) "Then prepared my Rhinebeck lesson. Lost my story writing for today.

"I am trying to live by faith in Christ, and I believe he will keep me from sinning. No one can tell what a joy this belief is, nor how it brings the Lord Jesus near; yet I have not yet fully got the good of it nor entered the privilege; yet even now this is true. Peace reigns, and hope takes a large place, and privilege seems to have no bounds.

"Ice so crowded, could not send over; cooler, and very fine weather. It's beautiful, all of it, here."

It had been arranged that we should prepare and send our Rhinebeck Bible classes a lesson every week. And then it was further proposed to put them in more permanent form, for use by other people, elsewhere.

"*Jan. 18.* Finished the lesson of Enoch, which I had to write over. How I love these lessons! But I do not hear from Randolph's printer for whom I sent three lessons, just at the beginning of January, to begin to print them. And now I must take care not to set up my own will. I love the lessons; yes, I do, dearly. But if the Lord please not to use them, or that I should do them for the general public, now let *His* will be done. And that means, *like* it.

"*Jan. 22, Sunday.* O what a holiday! what a sweet day, this has been! I left week cares, and

business, and rested, and delighted myself. Was well, and so able to use the day. With Alford's Notes, with the hope of salvation, with rest of heart. My eyes were tender, so that I could not read continuously—I could read and think. There was a little spur of pleasure from the letter of yesterday and its tidings. From beginning to end, the hours of the day went by freighted with rest and peace and hope—bodily rest, and the rest of trusting in Christ for all things, present as well as future.

"Jan. 25. Very cold still, but the sun shone bright; that helped. Work as usual—morning and afternoon, and hay cutting. Little fear of interruption and how good it is! It is one of Anna's rejoicings, that nobody can come and nobody is to be asked to tea. I agree with her too; we are so pressed with work just now, nothing that broke it up would be welcome. Our stoves work well—but the house is such a barn they have a great deal to do. However, we have a nice warm dressing room in the morning, if the weather *is* so cold at night that we wake up often. Not sleep cold, but wake up easily—and get up willingly.

"Thursday. The work is very sweet—if only I dared press it. But the thing is, to be Christ's—to do his will always and keep in his presence—what can go amiss then? Nothing will do for me now but that rest of faith. To live quite according to the Bible, what a deep, high, difficult, rare, hidden thing it is. To die to self—then live to the Lord.

"May 7. (In town.) Communion Sunday. Mr. H. preached. Then the service after, which was very happy to me. Methought, Christ and I are one; and the bread and the wine are the pledge of

all the promise I want. And I am Christ's. The minutes kneeling at the chancel rails were happy minutes. O Lord, I love thee, I thank thee, thou art mine. And I am thine; for all things in life or duty, I am thine only.

"*At home, July 3.* A nice row—an hour in the tent—correcting last proofs of 'House in Town.' Well, that is done. Now for the S. S. lessons if I can,—I have not touched them till the other day since I went to New York. Resting awhile with 'Robert Falconer'—the best and the worst of Macdonald's doings in print. Now expecting Mrs. Ely and mother and Jamie. Too busy to expect with absolute and unmixed pleasure. But work is sweet—and the tent is delightful—and the river is precious—and the beautiful things the Lord has made and given me are very delicious, very prized and delighted in, by me. I ought to be so good! Lord, make it so! and help me to work.

"*July 8.* L. writes that they will come, if convenient, next Thursday. And the E.'s here! How we can or we can't remains to be seen. Am very tired whiles, and yet I do nothing about the house. But Anna and Aunty—This summer we felt as if we had better ask nobody we could help; and lo, such a flood of company as we have not seen for years. My darling! she has too much. Aunt F. is perfectly lovely.

"*Sept. 21.* Better again and able to work carefully. I wish so to be able to help Anna, and day after day I am unable. Sometimes I do not take care enough or deny myself in the matter of getting work done. She has *too* much to do. My refuge is in God. As I told Mr. H., one of the ways we live is, by not looking at second causes."

Expenses were heavy, that year, in various ways. In the winter my father had a bad fall, which laid him by for a long time from active work; and then when August came, our dear other blessed stay and helper was smitten with a sudden and very severe illness. More hands needed in the house, doctor's bills were in sight. In the spring, when it was found needful to have another man, I said I would try and make our garden meet the extra expense—and for two seasons I did it. Writing September 30, my sister says:

"Anna has just paid in for the month past fifty-five dollars for garden sales, and six dollars for butter. The Lord feeds us—the supplies come in—it is sweet to be so fed. But Anna is *too* pressed.

"*Oct. 12.* Getting ready for a trip to town. Well, it is not very lively work to go without Annie. But it is duty, and I must go, for work and for my own good. So may the Lord be with her and with me and bless us all the while.

"*Oct. 13.* Beautiful day—Jerry being late and so Bertha, our breakfast was so hindered we could not get off in early train. Mr. Adams had the benefit of the morning for a great walk—I, for finishing up my preparations. So after dinner we rowed down to Garrisons. It was sober work—Annie standing on the dock looking after us—I kept my watch on her, sorrowfully enough, till at last she turned and went slowly, slowly up the path; the dark spot of her waterproof cape appearing and disappearing, slowly, slowly, as she went up the path to the house. No Delly; did I not know that she missed her! My tears rose and fell; and Mr. Adams steered wrong, and I did not know it. We had a good run down in the cars;

and he went with me in the green cars to Broadway."

"Delly" was a much-loved little black and tan terrier, that had died late in the summer. Once, my dear little follower everywhere. Nothing shews up our exceptional life more than these partings, and the letters. Do sisters look after each other *so*, in these days? Not those I see.

"*Nov. 4.* In town. Miss Haines in the door—asked 'who did I think had come?'—and in the parlour was Anna. Looking delightfully well, too. Strange and sweet to have Anna again.

"*Dec. 3. Sunday.* Anna headachy—stayed at home. But I wanted so much to have the cheer and gladness of it, that I went up to Seventy-first Street—knowing it was communion Sunday. But I was wofully disappointed. Text 'made nigh by the blood of Christ'—but it was the social and moral and intellectual bringing nigh that was insisted on. Well! Cease ye from man. But the communion service was sweet. And as we knelt still (almost the last set) Mr. H.'s closing words almost made me smile to myself. 'The Lord fulfill all thy petitions. Take this signet from the finger of the King, as a pledge that he will keep all his promises' (or something like that). One of my petitions was for the speaker.

"*Dec. 19.* (At home.) Writing, and trying to get forward with things a little. Our fire is pleasant. Janetta makes it early, before we get up—then at evening after tea I have a little time by myself, couched on the rug in front of it. So pleasant. The approach of Christmas is pleasant too. I feel it; we have made nice preparations to give pleasure; but in the meantime I look to Christ and rest in him, and make my

treasure in him. *Then*, whatever other sweetness may come, will be good only and sweet truly.

"*Dec. 31. Sunday.* A little dull yet—yes, so dull that the day could not be properly enjoyed. Could not study much or exert myself much in any way. So long the effect of these turns lasts. I have it in hand to be very careful; and self-denying about work if necessary. Not much feeling about its being the last day of the year. But I can recognise the last year, this one just done, as the best of all my life. For the Lord has brought me so near, that I feel like a child; and given me faith so far that I feel free and glad. Thanks to his name for ever and ever."

No further record of that winter—and none of 1872—remains. The next entry I can find dates at Saybrook, Conn., where we spent the winter of 1872-73.

"*Jan. 1, 1873.* Sweet Saybrook under a thick carpet of snow—early writing—dress, and book and cake done up and sent to Miss C. Then, my Russia shopping-bag and olive paper-weight and stamp-box—and I gave A. her work-basket and illuminating materials and book. Tired, and little work done after the first. Morning writing makes me feel slim, as yet. Went to Mrs. Morgan's and gave them a lively call—sent Albert and Janetta a sleigh riding—they went up to the New Year festival in the evening and had great delight. So our holidays have been pretty. Thank the Lord, even for these things."

She had taken a class in the S. School of the village church, and arranged to have the girls to tea and talk one evening in the week, after our old Rhinebeck fashion, which had seemed to work so well. Now she was talking up a weekly Bible reading with the

older ladies; not a class, but a read-and-talk evening.

Meantime, our Albert—a young coloured man from the South, had suddenly got all astir concerning his own religious state; going about the house with a face that went to our hearts, and eyes too, sometimes. Once, watching the bowed head as he went sorrowfully round the sitting-room with brush and duster, I drew near, and asked if he felt any better,—but a tearful breakdown was all the answer. So he would sometimes almost drop the dishes, and hurry away from his service round the table.

“Albert gets no light yet,” she writes of Sunday. Monday she calls herself “slim,” but has up the sleigh, and goes all about asking guests for her Bible reading.

Next day. “Last night I had gone upstairs, was undressed, when I heard a most extraordinary noise in the kitchen—sounds of stamping or shuffling feet, laughing, crying. It was Albert, become happy. He and Janetta had been sitting over the stove, talking, and he sorrowful; no light; felt worse; then at once it came; as he said ‘it seemed to shine right down through him,’—‘the love seemed to come right down through the hole’—(in the ceiling). It was *so* clear now. ‘Why, *I* could n’t do anything!’ he said, half exultingly. This morning when I told father Albert had found Christ, Albert came up (with the breakfast). ‘Mr. Warner, does you know Jesus was here last night?’ Thank the Lord! I thought to myself last night, looking out at the moonlight; what a thing it was, a soul born into life!”

“O if the Lord would give me the souls of my girls,” she writes on the 18th, “and make the Bible readings a great blessing.”

“*Jan.* 20. Very smart for Monday. Wrote, at

more times than one—finished sock begun Friday. Afternoon I went out to make calls. Met Miss Mary near her gate, and walked with her as far as our gate, talking eagerly. She had heard from Miss S. about the Bible readings—and told me what R. and herself said afterwards—they would like greatly to come and hear *me* read and explain a chapter; not so sure about other people's words, etc. And then she went on, with feeling—how some talk and social meetings made her feel only wicked; and others she could listen to by the hour with delight. Ay! I know. And how M. M. and she had enjoyed the breakfast here the other day. Maria had said it was worth coming for, only to hear the blessing asked!"

Ah, the *reality* wins. Not what may or might be, but what *is*.

"*Jan. 26.* Fine day—plenty of snow—but we three walked to church. I was tired by the time sermon was done; nevertheless, had a good time with my class. I am seeking, seeking, to lay hold of the promise, and know the full salvation. Half I *do*; yet the fullness of joy and of power that people tell of, I know not yet. But I am the Lord's; yes, he shall have me wholly; his to be and do what he pleases. Come and take possession, O Lord!"

I think the Bible readings were even better than we hoped. In dear, happy New England, work does not loiter about and get in one's way; it is disposed of on time. And so when the early dinner dishes were washed, there was a clear field till tea time; and the thrifty house-wives, most of whom had no helpers but their own deft hands, were presently ready for silk dresses and an outing.

It was a splendid set of women that came to the Bible readings. Excellent readers aloud, with almost

no exception; clear-headed, lively-tongued; with a fine self-poise. Able to relish a brisk discussion of questions deep and high; as well as the simple, informal tea that followed the talk. And I *never* saw such absolutely well-bred people in point of curiosity. We were from another part of the country, and very different sort of life; and many of our ways must have seemed unusual. I have not a doubt those capable eyes took it all in. But there was never a curious glance at our furniture, our dress, our salads, or our cake.

It was a small ten-year-old from one of these very families (nine children besides himself) who used to spice my S. School teaching with such little questions as these:

"Miss Warner, what do you think about the pre-Adamite man?"

"Miss Warner, what language do you suppose was probably spoken before the Deluge?"

"Very thankful again to find myself well," she writes another day, "for there was work ahead. Did not accomplish a great deal of my own peculiar work. Mrs. Burgin was detained, and Miss Ingraham I suppose; we had Mmes. Morse, Hart, Pratt, Zabriskie, Miss Sandford, and Miss Whittlesey. Third chapter Acts. An earnest, very lively talk; not quite so much lingering or waiting for one another in reading; Anna thought, more of a business feeling. O the Lord grant us his Holy Spirit! I proposed prayer at the end. Our supper was beautiful—chicken salad and loaf cake and cruller (rolls of course)—and the ladies enjoyed the whole greatly—said so."

Another day: "Miss Whittlesey surprised me by saying I did n't know how much these readings had done for her—like the beginning of a new life."

Another: "Mrs. M. says that E. S. says she has

learned more in four or five meetings than in four or five years of Bible class."

So, seemingly, the Bible readings had the blessing for which she prayed.

One Thursday, when she had been "overdone"—and then "slept off into health again," eight came. "And a very nice talk, and breezy, pleasant afternoon, and bright tea. I am so thankful!"

Again, with ten: "Acts 16. We had a beautiful afternoon—an afternoon to be thankful for. Spirited, earnest, warm talk—on Christian joy, for one thing. Pleasant tea hour; O how good it has been."

"*June 7.* At home again. Sent over money and got the tent and this afternoon had it set up. Under the maples, in the shade—a lovely place.

"Make myself melancholy over 'Daisy'—Don't see how I came to write such a sad book. Studying German pleasantly.

June 8. Of one of her half-sick Sundays, my sister writes:

"Slept a great deal of the morning, upstairs on my little bed, with Tip in my arms. Refreshed a little with sleep and dinner, was able to do a little bit of study and writing and reading in the tent—but not a great deal. Then little Tip came to me and lay in my lap, and twice came up higher to lie on my arm upon my breast. And again at evening on the lounge, he crept into my arms and laid his little nose in or against my hand."

"Tippoo Sahib" was a wee, wee, black and tan; of perfect shape and breeding, extremely beautiful. So small that for a while we carried him up and down stairs; finding ample room to bestow himself on a friend's arm as it lay folded on the lap. So placed

with one of us, he would arrange himself to see the others as well; the lustrous eyes going back and forth in absolute content. Instinct with the most vivid life, to the tip of every fine hair, active and gay as a squirrel; he was the only living creature I ever knew, that was *absolutely* devoid of what we call a "temper." Sweet, joyous, kind—there were no cross threads in that little make-up.

"*June 9.* Began our solitary tea and morning writing again. Had a good time for the first; then knitting and etc. But Tip was missing—Albert went over the hill to search, and brought him home, shot dead. Ah me! we were very weary and sorry then. Anna made half sick, and O how I wished to be away from here. We worked and worked—but the day was very sad, lonely, and gloomy. At night I was very fidgety—had to pray and trust it down. Thank God for that.

"*June 10.* Today was better than yesterday, as times go. But Anna is terribly cast down. I worked through the day, writing, sewing, studying. Grass partly cut on the lawn. Albert mowed a swath under the weeping ash—and there at evening we buried our little pet. Little Tip! how inexplicably strange it is! And sad. I have been exceedingly depressed—last night even very fidgety—very sad—very wishing we could get away from here. This is not homelike now.

"*June 13.* Beautiful weather—beautiful work—but we do miss our little dog sadly. O we miss him! I do, and Anna more."

In that restlessness of sorrow which would fain get away from itself, and cannot, she goes on with details of home work and pressure, and hindrance, and tells of one great pleasure and help.

"I was studying German in the tent when they (some visitors) came. It is a blessing to me. It refreshes and amuses and distracts me, and is a source of satisfaction."

The next Sunday: "A good day—in which I hope I gained something. Have I got away from my moorings lately? I have been more depressed than ever in my life, unless times of some particular pressing trouble. So I *must* have got away from my moorings. I have tried to get back, in a measure, today. Surely I ought to be very content and happy."

Next day. "Work—writing—knitting—sewing—again writing Wych Hazel with Anna. Trying to get back to wholeness of rest in God and devotion to him—that is what I want. Is that why our little dog was killed? How we miss him!"

People will call us "fanciful." Yet if such happenings are not "attrition," I understand not the word. I suppose we took too terribly fast hold of what we loved; our life lesson seemed generally to be: "Unclasp your fingers—loose your hold." It had come to be second nature with us, at any new turn, to say: "What is this meant to do?"

"Let Him wring—and be ye washen," said Samuel Rutherford.

"*June 18.* We are puzzled a little to know why our way is so strange this summer, and both of us so down-spirited. It is sadly true of us both. Beautiful weather—but one thing after another which we thought we would have *here*, at least those things, one after another fails.

"*June 28.* Not well yet. But A. and I went to the tent and we wrote Wych Hazel—with engravings hanging up to the canvas to write about them. Grew

better as the day went on. How we miss Tip! And sorely Anna mourns for him.

"*July 13.* Sunday. A busy, pleasant day—busy rather with resting. We had to take care to do that. At ten o'clock the servants come to the tent ground, and sit round and we have a Bible reading—going through the gospel history. It is very nice. Then Wednesday evenings we have an O. T. reading and prayer. It is very good.

"*July 14.* Early writing in the tent, when weather serves—in afternoon Anna and I generally get another bout at Wych Hazel. In the interim I knit" (she had a knitting machine), "exercise, lie on the sofa, study German, drink beef-tea,—sometimes sew."

An author's opinion of his own work is often, I think, amusing.

"Read Say and Seal," she writes. "Much of that is very good indeed."

Next day: "A little row—which I bear pretty well—and reading Say and Seal. Ah how lovely it is! some of the best and brightest work we ever did. Yet, it does not bear the praise of that, so far as sales go."

Next day: "Very ragged from the effect of days past; could not do my morning task, and the afternoon writing was not enjoyed. Part of that, though, was because I wanted to read 'Say and Seal.' Since last week, and one or two days of studying the promises to prayer, my feeling has changed. I am quieter, happier, resting my thoughts of wish or fear, in God. And greatly desiring to please him in purity, every day."

"Finished 'Say and Seal,'" she says again. "It is very sweet—but it is not good to eat sugar too

long at a time—puts one's mouth out of taste for other things."

"*Sunday, July 20.* At ten o'clock the servants come to the tent door and we read in the Gospels. That is nice.

"*July 22.* Cool beauty—early in the tent, feeling more like myself. Not finish my five pages when had to go row. Rowed rather far—above the sunken rock—tired—lie and sleep and rest for ever so long. This afternoon a good long writing with Anna. But I do not feel sanguine about Wych Hazel as about Say and Seal. Soft, sweet day. I feel better—will have no will but the Lord's will.

"*July 25.* Not seven A.M. Lovely morning. In the tent. Feeling better. O *how* gracious God is, and how I want to be his *good* child! Little bit of row. Beaten egg which was very good to me. Then P.O. despatches till half past ten. Then in the tent with Bible and sweet texts till dinner. 'I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.' And I am such a fearful creature. Day very warm—over 91 degrees—but lovely and breezy. Writing Wych Hazel in the afternoon with some satisfaction. Study German with much."

Our dear Miss Haines used to talk of "attrition,"—giving that name to the minor trials and sorrows which seem so small, and yet are set to do such finishing and polishing work; with fine and sharpened tools. We must have needed a great deal of polishing.

"*Aug. 2.* Worked at Wych Hazel morning and afternoon—I think some eighteen or nineteen pages. Little pages. Got a little row too. Feeding a little young warbler which A. found alone in the grass Thursday evening and brought in. Feeding it with

flies—a pretty business! The creature came to know us enough to turn its little head after us, expecting its food. But some pieces of *hornet* unadvisedly given, or somewhat else, suddenly disordered the delicate organisation, and it died this evening. It touched me; I had such a tenderness for the little thing.

“*Aug. 3. Sunday.* The day a very seeking and desiring one,—I had somehow got out of my place and rest and joy—too much engaged last week with the imaginations of ‘Say and Seal.’ So today has been rather a stretching out my hands to reach and clasp somewhat they had lost hold of.

“*Aug. 14. A.* and I write Wych Hazel perseveringly. I have got very much interested.”

Busy with guests too, in those summer days; and between walks on the Island, and excursions to parade, she often read aloud for their amusement. Sometimes: “Biglow papers have been well laughed over.” Then: “I read aloud ‘Fred, Maria, and Me.’ Such a delighted audience! It is positively inspiring.” Then: “I began to read *Christie Johnstone*, and read a while before tea, and again after. And shouts of laughter! such shouts of laughter! as greeted the reading, it was worth while to work for. Great entertainment to me as well as to them. I had forgotten how rich that book is.” Another day: “One of our long, long rows on the river, with two men at the oars, and earth and water and sky in the glory of a late August afternoon. No wonder our friends found the rest they needed.”

“It has been one of our perfect visits,” she writes joyfully, “in which much good has been done. And we are glad and very thankful.”

"Aug. 28. Another beautiful day, outside the tent. Inside, the day one whirl of 'Wych Hazel.'" Over *some* visitors she grew comically hot.

"Resting after work, who should knock but Mr. — who bestirred himself so over Father's dictionary. He staid to dinner. And like a fool, I invited him to make a visit of a few days, thinking the dictionary might be the gainer. Well—he was going to Peekskill—but apparently he thought he might as well take his opportunity—for he staid; without brush or comb or valise. And I found he had not manners enough for our table.

"Sunday, Aug. 31. A nice day of reading and praying and quiet; in afternoon gave Albert a lesson in Bible references, and then I got a little tired. I know it now by my becoming nervous; bodily, I mean. But Albert had said at close of our morning reading, 'I have a *craving desire* to know the whole Bible'—and I wanted to help him."

Besides her work on "Wych Hazel," she was now writing "Willow Brook," between whiles.

One day; News today of the engagement of — and —. The nicest engagement I ever heard of. Well—there came a vision of the great gladness upon some eyes just now—a vision that has merely looked in at our windows and passed by! And then I thought, afterwards, I was rather glad there was nothing between Christ and me."

That fall of 1873 a wonderful joy was given us, in the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York. Staying with Miss Haines, reserved seats secured, it was pleasure of the rarest, never-to-be-forgotten sort. Merely to look at those five hundred delegates—almost "of every kindred and tongue and

people and nation,"—stirred one's heart to its depths. My sister writes:

"*Oct. 3.* To Steinway Hall—good seats—delightfully interested. Mr. Prentiss on platform—Mr. A. S. Hunt just before us—the beautiful 17th of John—Dr. Hodges' prayer for the Spirit—the young German doctor with a face like a German hymn—Dr. Schenck's flesh and blood contrast—Mr. Prochet's account of Italy, cut short. Then the walk to Association Hall, near Dr. and Mrs. Fisch—the crowded lunch room—nevertheless cups of coffee and tea and sandwiches. Afternoon in Hall.

"*Oct. 4.* In Association Hall—we have got lovely seats in the gallery, where with my glass I can see faces beautifully, and hear nicely. Dr. Hodges' speech was the feature of the day. Wise, strong, simple, clear, irrefutable, sweet, and tender. So, very great."

And as it went on, from the human mass below us came ever and anon responses. Not loud,—soft whispers, rather,—from all over the Hall,—as Dr. Hodges told what made a Christian, and what a Christian Church.

"Yes!"—"Yes!"—"That's it!" "That's it!"—they cried softly; even the Englishman's "Hear! hear!" was almost under breath. I think I understood "the communion of saints," that day, as never before.

"*Evening.* Reception to the French and Swiss delegation, at Miss Haines'. I have not had such a dose of adulation—or of praise—in a long while. The pleasure of many French and others, at being introduced to me, and the reports of the popularity of my work abroad, were very pleasant. So were some talks I had. Dr. Taylor was very nice, Dr.

Ormiston funny. Got through the evening pretty well—pleasure is strengthening.

"Oct. 6. Slim, rather. However, in our places. Dr. Leathes (Eng.). I have almost forgotten him, everything else is so effaced by the remembrance of Prof. Christlieb and his address. Ah me! he made us cry, and not us only; I saw faces of men on the platform whose eyes were wet too. How the people applauded him! And what is it in Anna and me which so *affiliates* with this type of Germans? It is a community of nature, somehow. Great crowd at lunch."

The lunch room was delightful, for its bringing us within touch and speech of friends from a distance and the stranger-friends from abroad. Not long "strangers."

"I object to being called one of the foreign delegation," said Dr. Arnott. "Is it not said: 'Ye are no more strangers and foreigners but fellow-citizens with the saints?' I claim my privileges." He was hardly ready to believe that my sister and I were not English born.

To save time, a large array of ready-filled plates were on the lunch-counter when we came in. And after the first day or two, the first row was always just saucers of ice-cream; "it was so popular with the foreigners."

"Oct. 7. The morning's delight was Dr. Arnott's address—only too short; clear, sharp, cogent, sweet, witty, and so true!

"Oct. 8. In Hall—crowd more and more—pressing upon us when in our seats. A fine morning—though with the disturbance I could not make out Prof. Dorner's address. But Prof. Hitchcock's was very

fine—and I was interested to hear Dr. Witte speak on the Prussian laws regarding church matters.

"Oct. 9. Lost this morning at the Hall. Dr. Christlieb sent a card promising to call on Miss Haines between ten and eleven—and she being obliged to go out to Mrs. Dewitt's funeral, asked me to receive him. So I waited in the parlour till eleven. He is very nice near by—Said the German students listen coolly and critically to lectures—*must*; they are not allowed to applaud. Said he read the W. W. W. at eighteen or nineteen years old—well translated—'I think your German dress becomes you.' Can't come to dinner, so many engagements. So it was too late for the Hall when he went away.

"Oct. 10. Evening at Mrs. Dodge's to meet the whole delegation. Quite pleasant. Anna and I went in one carriage alone—Miss Haines and Mrs. Baker followed later. We had talks with a great many people. Bishop and Mrs. Cummins, Gen. Upton and Mrs. Martin, Dr. Taylor, the Freemantles,—and others—and lastly a few nice words with Dr. Christlieb. I said I hoped when he went back he would carry a little bit of love to America back with him. He said smiling, 'O yes!' and intimated that America held out temptations to a stay; 'but Germany was good too, and their work was there.' Said he would like to have the next meeting of the Alliance in Rome. I said, 'As like as not!' He said 'Spurgeon called Popery the devil's best tool!' and he said it with firing eyes. I told him I was so glad of his words against infidelity—I met it so among my friends—nice people, good people, etc. But he said those people would not hear his words. He said little was done in that way by argument. These considera-

tions and arguments served to strengthen the hands of the right; put weapons in their hands; but the battle after all must be otherwise gained. It was good to have the chance to shake hands with him so once more.

Oct. 11. Late; Gen. Upton there part of time. Mr. Stevenson's speech delightful; dreadful crowd on the stairs in afternoon, but we got in at last. Final resolutions and speeches of thanks. Very interesting. The Fisches and Miss Haines are (by plan) to come to us next Friday. So we must go back to be ready for them and come down again—if all is well.

"Oct. 12. Got up when the bells were ringing for S. S. Of course breakfast was late. With Mrs. Fisch and A. to hear Dr. Arnott. And could n't—too far back. Communion—very long—home near two. No sleep. To Academy of Music at quarter to seven—wait three-quarters of an hour. Beautiful sight, especially when Sheshadri's white turban was a centre spot. One thing remains—Dr. Christlieb's words—'there remained no man save Jesus only.' They returned to me in the night, and I took them to my heart,—'Jesus only.' How Anna sobbed while he was speaking! And I looked through my glass as best I could. Dr. Adams' prayer lingered till the tension was trying. Glad to have it over."

No one, I should think, could ever forget that night. There had been ten days of fair October weather without doors, and of the communion of saints within. The 500 delegates from over all the world; some of them scarce able to speak a word of English, yet one in heart-loyalty to the one Great King. With some of them we had spoken; and others—with great delight—we had heard speak. We had

mingled with them day by day in the lunch room, and learned to know their faces. Now it was over; and this Sunday-night meeting was the last. Never again, this side of the river, would those five hundred meet the many, many from all parts of America, who had thronged to bid them welcome. Never again! Tomorrow they would be scattered to the four winds;—each to his work. And all hearts were full.

All this was in Dr. Christlieb's face and voice. Standing there, in that deep hush; his eyes going from place to place in the great assemblage, with few (I forget if any) opening words, he took out his little Bible and read just the words in Mark 13:8, "And suddenly, when they looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves." From that he spoke. Of the meetings we had had, of the friendships formed; of the Cause, the Work, and the Master. Then of the parting—forever, in this world. So it would be, for the most of us. We little guessed to how many the quick summons to the King's presence would come; even on their short way across the earthly seas.

The great body of delegates had come without a single mishap, as we use the word. Only Carrasco had been delayed—"dear Carrasco!" as we heard him called,—but he too had arrived; and was to set sail again speedily. And Dr. Christlieb's speech that night touched all the chords.

"Oct. 13. Early breakfast for Dr. and Mme. Fisch, setting off for Washington. Then Miss Haines wanted A. and me to shew some of the classes how to study the Bible Lesson Book. Busy so till twelve. Then lunch. Then very tired. Leaving Anna, put on my cloth dress, and went out to Putnam's, Tiffany, Goupil.

Holding to those words as I went along—'Jesus only'—and feeling very sober; yet holding to them.

"Oct. 14. Mrs. Baker went this morning. So our company is scattering. What a fortnight it has been! I looked in at the open door of Association Hall yesterday as I passed, and glanced up at the stairways which a day or two ago were so crowded—by such pleasant feet.

"Oct. 15. Miss Haines is urging us to take rooms we have heard of, and live in town this winter—promises the teaching of six or seven Bible classes. A. and I went again to see the rooms and about agreed we would take them.

"Oct. 17. At home. Another exquisite day—a little fresher and without haze. I had to put the white room in order—did n't do much more, but dress; and tired at that. Earlier than I had expected they all came, with Mrs. Baker, and Dr. — whom I did not want and had refrained from asking. I took them to Fort Con.—terribly rough, the woods are so encumbered. Beautiful luncheon—Albert and Jim both waiting. Then the unwilling farewells—very unwilling on Dr. and Mrs. Fisch's part. They were full of delight with the place and the day—and I think others found it delightful.

"Oct. 18. Well, it seems as if the 'Evangelical Alliance' was ended at last, now we have bid Dr. and Mrs. Fisch good-bye. Dr. Fisch said he would pray for me *every day*—and they both asked for my prayers.

"How good the Lord is to us! and how I love him!" she writes another day.

In town. The Bible lessons with the school-girls were a great joy to her; and a blessing seemed to rest on them.

"One of the teachers came, and with tears and much emotion thanked me and said it had done her good. I took her in my arms and we kissed each other—I was greatly delighted."

"*Nov. 6.* Have an uncommon feeling of being Christ's servant and only that since I came to town this time; I suppose these classes to teach may have somewhat to do with the feeling. So I lie down and rise up.

"*Sunday, Nov. 9.* Bible class at evening—several girls coming about me afterwards for earnest talk—I felt much encouraged.

"O what nice classes of girls! and a good deal of serious attention. But I need to be on fire to teach them"—she writes.

"*Dec. 30.* Our room is nice now. And work is so sweet. But the thing is, to keep my heart filled and satisfied only on God—not even on his word, but on himself.

"*Dec. 31.* It is sweet, this last day of the year; with the gifts and pleasure and stir of the preparing and finding and purposing and expecting them. For I am a child yet. Sweet, in peace, and comfort, and quiet; alone! For nobody touches us. Even so, it is sweet to be alone with God. He is enough. And our expectation now is from him. How gracious he has been to us all this year! what a year of blessing it has been! But, oh Lord, come to my heart thyself and take all.

(*Later.*) Dear Miss Haines, though in Savannah, has ordered us a lovely cake, and Norris brought it; one of the most prettily ornamented I ever saw. So our want for tomorrow is made up. We wanted cake for our table, and Anna and Aunty were talking about

making some. Aunty is roasting a turkey tonight to have cold. I wish I knew people to send comfort to. Our box to Wisconsin is to send; and Mr. Fliedner is on my heart; but private instances I know little of. Well, this cake from Miss Haines touches us, with a soft brush of sympathy; living contact there is none. The world is on one side, and we on another—with our Lord."

The journal ends abruptly at this point. If later ones were written, they must have been destroyed. I seem to remember her saying one day that she "was going to burn up things," and I know she was handling the files of old letters in the house, reading, burning, and tying up.

It was a beautiful winter in town; full of work; and with Bible readings in our rooms that seemed a delight to all who came. And yet those closing words were true, we *were* alone; as doubtless workers—and out of the gay whirl—must often be. How true Paul's words:

"As unknown and yet well known,"—"as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

And the yet older words of Moses:

"Israel shall dwell in safety alone."

It was best for us.

My sister's frequent absences from home, and the daily letters then to me, keep up the life and character record fairly well. The same love of truth—and of *the* Truth; the same eager zeal for the Lord's kingdom; the same impatience of half-way work and uncertain trumpets. Only the old ease-loving shews rather less than more, amid the failing strength and constant pressure. My Love!—how she toiled on;

bidding nerves and weakness bide their time. How fragrant her memory is, in the hearts of all who knew her. "Her wonderful smile"; the shining of her face; the unswerving, open-air truth of all she said and did. The faith and love that by their own vividness, witnessed for the glad realities of which her heart was full.

"Well, beloved"—she writes from town—"what with Classes, Bible readings, and talks at home, I *am* busy!"

The readings—sometimes out of New York—were everywhere much enjoyed. Enjoyed by herself, too; yet slowly she was doing too much and losing strength. It seemed good for her to be away from home, and out of its demands and labours,—and yet sometimes, I question if it were not really a mistake. Do sisters take partings so in these days, I wonder?

"My Darling Annie:

"It was n't very 'cheerful' either to me—looking back at the Island and you, and seeing your dark little figure go slowly, slowly up the path,—disappearing and reappearing, but so slowly. Did n't I know that you missed Delly? I looked and looked and looked back at you. Mr. Adams steered all wrong and I did not know it—and the tears ran down and dropped—and some I caught and stopped from running down. I could only prostrate myself at the feet of our King, and beseech him to pour down comforts and the treasures of his riches upon you—which *can* make up for all things."

Further on the letter ends—.

"I spent then—O how much time, trying to find a nice book to send you, to keep you from being so lonely. Finally ordered 'Robert Falconer.' Please

don't turn up your nose—and do read it carefully—it's splendid."

But she took the fun of things, too, as she went along. From a certain well-off country house she tells of the dinner—"soup, and turkey, and cranberry sauce, and mince pie, and nuts, and raisins." Then of her rest and nap upstairs, when guests were gone, and after tea, "at which was present a Miss —, a cousin, my dear, we talked *cats* for a large part of the evening!! Once or twice we got upon something more interesting—but the cats were unfailing in material for conversation. I sat back and smiled and put in a word or two about dogs, now and then."

"Don't work hard," she admonished me. "Don't fidget—as if you ever did."

Again—"Thank the Lord for a quiet journey" (to New York) "and a kindly abiding place. And for everything!"

That spring of '74 she remained in town when the rest of us had gone home; finishing the work with her classes, and every now and then—sometimes in the city, sometimes elsewhere—having a Bible reading with older people. She stayed with different friends the while,—most often, with Miss Haines. Once when established in "No. 7,"—a sort of annex to the school, and across the street, her free independence and New England "faculty" had full play.

"*April 27.* My darling:

"I am up here in my nest-house, it seems to me. I have not left Mrs. Prentiss, and perhaps cannot well till Saturday, if we are to go on our Morristown Mission. Meanwhile, I am in clover up here—all by myself. I got a drop-light last night from the other house, and I had a sample of tea in my bag; that

was all my provision. But let me go further back.

“Miss Haines had said she would have my box and trunk carried over here. I came away from Sixty-first Street about three p.m., for I wanted to do some studying. I was not greatly surprised nor much disappointed to find neither trunk nor box. However, I must get at my books. So down my three pairs of stairs I went and over to No. 9. Descended to the lower story where my book box was. Got out Alford and the Jew book, and Keil, and came back and climbed my stairs to my fourth story. Had lit my fire, which was already laid. Drew out my table, threw open my blinds, found I had the wrong volume of Alford! Well—I went over again—and got not only Alford, but my gas furnace, saucepan, and tea pot. Then I studied—or went over the notes of Alford, which were not what I wanted. Finally, much tired, I lay down at a quarter past five. I got a nice nap and rest. Then tea and class.

“After class Miss Haines kept me talking and hearing about Mme. — and her affairs—till towards ten. Had a nice night, but woke up about three, I guess, and so in want of food that I did not know scarcely how to wait till morning. Finally, got to sleep. Waked for good and got up some quarter after five. Got dressed, and then what? Could n’t wait for breakfast. I put my cloak over my shoulders, and drew the hood over my head, and went across to No. 9, intending to steal some biscuits and sugar. But nobody answered my ring, and I did not repeat it. Instead I trotted round the corner (the morning air was sweet and lovely) to the little fruit and grocery store you wot of; locked up. Doubt—see fruit

over the way—perhaps they have biscuits—went over. No, no biscuits. Bought a banana—saw the little opposite store was open—so cross to it again and get half a pound of sugar and ditto biscuits. Home and mounted my stairs and made my tea; but the biscuits were macaroons! Eat one, and my banana, and wrote till a little after seven. Since breakfast I have finished my task, or four pages at least, and given lessons to your two little classes, and here I am.”

She used to say, “Bible readings rest one.” And so it certainly seemed, for her. Or rather, the joyful excitement kept her up for the time. She could work in that line, as in no other.

“My dear Darling,” she writes another day, “I have got an hour ago or so, and digested partly, your two notes of Saturday and Monday. Somehow they trouble me. There is a minor tone in them, or a tired tone, is it? And you have not been well—and you and Auntie are burdened with all this moving business. How I have felt just like flying to you since I read your letters. And yet, my reason does not say ‘go.’ I am good for so little, I could do so little; and to have one or two of my sick days on your hands, would hardly comfort you much; and here I can do, and am doing work, important enough. . . . Would you *like* to have me come? Telegraph and I’ll come at once, if the good of my coming overbalances the evil.” The letter ends:

“O if I could see you and hear you say you feel tolerably well, and not tired to death! The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make his face to shine upon thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace! And the Lord bless

all our movings and doings. Certainly he has seemed to point them out.

"Give dear love to Aunty and father, and remember me to Janetta and Albert. Don't worry (but you don't) about anything.

Ever thine, Susan."

So, eagerly, uninterruptedly, work went on; and failing strength was bid to wait. What I might call the second group of her books, came one by one into line. For the most part, they were true stories; the few brief old-time facts given her by some friend,—then dressed and sorted and filled out to suit her fancy. Many of them came from a lady who had been the trusted custodian of many a family secret, and in some cases had *seen* that of which she told,—as for instance, the watch-chain in "The End of a Coil." I think "Diana" was the first of these "true" stories. Then followed "Stephen, M. D.," "Nobody," "End of a Coil," "My Desire," "The Red Wallflower," etc., etc. During this last decade also (I think) were written the stories on the Lord's prayer, and "Pine Needles." Between whiles she worked at a collection of Bible "Ladders,"—studying German with all her might, for rest. Letters, business demands, filled up the crevices,—with social claims and perplexing business questions. Only her strong will power, and her unfailing trust, held up the tired hands. For again the world was changing fast, for us.

The year 1875 saw the first break in our small number. My dear father went home: with a smile remaining on the blessed face, that made me jealous. It was so plainly not for us—not towards us; but for the welcoming faces on the other shore.

And still work went on, because it must.

My sister kept the copyright of none of her later books, because we could not wait for the slow publishing returns. Each story was sold as soon as written,—sometimes, indeed, by instalments. Very unwillingly we did it, but there seemed no other way.

I could fill pages with words written and printed about these last stories: they come to me frequently even now. On the whole, I think "My Desire" is perhaps oftenest heard from; but this is pretty about "Diana."—A young married woman who had fallen out with her husband and left her home, somehow got hold of the book. And when she had read it she rose up and said: "I will go home now, and take up my duties."—And she *did*. Mrs. Browning in a letter to Miss Mitford, Aug. 20, 21, 1853, speaks of "Queechy" thus: . . . "Tell me if you have read 'Queechy,' the American book—novel—by Elizabeth Wetherell? I think it very clever and characteristic. Mrs. Beecher Stowe scarcely exceeds it, after all the trumpets."¹

And now our life changed in another respect. We spent no more winters in New York, and never but once again at the Island; we were but three now. And so, as the days of 1875 drew near the shortest and coldest, we rented part of a house in a village a couple of miles below West Point; took furniture, servants, and the pony chaise—and again went to work. And soon new work came.

My sister had been having Bible readings, with the chaplain's wife and other ladies at West Point, and I suppose they were talked about. By degrees, the talk and comment, perhaps only the bare facts of the case—found their way into the cadet barracks.

¹ Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, ii., 134.

And as the "one-man power" stirs most things in this world, one Christian cadet took it up. He was a Baptist, from Maine. A note from him to the wife of the Superintendent (I think) brought out one from her to my sister.

One late afternoon, I passed through our sitting-room, where my sister was on a couch by the fire, alone in the dusky light, and she called me.

"See this letter, Annie," she said. "The Cadets want me to have a Bible reading for them. Do you think I ought? Do you think I *can*?"—Something like that.

"If you are strong enough," I said. "It has come without your asking."

"So I thought,—so I feel," she answered. "Of course it would be the greatest possible pleasure. If I am fit for it!"

Of that—in her sense—I had no doubt; and I think her joy in the idea soon swept all questions from her mind, leaving only the most humble and absolute dependence on the Lord Jesus. He who had sent her the work, unsought. And as she did everything else, so this. Throwing herself into it with the most eager zeal and love. The class were to meet her in the Cadet Chapel, in the afternoon of Sunday

The first day, there was a very large gathering, curiosity helping on the numbers. After that, it varied from week to week, as must be always, I suppose; especially among Cadets, where guard duty sometimes interferes; and where Sunday is *the* free day for seeing friends

The work was a very great joy to her. Sometimes, as years went on, with those occasional questionings which I suppose all teachers know; ready to measure

her own zeal and faithfulness by the size of the class.

"Annie, it seems as if there ought to be more cadets who would want to come and study the Bible with me," she would say. "I think there would be, if I made it more interesting. It must be my fault."

Nobody else would have said that; the tokens of their love and trust were many. Coming back from the class some cold winter's day, she would tell me how carefully they put on her wraps, fastening the ulster buttons, guarding her to the carriage. At home, in the summer, they met in our tent near the house, the forage caps tossed out upon the grass; the gray figures in all sorts of positions in and out the tent. Strong, hardy, wiry, as they all were,—and she so frail, so delicate, but with a light on her face which had as yet touched none of theirs. Surely she was one to look at, as Bible in hand, she went out of our old front door, and down the few steps to the tent. A vision of full consecration,—grave, tender, eager, joyful. Might she but win them all for Christ!

Tokens of her influence were not wanting. One man, suddenly thrown into a tangle of doubts, questions, difficulties, said to himself: "I will just write to Miss Warner." And in the strength of that consultation, I think he found his way out into the light.

Two others, under the same sweet influence of her precept and example, set up a temperance society in the Corps; standing alone, at first, those two. And I can judge a little of their love for her, by their kindness to me, since she has gone.

Many of the class indeed, I knew only by name; but they are all a sort of heart-legacy to me. And sometimes, turning from name to name in the Army

List, I remember her words of description and interest, and think how surprised these sunburned bearded men would be, if they could know what longing prayers for them all, are in my heart too. For as she gave me descriptions and details about those I did not know, the mere names came to be bound up with her own, never to be separated. How sorry she was, when some one of them was "found deficient"—not in character, but in mathematics—or French. And in those summer days when one of the class was drowned at Gee's Point, and the row boats went searching, searching up and down the fair river, we all watched and grieved together.

But, "There arose another king, that knew not Joseph."

It is always hard, I suppose, for a new comer to get, as we say, "the size" of things, at first; and so, when one year there came a new Commandant, he set himself at once against the class. It was said, that his own belief in the eternal truths of earth and heaven, was utterly wanting. However that might be, he persuaded the Superintendent that "the Cadets had all the religious teaching they needed," at the Point; and all permits to cross to the Island were recalled. In vain the class petitioned; first classmen personally; asking, explaining, and urging; the word had gone forth, and would not be changed! And to meet them only for the three or four winter months when we were on the West Point side, could not keep the class together; it was broken up.

Of course those two mistaken officers never guessed how cruel they were; the sort of heart-break that came to my sister, cut short in the beloved work for her Master, never entered their wildest imaginations.

And as little, let me say, could they measure her eager longing over the young lives fitting out there, for the great battle of life. They did not know.

This did not mend the case, for her; and many of the bright days of that fall were spent in illness; brought on, chiefly, I think, by the sorrow and disappointment about her class. Lost ground never regained.

I do not now remember what book was in hand that year. She had taken up the plan of reading the stories to us, before they were printed. We had this delight with "Stephen, M. D.," with "The End of a Coil," and "The Red Wallflower." The last one she wrote was "Daisy Plains,"—and it was left unfinished.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WINTER OF 1884-1885

I CAN look back now, and see not only my sister's want of strength, but also the unlikeness to herself, which marked those winter days. But I was under great pressure of heart and hands; and what I half felt, I could not always stop to reason out.

Our dear Aunt Fanny was a great and constant sufferer; spending the days in her wheeled chair, and needing help for every change of posture; morning, noon, and night, I was called upon for these. Then I was housekeeper, and head cook for the failing appetites; trying to write all I could, as well; but often obliged to take the precious early morning hour to study out the lesson for my own Sunday class. The only hour of the day that was truly *mine*.

Her own work on "Daisy Plains" went steadily forward. But her mood was often nervous, worried, not like herself. I am ready to say now, with a half-recognized thought of what might come.

She could not bear to have me out of her sight; would hardly let me go to a church "sociable"—or to drink tea with some close-at-hand neighbour. She never tried to keep me from my Sunday class; but always watched me from the door, and opened it when I came back. And often there passed across her face a sudden swift shadow, that chilled me like the touch of ice.



Latest photograph of Susan Warner
From a Photograph by W. Kurtz

I went to town for a few days, just before Christmas; and she wrote me the most anxious little letter about my journey home; *not* to come if the day was too cold. And when I came, she was watching I suppose, and opened the door, before any one else could get there, and before I was out of the carriage.

She had come from her writing, evidently, the pen was in her hand; the little pen-holder still pinned to her dress. But there was no smile on her face; rather, that nameless shadow. When she saw me, she threw up her hand, as one who says:

“At last!”

I had hunted up for her a very warm, gay wrapper, to wear at the early morning writing. But when I gave it to her, Christmas day, the shadow came again.

“It is beautiful!” she said. “But when shall I ever wear it?”

“Why, every morning,” I said. “At your work”—but she never put it on.

A week later—on New Year’s Day, I think it was, we had had a small rush of callers, from the Post. Sitting at dinner afterwards, I laughed and said:

“We are getting to be the fashion.”

My sister said nothing, but looked across the table at me with a face so grave, so sad, that I was almost hurt, wondering if she thought me frivolous.

So when we took a carriage and drove up to West Point to pay visits, she spoke like this:

“We will do it this once. We will go together while we can.”

At one of the houses, that day, an oldish lady who had known little, I should think, of Christian love and light, was berating the world and life, half in hopelessness, half complaint: my sister roused up,

with one of her brilliant looks. Leaning forward, she said with eager persuasion:

“Dear Mrs. —, there is something better. Let Jesus make you glad!”

The sudden illumination of face, the sweetness of the tone, cannot be described. I never saw nor heard anything like it. There was no shadow between her and the Lord.

But on one of the last seemingly well days, which an old friend had come to spend with us, after dinner my sister disappeared; and was gone so long, that I went to seek her. She was upstairs, calmly finishing off some white work, and did not want to come down again to see her guest.

She had been amusing herself that winter with mounting photographs; had learned to do it excellently well; and just now she had a quantity—all pressed and dry—which I had never seen. And that same Saturday evening of the last winter day, she seemed to have set her heart on shewing them all to me, as soon as tea was over.

I had been very busy, and was very tired; and Sunday would claim all my strength. I would fain have seen a few of the photographs, and let the rest wait over. But she was plainly so eager to shew them every one to me herself, and *then*, that I gave way, and said not a word of protest. Stretching my eyes that they might not go to sleep, enjoying and praising as well as I could.

So came on the first of March; winter had gone, for her; and the everlasting spring was close at hand.

It was Sunday, cold and gray, with falling sleet and rain. But she *would* go down first, that morning, to make our early fire; and later on, insisted that I

should lie down and take some rest before going off to my Bible Class; following me upstairs herself, and arranging the covers with anxious, tender care. Then, later, watched me from the door, and met me there when I came home. I am not sure if it was on this Sunday—or another—that she asked what was the lesson; and then in a moment said:

“Well, could you make it *tell?*”—or “did you”—I am not sure which word she used.

Since our dear Aunt Fanny had been so disabled and suffering, it had been my habit to read aloud to them many hours every day; and for Sunday nights, I chose mission books and papers. The reading that evening—the last we were to spend together—was long and very sweet. Bits of missionary news, descriptions, rejoicings, from one field and another; so the reading went on; and at the end, when we must stop and go to bed, my sister spoke a warm, strong, satisfied word of pleasure, something like this:

“That is what I call good.”

She had complained a little of aching limbs for the last day or two; and I had said, “Do write to Dr. Mitchell!” But she did not; passing it by, as one does pass things; and that Monday morning we sat writing together, as usual. Then, also as usual, she went upstairs for rest and a nap.

Some one came, to whom a small cheque was due, and very unwillingly, and after waiting some time, I woke her up.

She came down with a sort of physical impatience.

“I must have *some* place,” she said, “where I can work and rest and not be disturbed. I cannot be interrupted so.”

She was not well at our early dinner,—did not

relish it; yet sat peacefully enough through the afternoon, busy about some work, while Aunt Fanny in her turn read aloud to us from her wheeled chair, as she was very fond of doing when she could. The scene is very clear to me; the dear reader in her chair, with the light resting on her white hair and whiter cap; my sister in a sort of camp chair, low seated and high backed, and draped with a thick white goat-skin rug.

So we sat, for the last time, till the afternoon faded, and it grew too dark to read, and six o'clock drew on, The Lord's eyes must have been very pitiful for me, that afternoon.

The hours had been so sweet! I think there was a general breath of pleasure and regret, as the work was folded, and the book-mark put in place. It has never been moved since then.

Tea—rather more substantial than sometimes, followed; much enjoyed by my sister. She said it “made up for the dinner.”

Then the wheeled chair was rolled back into the sitting-room, and the next thing in order was the upstairs work of thread and tooth-brush. Generally we went up together. But I was busy just then with Aunt Fanny's chair and cushions; and when at the door my sister turned and asked if I were coming too, I answered no. She lingered a little,—I looked at her—then at the helpless one in the chair—and did not go; saying, perhaps, “directly,”—or some such word, but with a painful feeling of being drawn two ways. And I know not how many minutes had passed, when the door opened again, and there stood our two women, one behind the other.

“Miss Susan is sick.”

"Sick!"

Leaving one with Aunt Fanny, and saying no word to alarm her, I went up the stairs to my sister's room.

She was on the bed, with a terrible look of suffering on her face—a terrible pain in the back of her head.

It had seized her suddenly, she could just say; and she had lain down,—then had to get up again to ring for the women, and that made her worse.

A few minutes of desperate illness went by; and then, before we could do much or try much, my darling lapsed into a state of unconsciousness, beyond our reach.

"Oh Janetta!" I cried, to the older experience with me there, "is *this* the way it is going to be?" And she answered:

"I fear it is, Miss Anna."

They tell of deadly wounds which the sufferer does not feel; benumbed and dazed and but half alive; such was I then.

After a time, when all we could think of had been done, I went down to Aunt Fanny, and saw her brought upstairs and safe in bed; telling her the least I could; then back to my silent watch.

Our own doctor's house was miles away; and so, in the extremity of need, one of the village doctors was called in. I was too stunned and numb to really feel, at the time; but I cannot think of that man, even now, without a hot stir of indignation. He read the case well; what he said would be, came to pass very exactly; but no weather probabilities could have been told over with more likeness to ice and stone. No word of possible hope, nor the faintest touch of sympathy or interest. He read off the case, made his remarks, and went away; not giving me

even *one* small hint of anything I might do, to help or comfort my darling.

In the depth of desolation where I was this mattered not much. I think I knew all he could tell me, before he spoke; yet the rasping speech was a little added misery.

So the night wore on. Janetta waked or slumbered in her chair; I sat by the bedside with strained, wide open eyes. But those other eyes did not open,—there was no sign of consciousness from hour to hour.

When the day fairly broke, I went to the window and looked out. All cold, cold, and grey. Snow and rain and sleet had fallen, and were falling still.

Two boys—I thought from the voices—were somewhere below, in the village street.

“How is Miss Warner?” I heard one say. And the other answered:

“I thought she was dead?—”

And I seemed to feel it no more than mere words about the weather.

We had sent for our own Doctor, but he was away, and this morning early came a substitute from his office. A rather young man, grave and kindly; he made a careful examination, supplemented by private words from the rough doctor of last night. Silently he looked, studied; then turned to me.

“She is a very sick woman,” he said. And the words came from my lips:

“You give me no hope?”

“I was not so brought up,” he replied, with a smile tender and sorrowful. “While there is life, there is hope.”

But I did not take it. I think all hope died in the first minute I looked at her. All I could seem

to pray for, was that the Lord would work a miracle. He *could*; would he think it best? No; I did not believe he would. I prayed my prayer—but as one who must do that, or die.

I forget just when it was, that morning, that she half opened her eyes, and gave me a faint, sweet smile. When I could, I hurried to the next room and told Aunt Fanny.

“Does she smile?—O then she is better!” cried the dear sufferer of so many years. But my heart gave no answering bound. My life had died; its springs were broken.

I think it was soon after that smile at me that she suddenly opened her eyes and said rather eagerly, “How’s Father?”

Ah, he had been for many a long day where “the inhabitant shall not say, ‘I am sick!’” And she had forgotten!

Catching my breath as best I could, I answered quietly:

“He is well.”

Again she lay still, with closed eyes. Then with the same suddenness:

“How’s Aunty?”—and I could answer that the night had been fairly good.

Apparently then her heart was quieted, and the hours wore silently away.

“You do not know me,” said our kind doctor, when he came.

A faint little smile came round her lips, and without opening her eyes she said:

“O yes I do; you are Doctor Mitchell.”

So consciousness was coming back, and recollection. Next morning she said to me:

"I forgot, when I asked you about Father yesterday."

Yet the sudden, sharp attack had broken the connection with later things. She did not seem to realise in what house we were, nor how we came to be there, saying once:

"Oh how wonderfully good the Lord has been, to arrange all this for us,"—as if it had been just for her sickness. For she was just like herself, in everything she said or did. Once when our Janetta wanted to render her some small personal service, she demurred.

"Miss Susan, I have done it for a great many ladies," said Janetta.

"But my dear Janetta, I would a great deal rather do it for myself."

One of our kind neighbours, admitted to the room for a moment, exclaimed:

"Why how peaceful she looks!"

"Why shouldn't she look peaceful?" said my sister, slowly, without unclosing her eyes, "when all is peace."

Doctor Mitchell had warned me not to make her talk, and so there passed few words between us. What could I say? Only a question now and then; a word or two as I gave broth or medicine. And the dreadful tension, the numbness of thought and feeling, made it easier to keep silence. With strained, wide-open eyes I kept my watch from Monday until almost the Friday dawn; nor ever once closed my eyes in sleep, nor laid my head down for even a moment's rest. I think it never occurred to me,—either the need, or the possibility. Back and forth, from the one so deadly ill, to the other whose suffering had lasted years,—back and forth I went. To keep our dear Aunt Fanny quiet and comforted, so far as might be;

and in the other room to mend the fire, and straighten the bedclothes, and wait.

It was utterly quiet there too; whatever she felt, she gave no sign.

"You do not suffer at all?" some one said to her one day. And the calm voice made answer:

"Do you think I can lie here and *not* suffer?"

But what lay back of that we never knew. She did not speak of her illness, nor did we.

One of those early days of restored consciousness, she asked me to read to her.

"What?" I asked.

"The second of Hebrews."

Ah, I could guess why. She, who had all her life long been "subject" to the "fear of death," was testing the promise now, and studying the words. But she made no comment, and I could not. Only she never again asked me to read. Whether the going over such words, with me, stirred in her what she could not bear—perhaps; but after that day she would ask for her own little Testament, and read for herself.

We had arranged a luncheon party for that week; and one day, as if thoughts had kept track of the time, her dreams took it up as a present reality.

"Will Mrs. — please help herself?" she began, with the gentlest courtesy. Then a moment's pause—and then, just as if she had spoken too soon, forgetting, came the sweet, clear, deliberate words:

"Grant us, O Lord, thy blessing upon our food and upon all we do, for Christ's sake. Amen."

This was Friday night. Sunday morning Janetta said to some one in the room, "It is Sunday." My darling caught the word.

"Sunday, is it?" she said, without opening her eyes. "Well—blessed be the day."

Next day, when she had been ill a week, lying there in feverish sleep, the gentle tones spoke once again:

"Ein traues Hirt, ein traues Hirt."

Another time:

"O when I see the stars in the morning,
The stars in the morning."

But we had no *intercourse*, from day to day, and but rarely, I think, did common thoughts disturb her. Once, with a troubled voice, she broke out:

"I don't know what is to become of us all!" thinking, perhaps, of her unfinished book.

Another time, as I stood near, her eyes opened wide at me, startled and anxious, and with a sort of exclamation—O so exactly like herself—she said:

"Child, how tired you look!"

Again, as I stood at the foot of the bed, bending down to write an order, she said, pleadingly:

"Child, don't work too hard!"

I told her one day how kind people were.

"It is just wonderful," she said.

"Thus darkness shews us worlds of light,
We never saw by day."

Then—

"How good the Lord is! How the Lord manages everything."

So the trustful words would come. But I did not dare ask her how much she understood of the deep

waters through which we were passing. And often dates were confused in her mind.

"Nannie, had n't we better have some clams for tea? Don't you think so, dear? Would n't that be nice?"

We had had them—that last Monday night.

Once when I was coaxed to go for a short drive, she seemed doubtful about it.

"Well, don't be gone long. And when you come back, I want an *honest* cup of tea."

Perhaps fever had taken all taste away, and the cups of tea had seemed flavourless.

For the last week we had a trained nurse. But my darling would always take things for me, as for no other; would rouse up in answer to my voice.

So the days wore on, through the second week. "If only fever does not set in," the doctor said; but it had.

Saturday morning, the fourteenth, she spoke up suddenly, with stronger, brighter voice:

"I feel better."

"Do you, dear?" I answered, almost breaking down at the mere thought. Yet somehow I did not feel it; the words brought no cheer. And as the hours wore away, and night drew on, there seemed to me more dulness, less quick response; at least so it *would* have seemed, had I dared put my feeling into words. I can look back now and see it,—yet when the doctor asked me, "what have your sisterly eyes discovered?" I answered him, "Nothing." And so once more Saturday night and Sunday passed by.

Late in the night of Sunday, when I had lain down for a little rest, the nurse came and touched me.

"I cannot rouse her," she said. "Come and see if you can. She always hears your voice."

Ah, not that time! nor ever again, but once. Long time I tried,—with every endearment, every persuasion; but there was no voice, nor any that answered. The sleep was calm, the breathing quiet, with no sign of suffering or unrest.

Monday the doctor came, and stayed long; trying powerful stimulants—but she was beyond their reach. One of our very dear and special friends, Mr. Adams, came from a distance and sat watching her. And I took the powerless hand and laid it in his—but she gave no sign. *He* broke down, weeping there at her side, but my eyes were dry.

As gently as I could I told our dear Aunt Fanny, and she begged so earnestly to be wheeled into the sick-room that I could not refuse. And there we kept our watch, the patient sufferer in her wheeled chair and I, for the rest of that afternoon, and all through the night, and all through the next morning.

I cannot tell just when it was that my darling stirred, and opened her eyes and looked full at me; such troubled, eager eyes! And she tried to speak—but could not.

It was no time then for common words; no place for *oneself*, anywhere. The one thought was to comfort her. And oh, there is but "one thing" in all the crises of life or death.

"What is it, love?" I said, bending down. "Is it Christ and victory?" And instantly the eyelids fell, the dear eyes closed, nor were ever opened again upon this weary world.

Yet several hours more went by, before suddenly

her head drooped to one side, and the victory was won.

By special permission of the Secretary of War, she was laid in the Government cemetery at West Point; there, where so many of her "boys" would pass near her; so many at last come back to rest. From almost at her feet the wooded, rocky ground slopes sharply down to the river; and beyond that, for the other shore, is the Island,—Martelaer's Rock,—with the old Revolutionary house where so much of her work was done.

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